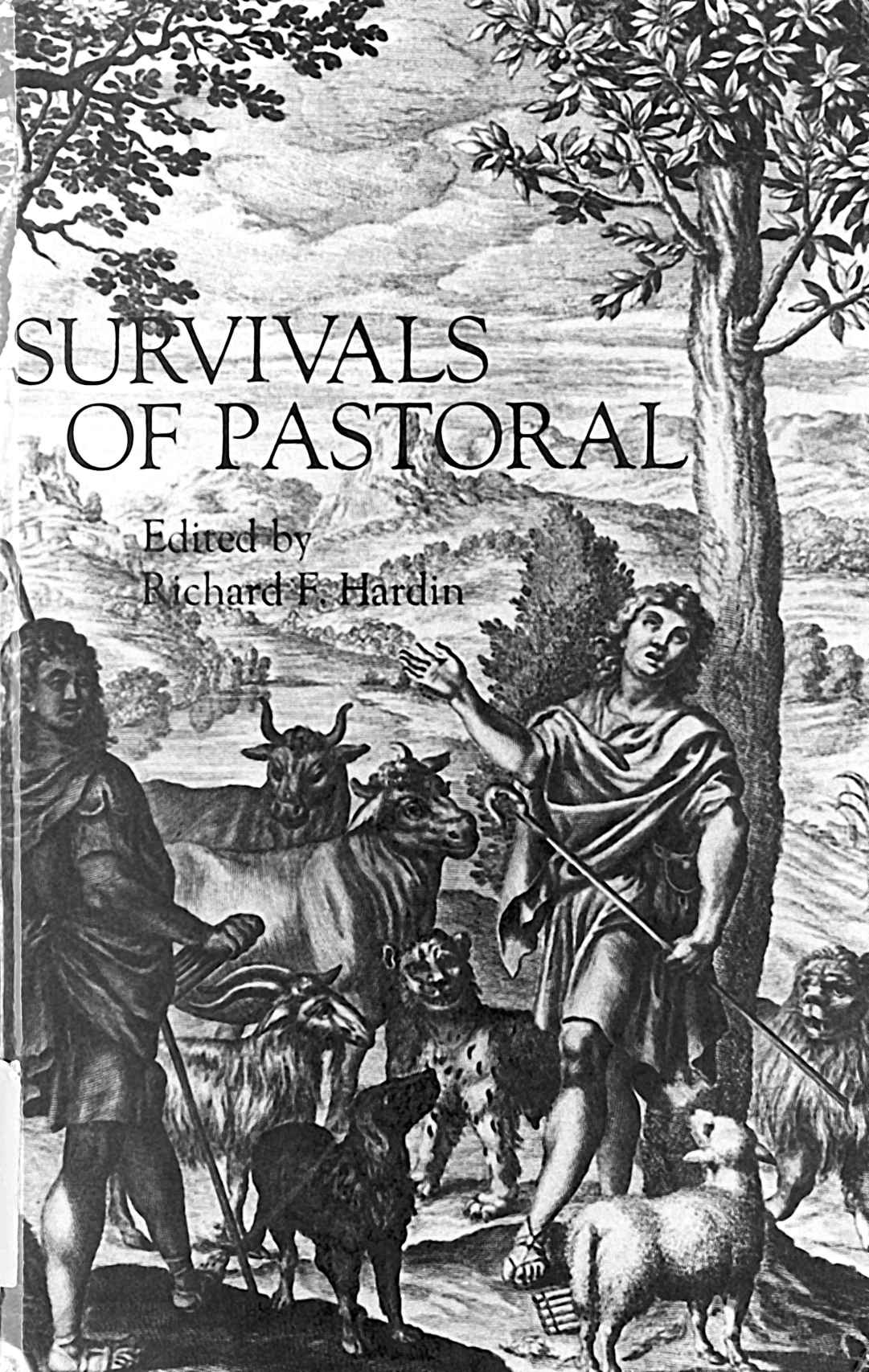


SURVIVALS OF PASTORAL

Edited by
Richard F. Hardin



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Contents

Preface	vii
The Pastoral Moment, by RICHARD F. HARDIN	1
William Collins and the End of the Shepherd Pastoral, by RICHARD EVERSELE	19
Truth and the Pastor's Vision in George Crabbe, William Barnes and R. S. Thomas, by MAX KEITH SUTTON	33
Some Versions of the Primitive and the Pastoral on the Great Plains of America, by ROY E. GRIDLEY	61
"Une Exploration des déserts de ma mémoire": Pastoral Aspects of Lévi-Strauss's <i>Tristes Tropiques</i> , by THOMAS J. O'DONNELL	87
Pastoral Paradigms and Displacements, with some Proposals, by EDWARD L. RUHE	103

Preface

The essays in this collection have evolved from long discussions on pastoralism in literature among several members of the English Department of the University of Kansas. If we learned anything from exchanging ideas on the subject, it is that a great need exists for a serious analysis of recent work on pastoral in order to discover the important constants, the accepted notions of pastoral, if any, from which critics may at least derive a settled terminology. As one of our number observed early in our meetings, "pastoral" can be used to describe the imagined Arcadias that recur in Western literature; it can refer to the literary mode that is opposite the heroic; it may be an effect vaguely associated with certain kinds of people and landscapes; it may represent one side of a familiar set of contraries in society (rural-natural-proletarian-rude, as opposed to urban-artificial-aristocratic-sophisticated). There seems no longer any agreement that pastoral constitutes a genre, like tragedy and comedy, even though it was usually treated as such in the Renaissance.

Since William Empson's *Some Versions of Pastoral* critics have sought to move pastoral beyond the ambience of shepherds and sheep-cotes, even though others, like Renato Poggioli, would insist that the Virgilian settings and subjects are a defining characteristic. Among the authors presented here, Richard Hardin and Edward Ruhe perhaps represent the fullest Empsonian influence in this regard. Again, if there are critics who can affirm the existence of the "pastoral novel," there are also those who, like T. G. Rosenmeyer and (in this collection) Max Sutton, for whom pastoral literature is static, incapable of generating the intensity of conflict necessary in a sustained narrative. Thus if the studies in this collection reflect occasional variety or even disagreement in approach and terminology, this would appear symptomatic of the field as a whole. Valuable as are the recent theoretical books by Richard Cody, T. G. Rosenmeyer, Harold Toliver, and others, a definitive resolution of competing theories seems unlikely in the near future.

At least since the eighteenth century, pastoral has frequently met with articulate hostility, and our age is no exception. It is paradoxical that interest in pastoral should be so keen at a time when the tendency of such literature to celebrate the lives of simple rural people has so many antago-

nists. Social scientists have insisted that such people are not simple. Literary critics with an overriding concern for the welfare of society, like Raymond Williams and Laurence Lerner, have seen in the pastoral a specious upper-class way of denying the good life to the lower classes. One of our contributors, Max Sutton, finds the recent *Book of English Pastoral Poetry* proclaiming that pastoral obscures "the harshness of actual social and economic organization." As if in confirmation of this anti-pastoralism of the age, one afternoon we discovered Arab students outside our classroom distributing pamphlets supporting revolution in Oman because that country "is a tribal, sheepherding society. The colonial and local reaction actively kept Oman under the most medieval, barbaric conditions in order to maintain their oppressive rule in the country."

One of the most influential writers on pastoral since Empson has been the late Renato Poggioli, whose essays on the subject are now collected in a single volume (*The Oaten Flute: Essays on Pastoral Poetry and the Pastoral Ideal*). Poggioli finds the ethic of Western civilization, especially that of Christianity, inherently opposed to the escape from commitment and responsibility that he detects in the tradition. It is partly in response to the charge of escapism that Richard Hardin offers his analysis of "the pastoral moment." Examining the texts of ancient and modern works in the tradition, especially the consummate pastoral of the sixth book of *The Faerie Queene*, he argues that the experience is rather a temporary withdrawal into the ordered world of nature, in preparation for a return to the less orderly society of men. The pastoral hero keeps his distance, nevertheless; as Empson says, he is capable of observing the simpler life without losing his own complexity. The movement is analogous to the separation, initiation, and return outlined in Joseph Campbell's *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, although there is no battle or violence—the opposite, in fact, occurs.

At a critical moment in the history of English pastoral, Dr. Johnson dismissed the poetry of the tradition as "easy, vulgar and therefore disgusting." Such feelings had gradually encouraged the poet himself to replace the shepherd in the landscape; but as Richard Eversole explains, they also led Johnson's contemporaries to search for new kinds of shepherds. William Collins found an equivalent of the classical shepherd to be the camel driver and herdsman of modern Persia. By some accounts these nomads still followed the way of life lived during the Golden Age. Collins' *Persian Eclogues* occupy a curious middle ground between the realism that had contributed to the discredit of older pastoral conventions and the eighteenth-

century ethos that required the reassurances of the tradition. In every respect these poems are a peculiarly Augustan survival of pastoral.

In view of the ancient religious symbolism of the shepherd, it is revealing to turn to the writings of several "pastors" of the English Church who were also pastoral poets. George Crabbe and William Barnes in the nineteenth century, and more recently R. S. Thomas, show that what Thomas calls "the old lie of green places" has strong claims on the Christian imagination. One effect of Max Sutton's essay on these three authors is to help redress the balance against social-minded anti-pastoralists. None of the three poets can justly be charged with Arcadianism or falsification of experience; yet they convey a sense of the goodness in nature and an image of community that still may prove the most valuable legacy of pastoral to modern society.

The Renaissance vogue of pastoral came about almost simultaneously with man's rediscovery of his "primitive" self on the shores of the new world. Even in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the educated imaginations recording the experience of the primitive have often done so in terms of European pastoral imagery and narrative structure. In Roy Gridley's account, early descriptions of the Great Plains offer an intriguing blend of primitivist abandonment to the natural state and pastoral nostalgia for a bygone simplicity and innocence. The literary sensibility of travellers like Josiah Gregg and even the austere Pike was stirred by the rolling meadowlands to contemplate (as was actually suggested in 1811) poetry and sheep-herding as coexisting enterprises on the Plains.

Thomas J. O'Donnell presents a reading of Claude Lévi-Strauss's *Tristes Tropiques*, the structure of which resembles that of much pastoral narrative. Writing in the 1950's, following his flight from the real "savages" of fascist Europe, Lévi-Strauss reflects upon his pre-war experiences with the Indians of Brazil. He evokes as well as any poet what Max Sutton calls the pastoral vision—that of rural people "living in community as lovers, families, friends, neighbors, tending animals and the land, with time to celebrate what matters most in their lives." The anthropologist takes Empson's "complex-in-the-simple" pattern a step further, however. Although charmed by the ingenuousness of the Indians, he is at times mystified, even frightened, by their complex social laws and inscrutable behavior. Like Rousseau, Lévi-Strauss discovers in the end that "The Golden Age, which blind superstition had placed behind us, is *in us*." But is this not the lesson of much that is called pastoral—that if we humans step for a moment out of what we call civiliza-

tion and look at ourselves in our essential condition, we shall find that our capacities for happiness, goodness and love have never really changed?

As O'Donnell's analysis suggests a future for pastoral in the anthropological narrative, Edward L. Ruhe's essay argues for the continuance of the tradition in other unsuspected places including, in our time, film. Ruhe is undaunted by W. W. Greg's historicist denial that there can be a "theory" of pastoral. Preferring to examine pastoral through its prominent paradigms, he explores the affinity between conventional eclogues like Pope's early pastorals and such "displaced" pastoral as Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. Supposedly pastoral themes of innocence, rural sufficiency, or freedom from oppression are shown both to emerge from the paradigms and continually to enrich them. This study serves as a valuable conclusion to our book both in its wide scope and its suggestions for future work in the field.

Each of the authors has benefited from the comments of the others in this volume. Helpful suggestions were also made by the graduate students who were among the first audience of the essays: Barbara Ballard, Diane Barrett, James Bateman, Lisa Browar, Linda Levitan, Audrey Littleton, and John Vanderhorst. From the start to the finish of our endeavors, we had a thoughtful, articulate critic in Professor Peter Casagrande of the University of Kansas Department of English. Professor C. George Peale, of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese, provided a thorough criticism of the manuscript at a time when some of the authors had been too long in Arcadia to recall what it looked like from the outside. Last in the process, but not least in our appreciation, is James Helyar, Curator in Graphics, University of Kansas Libraries, who shepherded our book on its way to publication.

The Pastoral Moment

RICHARD F. HARDIN

The two rustics in Virgil's first eclogue represent the paradox of the simple life in a civilization dominated by "the city": on the one hand leisure, time for friendship and creative life, access to the simple provisions of nature; on the other, the dependency implicit in a complex civilization with ownership of real estate, wage labor, dispossession, exile, separation. Tityrus the happy shepherd is described as "*lentus in umbra*," relaxed in the shade, protected by imperial favor¹; yet a little later Tityrus himself uses the same word, *lentus*, to describe the plight of the country under Rome. Rome, he says, rises above all other cities as the cypresses stand out among the bending ("*lenta*") osiers (ll. 24-25). The granting of Tityrus's petition has made him osier-like, pliant, docile; both "*lentus*" and "*umbra*" become ominous symbols of the state of man. It is a fading Arcadia that Virgil presents—the happy shepherd is being uprooted, driven to live among thirsting Africans or to freeze in the remote North, while the coarse, *impius* barbarian soldier occupies his place. Meliboeus can only explain his suffering by reference to the greater tribulation of civil war that has destroyed Rome's joy and innocence (ll. 71-72). His sole consolation remains the last night in friendship with Tityrus as they look forward to a frugal supper. The closing images of the eclogue render concisely this sense of transitory joy:

et iam summa procul villarum culmina fumant
maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

(And now in the distance the chimney tops of farmhouses are smoking, and longer shadows are descending from the high mountains.)

The shadows in the mountains suggest the huge, inexorable motions of power as contrasted with the small, warm wisps of man-made smoke—cozy as the shepherds' cottages but just as fragile as Meliboeus's happiness in the hands of an inscrutable Rome.

The movement of this poem describes that of much else that has been called pastoral literature, which begins with the flight from a complex world to one of simplicity, usually rustic simplicity. Although the fugitive is usually a fictional character in the narrative, in these eclogues he is the poet

himself. After flight, the pastoral experience requires illumination: in touch with nature, man is instructed in her way, always opposed to the artificial way of the city or court from which he has fled. This instruction will allow the initiate to live well in his complex world after leaving his pastoral retreat. In the final stage of the experience, Arcadia having been abandoned or destroyed, the pastoral initiate finds peace and simplicity embodied within the self.² This is essentially the pattern of the tenth eclogue, which closes with the image of well-fed goats ("saturae capellae") in contrast to the theme of insatiable desire in Gallus's song ("saturantur . . . nec fronde capellae," l. 30). Hence the experience of *Paradise Lost*, where the fallen Adam's plight is not unlike that of Meliboeus, though the instructing angel describes his future in a more affirmative, Christian spirit:

Only add

Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far. (XII. 581)

The culmination of the pastoral experience in the "paradise within"³ aligns it with Christianity in that both find the chief excellence in life to consist in a wise tranquility of the sovereign soul, regardless of external circumstances.

The concept of pastoral underlying this essay differs somewhat from that of Harold Toliver's valuable book in that Toliver allows two "impulses" in pastoral, one being "to apply the vision of a golden age to the world of politics and history," the other, "to withdraw totally into" that vision.⁴ I would say that the two impulses simply characterize good and flawed pastoral, respectively. This pair of tendencies was in fact identified almost two centuries ago. In his brief treatment of the idyll in his essay, "Simple and Sentimental Poetry," Schiller explained the danger courted by inept pastoralists—and a few good authors, no doubt—in the representing of gratuitous nostalgia. A true pastoral poem should be made, "not to bring man back to *Arcadia*, but to lead him to *Elysium*."⁵ False pastoral appeals to the heart alone—in Toliver's words, total withdrawal into the vision of the Golden Age; ideally, pastoral should appeal to both mind and heart. Let the poet, Schiller says, "lead us on to emancipation, and give us this

feeling of higher harmony which compensates for all his troubles and secures the happiness of the victor!" (pp. 317-318). Although he can find no perfect embodiment of this ideal pastoral, Schiller grants that "Milton gives a higher satisfaction to the mind, in the magnificent picture of the first human pair, and of the state of innocence in paradise;—the most beautiful idyll I know of the sentimental kind" (p. 317). Still, poets must strive toward this ideal: "It is, therefore, of infinite importance for the man engaged in the path of civilisation to see confirmed in a sensuous manner the belief that this idea [of a state of innocence] can be accomplished in the world of sense" (p. 313). Schiller's doubts about actual pastoral, like Dr. Johnson's, must have been conditioned by the hackneyed state of the art then, during the long death throes of the shepherd pastoral. Many of the poets whom Toliver discusses, and those whom I shall consider, have approached Schiller's ideal, especially through the location of the pastoral interlude, the moment in which man discovers nature, in the context of a longer narrative or dramatic action.

My essay is perhaps more at odds with the view of pastoral developed in a stimulating essay by Renato Poggioli, whose ideas on the subject have won almost as many admirers as Empson's.⁶ Poggioli believes that "The psychological root of the pastoral is the double longing after innocence and happiness, to be recovered not through conversion or regeneration, but merely through retreat" (p. 147). As he sees it, because the pastoralist urges withdrawal and self-gratification rather than self-sacrifice in imitation of Christ, "the critical mind can only treat as failures all attempts to Christianize the pastoral" (p. 163).

Retreat as an end in itself, however, is more consistently a trait of what is called primitivism than pastoralism. In the myth or experience of primitivism, such as is found in Gauguin's autobiographical *Noa Noa*, there is no thought of retaining one's identity apart from the spirit of nature. Becoming one with the numinous grove, man loses all his special complexity, his inner self. "Civilization leaves me bit by bit," writes Gauguin in Tahiti, "and I begin to think simply, to have only a little hatred for my neighbour, and I function in an animal way, freely—with the certainty of the morrow being like today." When a woman shows him a beautiful spot near her hut, he says, "I felt a longing to rest there forever, sure that in eternity no one would come and disturb me."⁷

It is equally wrong to say, as Poggioli does, "Man may linger in the

pastoral dream world a short while, or a whole lifetime" (p. 154). To the pastoral writer, his characters, and his readers, it does make a difference whether one stays in Arcadia a whole lifetime. Virgil's pastorals conclude with an imminent departure from the green world: if the shade is bad for plants, what must it do to men (X. 75)? At the end of *As You Like It*, time and nature have wrought their healing magic on lovers and statesmen, and all the old Duke's men—save one primitivist misanthrope—can return to Court.⁸ The protagonist of Melville's *Typee* continually anticipates rescue from a situation that Gauguin would have embraced with abandon. As a pastoral initiate, the young sailor maintains a certain distance from the natives, his suspicions of their cannibalism symbolizing his fear of being absorbed into nature. It is perhaps because of this false narrowing of the pastoral that a recent, influential writer on the Spanish Renaissance "shepherd books," Francisco Lopez Estrada,⁹ has dismissed the work of Poggioli (along with Empson) as not substantial ("aunque no sean aportaciones sustantivas," p. 51). "Pastoral poetry," he writes, "has been one of the means through which attempts have been made to reconcile the two antiquities, pagan and Christian, into new syncretic forms. If the pastoral was courtly, there could also be found in it a germ of ardor for social justice, and it is encountered in the forms of humane poetry at the root of the thinking of Rousseau." Lopez Estrada argues that pastoral literature, in its best forms, offers anything but an irresponsible escape.¹⁰

The difference between escape fantasy and pastoral is recognized in Empson's handling of *Alice in Wonderland*, where the Gnat (in Empson's reading, a mask for Dodgson) intimates that Alice "would like to remain purely a creature of Nature and stay in the woods where there are no names."¹¹ This inclination is that of the typical child-reader whom Empson describes as unwilling to have stories end. Endings are "a sort of necessary assertion that the grown-up world was after all the proper one" (p. 270). But Dodgson, like any responsible pastoralist, does not share the wish to stay in the dream world; after all, he must bring his story to an end, whatever sympathies he may feel with his characters. This ambivalence seems to be a variant of what Empson calls the unique "double feeling" of pastoral: the poet feels both superior and inferior to the simple shepherds (or children, or prelapsarian parents, or beggars) who are his subjects. Such feeling is the natural result of "the pastoral process of putting the complex into the simple" (p. 22), which I take to be a defining concept of pastoral.

One and the same cause underlies both the complexity of the complex man and the transitoriness of his pastoral experience. This cause is defined by a set of assumptions about nature which dictate that nature (the world uncontaminated by man) cannot be accepted merely at face value. In Virgil's first eclogue the world is disturbed by events that would not happen in nature except through death or mishap—loss, cessation of friendship, dispossession. These complexities invading the simple world were products of the human will vested in political strife and imperialism. Christian pastoralists like Spenser and Milton perceived the source of complexity in a somewhat different light. Their world was complicated by the Fall, the corrupt macrocosm being an objectification of the soul blighted by original sin. The ambiguous feelings of English colonists toward the American Indians had their literary counterpart in Spenser's pastoral world of both shepherds and cutthroats; Milton's "Nativity Ode" presents nature as whore and yet supplicant.

Daphnis and Chloe, a model for later European pastoral stories narrative and dramatic, exemplifies the mistake of equating pastoralism with sheer escapism, and the kindred error of over-emphasizing the pastoralist's rejection of city or court. In fact, as later in the denouements of Shakespeare's pastorals, the fourth book of this work brings about a reconciliation of country and city. Both Daphnis and Chloe represent the city dweller's flight from his economically induced predicament: Daphnis's parents married too early, had too large a family, and exposed their youngest child in the wilderness. Chloe's father preferred the stage to his daughter, whom he abandoned in a cave. Both children are raised in the atmosphere of material sufficiency and joyful work that constitutes the shepherd's life; the steps of their illumination or initiation into love and self-knowledge comprise the narrative framework of Books I to III.¹² When at last they acquire the wealth and status of free property holders they continue to partake in the simple life even to the point of resuming their old shepherds' roles from time to time. The act of marriage in itself, as one scholar writes, is intended to satisfy "the claims of both nature and human society," and the repeated images of art complementing nature¹³ foreshadow the outcome of this romance.

Book IV opens with two related episodes showing the insufficiency of the two realms in themselves. The destruction of the garden of Dionysophanes by the jealous cowherd Lampis reveals the contempt for beauty in

men without culture; on the other hand, Gnathon's homosexual overtures to Daphnis typify the perversion of natural love and beauty induced by customs of city life. (In IV. 19 Astylus obliquely associates the city and homosexuality when he tells his father that Daphnis "could soon be taught town ways by Gnathon.") The reconciling of town and country begins at the level of the villains, with Gnathon's rescue of Chloe and capture of Lampis; it concludes with the wedding-night feast, when "the peasants began to sing in harsh grating voices as if they were breaking the soil with hoes instead of singing a wedding song"—here the sophisticated epithalamic tradition is rusticated in a manner strikingly similar to that of the Elizabethans.¹⁴

In Renaissance poetry the fleeting and transitory nature of the pastoral experience often produces the same overtones of nostalgia mixed with skepticism that are found in Virgil. It is this skepticism that, in Schiller's terms, prevents the heart from completely overwhelming the mind. Writing on Tasso's *Aminta*, a French scholar draws attention to Dafne's lines: "Il mondo invecchia / E invecchiando intristisce" (The world grows old, and growing old fades away, II.2). Tasso's shepherds, especially Tirsi, with his Tasso-like "precocious skepticism of a man born old,"¹⁵ reflect a sophisticated awareness of the passing of time and the temporariness of beauty and youth. The "happy ending," says Mia Gerhardt, should not really be taken at face value: "The secret of the last act is in being detached from the happy ending; not for nothing does the chorus dismiss the happiness that the protagonists are about to enjoy" (p. 121). Skepticism on the part of the author rather than of his characters pervades Milton's *Comus*, where the Lady is willing to trust the "Shepherd" (who is, of course, the seducer Comus in disguise). Her lines recapitulate the hackneyed sentiments of naive pastoral:

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest-offered courtesies,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended. (ll. 321-26)

In the first half of "Lycidas" the natural world is viewed as ultimately deceptive and empty of hope, preparing us for the Virgilian resolution to seek new pastures. Marvell's "The Garden," although more optimistic in its

view of nature, also exemplifies this transitoriness, especially in the climactic image of the bird in preparation for flight. Here the soul in pastoral seclusion enjoys a momentary glimpse of the eternal, carrying us, as Schiller urged, not back to Arcadia, but forward to Elysium.

The first great English pastoral work, Spenser's *Shepherdes Calender*, also proposes, in the words of one of Spenser's best readers, "the rejection of the pastoral life for the truly dedicated life of the world."¹⁶ A similar interpretation may be extended to Spenser's last pastoral work, the story of Calidore and Pastorella in Book VI of *The Faerie Queene*.

As is generally recognized, the details of Cantos 9-11 incorporate most traditional pastoral motifs, and it would not be fanciful to suggest that this pastoral romance is largely *about* pastoral poetry and its underlying myth, symbolized in the lost princess Pastorella. Pastorella's flight has been allegorical, like the abandonment of Daphnis and Chloe: her birth in captivity represents the state of man in original sin, suffering for the indiscretion of the parents, who stand not only for Adam and Eve, but also for the court, supposedly the "root" of courtesy (VI. 1.1) but now decayed from its pristine state (VI. proem. 4). Only when the parents are released from bondage (VI. 12.10) and live in harmony can Pastorella be returned to them, and the larger social implications of this inner harmony are suggested in the subsequent muzzling of the Blatant Beast. Imprisonments mark the beginning and end of Pastorella's excursion into Arcadia; her symbolic death and rebirth in the brigands' cave (similar to the experiences of Red Cross in Orgoglio's dungeon, Guyon in Mammon's cave, Amoret in Lust's cave) signify a new understanding of the self and the world after the retreat into nature, not to mention the shock of knowing evil in nature. As the story begins, Pastorella's detachment from the merely rustic is the first thing we notice about her:

Upon a little hillocke she was placed
Higher than all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses, and them all without
The lustie shepherd swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayes dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,

As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew. (VI. 9.8)

Accordingly, her rejection of Coridon is attributed to her aspiring mind ("Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend" VI. 9.10), indicating the tradition of pastoral as preliminary to epic or heroic poetry. These aspirations culminate in her accepting Calidore after the episode of the tiger, where rustic is identified with unheroic behavior through the pun on Coridon's "cowherd feare" (VI. 10.35). Thus a heroic act liberates the mind from simple nature and eventually returns it to the complex world beyond. After Pastorella's departure and the death of Meliboeë, only Coridon remains—mere rusticity, boorish¹⁷ and low-spirited, the residue of the pastoral moment.

In terms of the pastoral genre, then, Calidore is the initiate and Pastorella his means of enlightenment. Aside from Colin, whom I shall discuss in another context, and the boor Coridon, Spenser's other stock Arcadian figure is the sage, Meliboeë. The sage is not so much a character as a spokesman for nature. Virgil's sage, Silenus in the sixth eclogue, explains the human condition in relation to the cosmos and its origin.¹⁸ In *Daphnis and Chloe* his counterpart is old Philates (II. 5), who gives the young couple the philosophical grounding needed before their love can be intelligently consummated. Meliboeë's pastoral retirement is permanent (VI. 9.24-25) rather than momentary because he is a sage, not an initiate or protagonist; he also typifies the idealized retirement of old age following an active life. As the voice of natural wisdom he teaches that the hero (in Spenser this means the soul in pursuit of virtue) cannot permanently change his lot for the shepherd's (VI. 9.27); rather, the soul must acquire the inner sufficiency that characterizes Meliboeë's own frugal life:

. . . each hath his fortune in his brest.
It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore: . . .
For wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize. (VI. 9.28-29)

Calidore's wish to "rest my barcke" (VI. 9.31) recapitulates the traditional argument for retreat upon which the pastoral experience is based.

This dialogue suggests the most notable limitation of pastoral as a vision

of life, its exclusive focus upon the private self. There is truth in Poggioli's observation, "The pastoral concern with private life, and with its two external manifestations, which are love and friendship, means that bucolic poetry is largely indifferent to the lot of man in collective terms" (p. 170). In themselves, however, most literary forms fall short of the whole truth about man; what is more, the Renaissance viewed pastoral as preliminary to, not exclusive of, the poetry of "collective man." In both *As You Like It* and *The Tempest* social injustice has made life at court impossible for virtuous men. Caliban and the rustics in the Forest of Arden, the artless boors of the pastoral enclave, show the inadequacy of the island or forest as anything more than a place to bide time until justice can work its ways.

It is not quite true that "pastoral poetry finally died and disappeared from sight" (Poggioli, p. 176); indeed, one of the objects of the essays in this volume is to discuss its modes of survival. John Lynen has shown how much of Robert Frost's poetry is rooted in the pastoral¹⁹; and if we understand "poetry" in a wider sense pastoral flourishes in modern fiction. In the novel during our century the pastoral moment serves as a means to reenter and reorder the world. Increasingly, however, we find the phases of flight, initiation, departure, and return modulated by the ironies that attend the unprecedented complexities of modern life. In Huxley's *Island*, Arcadia is dispersed by force of arms, but the interlude on Pala has affected the world-weary Farnaby much as the Pastorella episode influences Calidore. Having achieved "luminous bliss" he remains unscathed by the oil-hungry barbarians ravaging the garden.

Tormented by feelings of guilt over his wife's death, numbed by the torpid sexuality of his relationship with Babs, Will Farnaby stumbles into an Edenic island off the Southeast Asian coast. Here he is initiated into the truths of love and death by a sage, Doctor Robert MacPhail, and by the writings of an earlier sage, the Old Raja, who had completed his *Notes on What's What* before his death in 1938. *Libertas* in this most Huxleyan pastoral means "liberation from bondage to the ego," achieved through a drug called *moksha* and through education of the "Mind-body." The aim of educating the whole person suggests the most Arcadian quality of Pala, its purpose being to restore a natural perspective on human life to the unnatural twentieth century: *coitus reservatus* instead of artificial birth control, practical experience in sexual love for the young (we are told that Hitler's war

came about in part because "Adolf was sexually backward"), and "thanatology," the study that can remove all horror from "the Essential Horror." In other words the technology of Pala, unlike that of most Utopias, is conspicuously "natural." *Island* thus occupies a point (as perhaps does William Morris's *News from Nowhere*) where pastoral and utopian intersect; and with the recent changes in our society's perspective on technology and nature, we can probably expect more of this hybrid genre in years to come.²⁰

Neville Shute, like Huxley a transplanted Englishman, seems to have gone on his own pastoral excursion to Australia in search of values that post-war England had lost. His uneasiness with European civilization had already been demonstrated in his wartime *Pastoral*, a novel about night-bombing in the R.A.F. The pilot-hero Marshall alternates between afternoons of trout-fishing in the English countryside and nightmare ventures over Europe. The sage is the owner of the trout pond, Mrs. Carter-Hayes, an aged and bereft war mother who embodies everything that was good in the traditional English gentry. Through his fishing experiences Marshall comes to know and eventually marry his rural Yorkshire shepherdess, Section Officer Gervase Robertson. The quest for a simpler life is in fact a recurrent motif in Shute's fiction. After the horrors of Japanese occupation the lovers in *A Town Like Alice* find it in the Australian out-back. Readers and viewers of Shute's *On the Beach* may recall the pastoral interlude in the Australian bush, but may not remember the large Victorian building in Melbourne called The Pastoral Club (a real place, incidentally). The post-humously published *Trustee from the Toolroom* describes the Pacific voyage of a timid London machine designer with a noble savage, in quest of a family treasure.

At least since Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, a more ironic perspective on the pastoral experience has characterized American fiction, perhaps because of the increased possibility of retreats and withdrawals in the new world. The earlier chapters of Ellison's *Invisible Man* depict a sham Arcadia in the Negro college—a refuge from white bigotry, presided over by a false sage who offers no *libertas*, only the *otium* of obsequiousness. In a pastoral moment within this pastoral moment, the unnamed narrator escorts an idealistic white knight from New England into the woods. What the aptly named Mister Emerson discovers is that the happy darkies in the woods (the poor farmer and his family) are neither simple nor happy: the shepherd's cottage conceals a terrifying truth about human nature. Emerson's

harrowing flight from the green world precedes and precipitates the narrator's exile from Arcadia; the young ex-student will look back on this banishment as revealing the supreme illusion of his college life in an institution shaped and sustained by the very powers that would deprive him of his freedom. The pastoral virtues—patience, humility, nonchalance—are the self-imposed restraints that have kept his race enslaved. His entry into the active life of the Brotherhood marks the shift to the post-pastoral, “heroic” pole of the narrative. In the last phase of the novel, though, he sets out on a new life that couples action with wisdom. His “going underground” may simply be the discovery of self that completes a legitimate pastoral withdrawal, in contrast to the fruitless retreat of his college days. His closing thoughts echo the Virgilian theme of momentary peace and sufficiency in an ocean of mindless strife: “the mind that has conceived a plan of living must never lose sight of the chaos against which that pattern was conceived.” We recall the closing image of Virgil's first eclogue, smoking cottage chimneys against a background of encroaching mountain shadows.

Yet another sham Arcadia is the rich man's upper-Michigan retreat, the Centennial Club, of Thomas McGuane's first novel *The Sporting Club*. On the opening page, a guidebook reports that the club was founded by lumber barons in 1868, “while the big timber was being converted to pioneer houses on the treeless prairies of the West.” The membership, with its cliquish parvenu mores, epitomizes the hollowness of the “outdoorsman” who withdraws from the city in order to continue doing as he did in the city. The club, one of whose members is a historian named Spengler, assumes increasingly larger dimensions as a mirror of a freaky society of joyless patriots, playgirls with false teeth, rednecks copulating on motorcycles. There seem to be two initiates, although Quinn the narrator, “the calculator,” a businessman and a survivor, may actually be the serpent in disguise. Stanton, his lifelong friend, is an eccentric aristocrat with, at his best, a certain simplicity about him, “an ability to walk in the middle.” But the center cannot hold, and the absurdist hero Stanton's wits have already begun crumbling before the novel begins. In the apocalyptic climax of the novel, as harrowing as that in *Island*, but without the comforts, Stanton presides over the destruction of the club during a wild night of manhunts, duelling, rocketry, and machine-gun fire. It is not clear just what he—let alone Quinn—learns from all of this, though we may take heart in the end when the club property is purchased by Stanton, who under the watchful

eyes of his keepers sets about to put it together again. This time, perhaps, it will not be a sham.

A natural complement of the sham Arcadia is the sham initiation, in which the protagonist cannot even tolerate the simple, let alone understand it. Sinclair Lewis has Babbitt attempt a retreat to the Maine woods, the one place where the uneasy "realtor" had found something like happiness during his fleeting vacation with Paul earlier in the novel. Nearing Maine, Babbitt undergoes a primitivist fantasy, a wish not merely to enter the woods for a moment but to live there forever—to become "a grim and wordless cave-man" (recall Alice's wish to live in the woods where there are no names). But the retreat is frustrating. Joe Paradise (like McGuane's Earl Olive, a boor pretending to be a sage) prefers motorboats to hiking, is as poorly conditioned as Babbitt, does not know the names of the flora, and provides no wisdom for the would-be initiate. Finally it is Babbitt's utter conformism, his impatience with self and nature, that drives him out of the woods. Alone on a stump during the first night's camping, he can only see himself as a misplaced Zenithite: "Gee, I can't seem to get away from thinking about folks." The thought impels him homeward at once, a journey in which "there was no appearance of flight, but he was fleeing." Babbitt runs not so much from himself as from the unpalatable pastoral fare—*otium*, *libertas*, simplicity, solitude. Unlike other protagonists I have mentioned, he will never acquire that inner paradise that comes only after the external one is left behind. He never reaches this stage, for if anything paradise rejects Babbitt.

The sequence of flight, initiation in nature, abandonment, and return to the world closely resembles what Northrop Frye calls fourth-phase comedy, Shakespeare's "drama of the green world," which "begins in a world represented as a normal world, moves into the green world, goes into a metamorphosis there in which comic resolution is achieved, and returns to the normal world."²¹ Of course the comic vision of man is characteristically social, and pastoral often depicts the self in a pre- or extra-societal world ("The Garden," for example, or Virgil's second eclogue). However, it is instructive to look at pastoral as tending toward comedy rather than romance, which is perhaps the more familiar viewpoint. Harold Toliver would insist upon a distinction between the patterns of Shakespearean comedy and Spenser's pastoral "romance" of Calidore. Although Arcadia offers Calidore "more than vegetable comfort," he says, "he is sooner or later expected to

return to a courtly society that has not changed as he has: the two realms, roughly romance and pastoral, inevitably separate. In contrast, in Shakespeare's pastoral comedies, the journey is not an individual, or 'heroic' education but a group exile that transports an entire society into the forest where it undergoes therapy." Yet are these not variations on the same tune? The distinction between individual and group need not be especially significant: either can undergo what Frye calls a metamorphosis. This change is not a matter of education *or* therapy in exile, but education *and* therapy, for both individual (Calidore) and group (Rosalind, Duke Senior, etc.) *in* exile. Toliver continues: the group's "return is to a new integration of its components after exposure to the depths of imagination, primitiveness, or moonlit changes of identity" (p. 113). Both Toliver's "new integration" and Frye's "metamorphosis" can describe Pastorella's return to her parents, an allegory of the protagonist's reintegration before renewing the quest. Pastoral, then, as a literary mode approximating that of the "green world" comedies, displaces the quest-determined romance in Book VI of *The Faerie Queen*, much as the divine comedy of Celia and Contemplation interrupt the Red Cross Knight's quest in Book One. It would accordingly make sense to call works like *Daphnis and Chloe*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, or *Typee* comedy rather than romance, although given the traditional labelling even the most persuasive taxonomist is unlikely to prevail.

I have been describing the pastoral initiate as the activist, the heroic mind in pursuit of virtue or social justice who must temporarily give up his search. A different but analogous case is the artist, who must also retreat into an Arcadia for leisure and solitude. It was to underline the resemblance of the artist's to the hero's situation, and yet maintain their distinction, that Spenser included the account of Colin and the Graces in his pastoral episode.²² The *locus amoenus* described at the outset (VI. 10.5-9) conflates the classical Mount Acidale with the fairy ring of English and Irish folklore; it is a retreat within a retreat. To adorn this place, nature has pillaged all her other works (VI. 10.5), and the "disdain" of the trees for the earth (VI. 10.6), coupled with the references to eternal spring, suggests an idealized nature contrasting with the world of mere rustics. It is the special world of the poet's imagination, what Sidney calls the zodiac of the poet's wit, which he sees as in, but not of, nature. The "soring hauke" is a Platonic image of the wings that carry the soul to God (compare the ascent in "Hymne of

Heavenly Beautie," ll. 22-63). The pure stream (VI. 10.11), a conventional symbol for inspiration by the divine mind uncontaminated by profane experience, is guarded by the spirits who transmit inspiration, "Nymphes and Faeries" (again a yoking of both classical and native culture).

Drawn on by Colin's piping, Calidore hears "many feete fast thumping th'hollow ground, / That through the woods their Eccho did rebound." This important detail looks back to the echo of Spenser's *Epithalamion*, which signifies that the creative act—whether of poetry or marriage and parenthood—resonates in the natural, social, and supernatural spheres of human existence. This image implies such correspondences between levels of being as that (VI. 10.13) between the macrocosmic constellation of Ariadne, the earthly beauty represented in the "goodly band," and the rustic dance of VI. 9.8.²³

Colin's landscape may originate in Boccaccio's *De genealogia deorum gentilium*, the chapter headed "Poets prefer lonely haunts as favorable to contemplation" (XIV. 11). In the forest, says Boccaccio,

the beeches stretch themselves, with other trees, toward heaven; there they spread a thick shade with their fresh green foliage; there the earth is covered with grass and dotted with flowers of a thousand colors; there, too, are clear fountains and argent brooks that fall with a gentle murmur from the mountain's breast. There are gay song-birds, and the boughs are stirred to a soft sound by the wind, and playful little animals; and there the flock and herds, the shepherd's cottage or the little hut untroubled with domestic cares; and all is filled with peace and quiet. Then, as these pleasures possess both eye and ear, they soothe the soul; then they collect the scattered energies of the mind, and renew the power of the poet's genius, if it be weary, prompting it, as it were, to long for expression of high themes, and yearn for expression—impulses wonderfully reinforced by the gentle society of books, and the melodious bands of the Muses moving in stately dance. In the light of all this what studious man would not prefer remote places to the city?²⁴

This is like the active man's withdrawal in that the active man also seeks out the pleasures of the creative imagination, though as observer, not as creator. The Muses show themselves only to those whom they choose (VI. 10.20). Even heroes cannot will themselves to become poets; at best they

can only be good readers (VI. 10.30). The experience with Colin moves Calidore not to further contemplation but to an increased love for Pastorella, as his consequent restlessness indicates (VI. 10.31). Thus poetry bridges the transition between initiation and the return to the world and the quest.

The self-contained atmosphere of Colin's *locus amoenus* signifies Colin's detachment from Calidore's ethical and political concerns. It is a peculiarly pastoral thing to say that a poem can exist without regard to public ends. A few years before Spenser's work another pastoral, Battista Guarini's *Il Pastor Fido*, had ushered in a heated controversy over the value of pastoral poetry, its opponents contending that because it imitates country life it has nothing worthwhile for political man (the anticipation of Dr. Johnson and Poggioli is noteworthy). Guarini replied that poetry and politics have in fact two different ends:

What is the end of the latter? Happiness. And of the former? The plot. If then the end of moral and civil philosophy is none other than public or private happiness, what need does it have, in order to make men happy, of plots?

. . . The poetic action is in such wise different from the moral action that the one is real, the other imaginary; the one true, the other represented.²⁵

Of course neither Guarini nor Spenser followed the logically aestheticist consequences of such a position, but the view that poetry exists in a world apart from experience through its immediate perception of the divine Idea is a notion that helped liberate the poet from servitude to the priest and pedagogue.

For all his friendliness, Colin has little to do with Calidore or the community of shepherds—perhaps in the same way that Spenser was remote from the barbaric and bloody actions going on around him in Ireland. Philosophers since antiquity have enjoined us to follow nature, but in the final analysis that idea is faintly absurd. If peace and sufficiency are found in nature, so are drought and smallpox. Nature's ways are as dark and contradictory as those of art or society, however different may be the life that is offered us. For this reason the critical mind, pre-eminently the mind of the poet, always hesitates at the invitation to take the plunge. The effect of this reluctance in those pastoralists who rise above sentimentalism is an inevitable detachment, as the poet or initiate wears his city clothes under the simple

garb of man in nature. Schiller's domain of the mind, corresponding to the pastoralist's superior knowledge, must imply the confidence of the heart. If today we meet with ironic pastoralists like Thomas McGuane, it argues less for the passing of the myth of pastoral from our culture than for the depleted condition of both mind and heart in the present age.

NOTES

1. A traditional interpretation of "umbra" is Servius's "sub tutela Imp. Aug." (under the protection of Augustus): G. Thilo, ed., *Servii Grammatici . . . Commentarii* (Leipzig: Teubner, 1887), III, 5. My reading has been strongly influenced by P. L. Smith, "Lentus in umbra," *Phoenix* 19 (1965), 298-304, and Michael C. J. Putnam, *Virgil's Pastoral Art* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1970).

2. John R. Cooper, *The Art of The Compleat Angler* (Durham: Duke Univ. Press, 1968), p. 74, finds a similar pattern in pastoral: "withdrawal of urban characters from their own complex society into a pastoral setting, where they are temporarily integrated but from which they must return." "Having seen things more clearly by means of the pastoral excursion, the main characters return to their former life, enlightened and refreshed, better able to assume their accustomed roles." For other anticipations of my thesis of which I was unaware, see below, notes 8 and 19.

3. See Louis Martz, *The Paradise Within: Studies in Vaughan, Traherne, and Milton* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1964).

4. *Pastoral Forms and Attitudes* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1971), p. 42.

5. Friedrich Schiller, *Essays Aesthetical and Philosophical*, trans. anon. (London: George Bell and Sons, 1875), p. 318.

6. "The Oaten Flute," *Harvard Library Bulletin* 11 (1957), 147-184.

7. *Noa Noa*, trans. Jonathan Griffin (Oxford: Bruno Cassirer, 1961), p. 23.

8. Eleanor Winsor Leach, *Virgil's Eclogues: Landscapes of Experience* (Ithaca and London: Cornell Univ. Press, 1974), writes, "Whether it involves a genuine sojourn in nature or a mere cohabitation with illusions, the pastoral experience is always temporary" (p. 47). See also Eleanor Terry, intro., *Pastoral and Romance: Modern Essays in Criticism* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1969), p. 2.

9. *Los libros de pastores en la literatura española: La órbita previa*, Biblioteca Románica Hispánica, estudios y ensayos, No. 213 (Madrid: Editorial Gredos, 1974). I am indebted to Prof. George Peale for this reference.

10. "La poesía pastoril ha sido uno de los medios en que se ha intentado reconciliar las dos antigüedades, gentil y cristiana, en nuevas formas sincréticas. Si la obra pastoril fue cortesana, puede también hallarse en ella un germen de afán de justicia social, y se la encuentra en las formas de poesía humanitaria que está en la raíz del pensamiento de Rousseau" (pp. 51-52). "La literatura pastoril queda así considerada en su repercusión cultural, de suerte que se está muy lejos de aquella interpretación que la tenía por una forma de evasión irresponsable" (p. 52). As to the contemporaneity of pastoral, Lopez Estrada quotes with justifiable approval from the American scholar Elias Rivers: "The post-Hegelian concept of 'alienation' is directly relevant to the pastoral myth itself, with its constant implicit, and often explicit, attacks on commercialism, courtly hypocrisy and physical violence of contemporary society" ("Nature, Art, and Science in Spanish Poetry of the Renaissance," *Bulletin of Hispanic Studies*, 44 [1967], 264).

11. *Some Versions of Pastoral* (1935; rpt. New York: New Directions, 1968), p. 275.

12. H. H. O. Chalk, "Eros and the Lesbian Pastorals of Longos," *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 80 (1960), 32-51, sees the two lovers as initiates in the mysteries of Dionysos. My references are to the translation by Paul Turner (1956; rev. trans. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1968).

13. Chalk, p. 49. Important images are the description of the painting in the woods (Prologue), the enclosed garden of Philetas (II. 3), and Lycæon's instructions on sexual love (III. 18).

14. See George Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesy*, chap. 26, "The Maner of Rejoysinge at Mariages and Weddings."

15. Mia Gerhardt, *La Pastorale: Essai d'analyse littéraire* (Assen: Van Gorcum, 1950), p. 119. On Tasso and pastoral see also Richard Cody, *Landscape of the Mind: Pastoralism and Platonic Theory in Tasso's Aminta and Shakespeare's Early Comedies* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1969).

16. A. C. Hamilton, "The Argument of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*," *ELH* 23 (1956), 171-183 (p. 183).

17. The vice usually translated as "boorishness" in Aristotle's *Ethics*, II. 8, is *agroikos*, which also means "the rustic man."

18. This study of nature is also justified on the philosophical grounds of Epicureanism. Epicurus advised a disciple that the chief "objective in learning the science of the *meteōra*, of physical phenomena, as in all else, is the achievement of *ataraxia*, imperturbability and self-confidence" (T. G. Rosenmeyer, *The Green Cabinet: Theocritus and the European Pastoral Lyric* [Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1969], p. 66, adding: "The correlation between the study of astronomy and the enjoyment of a country life is, therefore, an Epicurean *topos* . . .").

19. *The Pastoral Art of Robert Frost* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1960). Herbert Lindenberger, "The Idyllic Moment: On Pastoral and Romanticism," *CE* 34 (1972), 335-351, sees pastoral less as a genre than as "a kind of island in time" that is found in Renaissance epic and Romantic narrative. The title of my essay was chosen before I knew of this work or of H. Daniel Peck, *A World by Itself: The Pastoral Moment in Cooper's Fiction* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1977).

20. Cf. Northrop Frye, "Varieties of Literary Utopias," in *The Stubbish Structure* (Ithaca: Cornell Univ. Press, 1970), pp. 109-134: "The Arcadia of Renaissance pastoral . . . puts an emphasis on the integration of man with his physical environment. The Utopia is a city, and it expresses rather the human ascendancy over nature, the domination of the environment by abstract and conceptual mental patterns" (p. 126). On *Island*, see Robert C. Elliott, *The Shape of Utopia: Studies in a Literary Genre* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1970), pp. 137-153. Although he defines utopian fiction as a form of satire, Elliott also notes that, at its purest, utopian literature might aspire to the condition of idyll as defined by Schiller (p. 107).

21. *The Anatomy of Criticism* (1957; rpt. New York: Atheneum, 1967), p. 182.

22. In the terms of Patrick Cullen, the Colin story may be called Mantuanesque, as opposed to Arcadian, pastoral. *Spenser, Marvell, and Renaissance Pastoral* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1970).

23. The pastoral poem as echo has precedent in Virgil's first eclogue (Meliboeus speaking): "Resonare doces Amaryllida silvas" ("You teach the woods to echo your songs of Amaryllis"). Servius interprets Amaryllis (l. 5) as allegorical for Rome (see Thilo edition, above, note 1, p. 5).

24. *Boccaccio on Poetry*, trans. C. G. Osgood (1930; rpt. Indianapolis and New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1956), pp. 56-57.

25. *Il Verato secondo* (1593), quoted in Bernard Weinberg, *A History of Literary Criticism in the Italian Renaissance* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1961), II, 680-681; see also pp. 1074-1105. The dispute begins with Giason Denores' *Discorso* (1586) and continues into the next century with Orlando Pescetti's *Difesa del Pastor Fido* (1601). Guarini's attack on the stereotyping of country people (p. 1082) anticipates similar gestures by the Romantics and Hardy, as does his wish to see in them human nature "without paints and without . . . those feigned appearances which are the vices peculiar to the city."

26. On the required detachment in pastoral, see Rosenmeyer, pp. 15, 42, and 64.

Collins and the End of the Shepherd Pastoral

RICHARD EVERSOLE

Does the pastoral life exist outside of literature? Can we find a shepherd culture that corresponds to Arcadia? A memorable episode in Johnson's *Rasselas* (1759) makes a jest of such questions. For Chapter 19 shows us what happens when a poet brings his auditors face to face with actual shepherds. Imlac's specialty is not pastoral verse,¹ but he assures Rasselas and Nekayah that the shepherds in the distance represent "the life which has been often celebrated for its innocence and quiet," and so he proposes that they "pass the heat of the day" among their "tents, and know whether all our searches are not to terminate in pastoral simplicity." For a moment, the poetic world seems to be tangible: the tents offer shade and repose; the brother and sister, the prince and princess, go to meet the shepherds as equals, to unite again the estates which had been severed at the end of the Golden Age. Unfortunately the shepherds turn out to have no inherent nobility of mind and are not even aware of their pleasant image in literary texts. After all, why should they be?

The prince and princess are thus reminded that pastoral shepherds live only in poetry, the world of texts rather than of outward reality. Still, Nekayah's faith in pastoral culture as meant for someone like herself is not daunted. Although she vows "that she would never suffer these envious savages to be her companions," in her next breath she denies "that all the accounts of primeval pleasures were fabulous" and hopes for an opportunity to play shepherdess with a few "elegant companions." In a sense, actual rustics would be incongruous in Nekayah's Arcadia. The genre once stood for the pastoral culture, and the culture was almost wholly self-referential. It did not need outward criteria. As Johnson says at the beginning of *Rambler* no. 36 (21 July 1750), shepherd pastoral was enjoyed "because it entertains the mind with representations of scenes familiar to almost every imagination, and of which all can equally judge whether they are well described."

It is important, on the other hand, that the personages Nekayah finally spurns as "envious savages" are Oriental shepherds. Among other purposes,

Chapter 19 is a comic treatment of a peculiar eighteenth-century belief that Oriental shepherds corresponded to traditional characters in pastoral fiction. The belief had been codified in William Collins's *Persian Eclogues* (1742).

Many writers and critics before Collins thought that idealized shepherd pastoral stood in need of a belief in order for it to survive. There was, on the one hand, a rather publicized attempt to find substitutions for classical genre characters. Both Pope's *Guardian* no. 40 (27 April 1713) and Gay's *The Shepherd's Week* (1714) paradoxically inspired sincere illustration of Scottish and English shepherds as native extensions of the "Doric" image.² Several character types from neo-Latin pastoral also appeared in vernacular poems, notably those about fishermen and biblical personages.³ Pope himself exhibited a parallel between biblical and classical pastoral in his "Messiah. A sacred Eclogue, . . . in Imitation of Virgil's Pollio" (1712).⁴ The georgic and the Roman elegy, on the other hand, suggested an entirely different way to write pastoral, one which replaced the shepherd character with the self-imagined poet in the landscape. The rural odes on retirement, the epistles from the country, the lyrics about a wish or a choice all codified an urbane pastoral sensibility in which readers could vicariously participate. Whereas Addison before the beginning of the century had not considered the poet in the landscape as a pastoral character,⁵ a later critic deliberated "whether the representation of sentiments belonging to the real inhabitants of the country, who are strangers to all refinement, or those entertained by a person of an elegant and cultivated mind, who, from choice, retires into the country, with a view of enjoying those pleasures which it affords, is calculated to produce a more interesting picture."⁶ The poet rather than the shepherd was becoming a subject of idealization.

It would thus be a stroke of brilliance for an unknown and aspiring young poet to find a new means for an idealized shepherd pastoral that referred to objective conditions. The Oriental shepherd, the shepherd belonging to regions we now call the Near East, held out such an opportunity to Collins. For one thing, his readers were accustomed to associate pastoral shepherds with primitive areas in the contemporary Near East. The poet Thomas Maude recalls:

There was an age, say some of respectable fame, when princes were shepherds, and shepherds bards; when a personal attendance on their flocks did not debase the dignity of rank; and rural employments, al-

most the sole occupation of the world, unopposed by sciences or mechanic arts, flourished in undisturbed peace. But caprice, or fashion, has shifted the scene; and would you behold the shepherd and the patriarch nearest the original, you must revert to where the inroads of vice and luxury have made the least impressions. Such perhaps are the solitary and less refined regions of *Horeb*, or the plains of the *Tigris*, where the pastoral chief in his tent, or from his grassy throne under the shade of the palm-tree, gives audience to migrating hordes; . . . where placid leisure, cloudless skies, and the soliciting objects of his situation, stir up genius to sentiment and poesy, in the true character of ancient simplicity.⁷

We see that Maude does not share Nekayah's secret about the risk of making an idealization depend upon a correlation in reality. He is tempted to regard the "pastoral chief" as a bearer of traits of the fabulous Golden Age shepherd. Collins's reported chagrin that the *Persian Eclogues* attracted "more readers and admirers than his Odes" indicates that even he had not fully sounded the latent potency of the image of Eastern shepherds.⁸

The ancient shepherd of the East had been of great factual importance to established genre theory. Biblical patriarchs were adduced as documentary evidence to warrant a princely mien in shepherd characters:

. . . *Sacred Writ* tells us that *Jacob* and *Esau*, two great men, were Sheapards; And *Amos*, one of the Royal Family, asserts the same of himself, for *He was among the Sheapards of Tecua*, following that employment: The like by Gods own appointment prepared *Moses* for a Scepter, as *Philo* intimates in his life, when He tells us, *that a Sheapards Art is a suitable preparation to a Kingdome*; the same He mentions in the Life of *Joseph*, affirming that the care a Sheapard hath over his Cattle, very much resembles that which a King hath over his Subjects: The same *Basil* in his Homily de *S. Mamm. Martyre* hath concerning *David*, who was taken from following the Ews great with young ones to feed *Israel*, for He says that the Art of feeding and governing are very near akin, and even Sisters. . . .⁹

One book of the Old Testament, moreover, could be taken as a literary illustration of the symbolic union of the shepherd and the prince. The Song of Solomon, as this book was usually called, was thought to treat "of two

Lovers, sometimes under the Character of a Shepherd and Shepherdess, and sometimes under that of a Prince and Princess."¹⁰ In the course of the middle decades of the eighteenth century, the book is gradually detached from sacred meanings. It becomes an exemplar of Oriental pastoral, intimating the Oriental beginnings of pastoral poetry itself, as well as the precedence of the character of the Eastern shepherd.

The Song of Solomon had been interpreted since medieval times as a prophetic epithalamion about Christ's union with His church. Its divine *allegoria* and religious sublimity seemed to mid eighteenth-century critics to authorize the grandeur of Virgil's Pollio eclogue and Pope's "Messiah" (1712),¹¹ a grandeur that recalled the old rhetorical discussions of Asiatic style.¹² In this spiritualized reading, the book advocated shepherd characters of more rarefied passion than those who dallied in Arcadia:

... *Judah's* Shepherds heighten ev'ry Charm,
Soft in their Language, their Allusions warm;
Their Passions burn with more than usual fire,
Their Loves are Zeal, and all their Loves inspire.
Dissolv'd in mutual Joys They chastly rove,
Thro' all the blissful Scenes of Mystick Love¹³

At the same time, however, the literary appreciation of the Song of Solomon had stimulated an interest in its contribution to the classical formation of pastoral. "Some of the learned have conjectured," as Robert Lowth said, "that Theocritus . . . was not unacquainted with the beauties of this poem, and that he has almost literally introduced some passages from it into his elegant Idylliums."¹⁴ But commentators also sought analogues in profane and sacred poetry of the Islamic cultures.¹⁵ The secular narrative of the Song of Solomon was recognized by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu when she translated for Pope an amorous Turkish poem that she described as "most wonderfully resembling the Song of Solomon, which was also address'd to a Royal Bride."¹⁶ The pastoral digressions in even a sober work like Prior's *Solomon* (1718) had no higher meaning than to enhance by contrast the voluptuous spectacle of Solomon's court.¹⁷ Solomon's legend lurked in genuine romantic tales of the East,¹⁸ and some pastoral adaptations of the Song of Solomon, like this anonymous one of 1738, lingered on the sort of love that is identified not with *hortus conclusus*, but with the seraglio:

The cooing turtle's amorous voice we hear,
 And love and pleasure every where appear:
 The clasping tendrils of the springing vine,
 Shew us how we each other should entwine.¹⁹

Once its allegorized reading was discontinued, the Song of Solomon be-decked the Oriental shepherd character in a veil of romance. It was now "a pastoral poem in the eastern taste" which contains "descriptions of love . . . no more mysterious than they are in *Theocritus*, or *Ovid*."²⁰

Later in the eighteenth century, authentic Persian and Arabic poetry disclosed to scholars an extended record of shepherd life, one that even seemed to hint of the primordial consciousness. While gathering evidence for his theory of the Asiatic provenance of Homer, the great proto-archaeologist Robert Wood spent time among nomadic Arabs and observed the practice of their poetry. What he found was a poetry of and for a primitivistic society:

The modern Arab, in whom I have seen the characters of prince, shepherd, and poet united, retains, in his compositions of this kind, the wildness, irregularity, and indelicacy of his forefathers, with a considerable share of the same original glowing imagination, which we could discover, even in [his] extempore production, and under the disadvantage of crude and hasty translation.²¹

Wood considered these compositions as specimens of pure pastoral, as pastoral virtually of the ancient patriarchal life, and the aggregate of "characters" he saw in the Arab suggests the tending of flocks during the Golden Age, "when the best of men," as Pope said, "follow'd the employment."²² The young Sir William Jones compared some poetry of the *Mu'allaqat* to Virgil's Arcadian eclogues,²³ and in his monumental *Poeseos Asiaticae commentatorium libri sex* (1774), he translated examples of the Arabic *qasida* as pastoral forms.

Collins could have learned from at least two widely-known sources that the plains of Persia harbored a people who resembled historical and literary prototypes of pastoral characters. Joseph Warton remembered Collins at Winchester School "reading that volume of [Thomas] Salmon's Modern History, which described Persia; which determined him to lay the scene of these pieces [there], as being productive of new images and sentiments."²⁴

Salmon mentions that "the shepherds of Persia" continue to exist in the manner of "the antient patriarchs," possessing "vast flocks and herds, . . . living in tents, and removing from one place to another as they can meet with pasture for them."²⁵ But the Huguenot expatriate Jean Chardin, who is cited repeatedly by Salmon, commits himself to a much more daring and engaging claim. Apropos of his discussion of the Arabic influence on Persian verse,²⁶ Chardin conjectures "que l'invention des anciens Auteurs Grecs, de décrire les Histoires amoureuses en *Vers Bucoliques*, & par des personnages de Bergerie, étoit venuë des Arabes & des Tartares Orientaux, qui vivoient à la Campagne, sans quitter jamais leurs grands troupeaux, qui font tout leur bien & toute leur subsistance." He presumes that the ways of modern shepherds replicate those of their ancient ancestors: "Vous voyez en *Orient* de ces Bergers . . . , qui marchent tout-à-fait en Princes, dont le camp ressemble à une ville. . . . Et comme les premiers Souverains de l'*Asie* vivoient de cette manière, leurs Histoires font toûjours mention de leurs Troupeaux, à cause que c'est toûjours par rapport à leurs Troupeaux, que tous leurs mouvemens se faisoient alors, comme à présent. . . ."²⁷

The modern shepherd of the East was more than a stereotype; he was a compelling myth. He would be the criterion for a restored tradition. Jones gathered from his reading that Yemen "seems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the scene of pastoral poetry; because no nation at this day can vie with the *Arabians* in the delightfulness of their climate, and the simplicity of their manners."²⁸ Wood, nevertheless, thought that pastoral should only have to mirror a correspondence, "that the Pastoral Poetry of an age or country, where Pastoral manners do not prevail, however natural in scenery, must be artificial as to characters; and that the only original pictures of this kind are to be found in the [patriarchal] state of society" of the East.²⁹ The myth of the Eastern shepherd thus did not systematically favor any particular region of habitation. Persia was as good a place as any for an English pastoral poet to set his fiction.

Much of the context that I have so far briefly reconstructed was acknowledged in John Langhorne's 1765 edition of the *Persian Eclogues*. Langhorne not only traced the genre descent of Collins's eclogues to the Song of Solomon, but he also emphasized the ancient symbolic relation in Eastern culture between the shepherd and the prince.³⁰ Indeed, Langhorne asks, "why may not *Theocritus*, *Moschus* and *Bion* have found their archetypes in other eastern writers, whose names have perished with their works?"³¹ Collins's

first readers, moreover, were undoubtedly familiar with the myth of the modern shepherd in many Oriental fables. Most often these fables embed the myth in what purports to be either historical fact or national tradition. A fable which appeared in the *Free-Thinker* (nos. 128-129, 12 and 15 June 1719) tells in part how "CHA-ABBAS, King of *Persia*," was "determined to lay aside" his office "for a time" so that he could "converse, freely and unknown, with Husbandmen and Shepherds." He eventually comes upon "a young Shepherd, sitting on the Bank of the Stream, under the cool Shade of a Beach-Tree, and playing on his Pipe; while his Flock fed, along the fresh Margin." The king decides to adopt the youth "and to educate him in [his] Court." The youth "was, at first, daz[z]led with the Splendour of the Court"; the "Sheep-Hook, the Pipe, and the Shepherd's Garb, were laid aside; he was now cloathed in a Purple Robe, and a Turban sparkling with Jewels."⁸² Although the shepherd and the prince declare their descent from, respectively, Arcadian pastoral and Oriental romance, they are placed in circumstances which make them seem authentic examples of Eastern peoples. Idealized gestures and costume are mixed up with the nominal realism of historical personage and setting.

The technique of idealization in the *Persian Eclogues* is essentially that of the Oriental fable. Much like Addison's famous "Vision of Mirzah" (*Spectator* no. 159), Collins's eclogues are wrapped in an elaborate textual fiction. They are presented as genuine artifacts of Persia—about Persia, by a Persian, and for Persians. Speaking in the person of an anonymous translator, Collins asserts in the "Preface" that the eclogues were written by "a native of Tauris" and that they were subsequently acquired from "a merchant, who had made it his business to enrich himself with the learning, as well as the silks and carpets, of the Persians."⁸³ There is no attention to pastoral genre theory or literary precedent. And there is, of course, no objective acknowledgment of a shepherd myth. The eclogues themselves give form to beliefs understood at the moment.

Collins recognized that these beliefs would make explicit the contrast between the unadulterated virtue and sophisticated moral attitudes which tacitly enveloped the old literary myth of the Golden Age shepherd. He thus ignored the commonly iterated fact that Eastern shepherds are nomadic, and brought together images of the early and the recent existence of man in a spatial rather than a temporal relationship. Persian shepherd cultures, that is, are shown as being confined to sanctuaries which are dependent upon

the uncertain auspices of decadent civil powers on the outside. The preface also indicates that the four eclogues reflect a cycle of contrasting experiences, a cycle of "the miseries and inconveniencies, as well as the felicities, that attend one of the finest countries in the East" (p. 371).

Collins's first eclogue is about the pastoralism of Persian shepherd cultures. Within a peaceful "*Valley near Bagdat*," a rustic sage instructs an assembly of maids and swains

. . . how shepherds pass their golden days:
Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell. (ll. 2-6)

It is a disposition of mind rather than simply a country residence which determines the pastoral life. The proper shepherd is a tender of values not unlike the vestals of old. The assembly of shepherd couples also introduces the tribal mode of life that exists within the sanctuaries, a mode that is closer to the biblical moral order of communal selflessness than the classical aspiration of individual sufficiency.

The succeeding three eclogues complete a cycle of contrasting experiences about the pastoral consciousness. In the second, to which I will return shortly, the camel driver Hassan thinks of a sanctuary when he regrets his lust for wealth and self-sufficiency:

. . . wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
the fountain's murmurs and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold? (ll. 43-46)

The exquisite third eclogue, on the other hand, tells of a Georgian shepherdess named Abra who preserved the pastoral consciousness under greater temptations. She is discovered by the monarch Abbas while he is enjoying a retreat to the Georgian sanctuary. Abra obediently leaves her "crook and bleating flock" (l. 30) to reign as his sultana,

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fixed her love
On the cool fountain or the shady grove;
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale and flowery mead inclined. (ll. 37-40)

With the approach of spring, she journeys to the Georgian sanctuary for a renewal in the pattern of innocence. She finds again the sort of companions that Nekayah's game would permit:

Her maids around her moved, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand.
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung. (ll. 45-48)

Abbas himself performs a ritual initiation upon entering the sanctuary, exchanging his royal dress for the "russet mantle [of] a swain" (l. 55). Together the lovers revivify the doubling as shepherd and prince that is a feature of spoken parts in the Song of Solomon.³⁴

The last eclogue records an event which completes the cycle of the collection. Symptomatic of a moral deterioration during some indefinite time, an unguarded Circassian sanctuary has been invaded by Tartar marauders:

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian Lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd and protect the maid.
Far off in thoughtless indolence resigned,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind. (ll. 31-36)

As one of the fleeing shepherds reflects, the sanctuary had "lent the monarch oft a cool retreat" (l. 40). But there is now an implication that some great contaminating change in human nature is being reenacted in this destruction of the sanctuary. A shepherd resolves to warn his Georgian kindred,

Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare,
To shield your harvests and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fixed to destroy and steadfast to undo. (ll. 61-64)

A destructive, militant spirit thus threatens such sanctuaries as are depicted in the first and third eclogues. The upheaval of this shepherd culture is no less impressive than that related by Virgil concerning the Mantuan district.³⁵ But here the invasion is not a metaphor of the loss of property; the shepherds involved are the very means of representing pastoral.

The most engaging artistic feature of the *Persian Eclogues* offers a key

to the eventual disenchantment with the myth of the Eastern shepherd. The myth clearly dictated to Collins some use of place rather than time as a boundary between innocence and corruption, pastoral and anti-pastoral. It entailed a juxtaposition of permanence and change. Virgil, on the other hand, had restricted the forces of change to eclogues about his contemporaneous Mantuan district; he invested ancient Arcadia with an aura of permanence and stability. The eclogues about Arcadia are secure, as it were, from the process of history. But Collins had committed himself to an arrangement in which the images of innocence and corruption had to strike his original reader as being equally real. Might not that spatial arrangement tend to make the appeals of innocence and corruption compete against each other?

Speaking of the third eclogue, John Scott in his *Critical Essays* (1785) reflects how "the human mind always dwells with complacence on the ideas of rural solitude, and cottage innocence: we afford a ready indulgence to the deception which annexes to those ideas, the idea of unmixed happiness; though experience convinces us that no such happiness is really existent."³⁶ One could be reminded of this truth simply from the second eclogue, which is ingrained with affective signals to the reader. This poem might be called the "Alexis" of the collection—a lover's solitary complaint during the midday heat. Yet here, of course, the lover is not an Arcadian shepherd; he is a novice camel driver who has left his "tender Zara" to suffer loneliness and physical hardship in the desert. It is the experience of distress rather than the analogy with Virgil's second eclogue which immediately makes the situation familiar. "The verses that describe so minutely the camel-driver's little provisions," Langhorne attests, "have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehensions of distress":³⁷

One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand. (ll. 3-6)

Another cue for this type of sympathy occurs when Hassan anticipates the nocturnal peril of his journey; "what Reader," as one reviewer asks, "does not shudder, with Hassan, at the following description?"³⁸

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
 Or some swoll'n serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound. (ll. 61-64)

Distress and danger are the most intense experiences in the eighteenth-century psychology of sympathy. The desert is a horrific place, especially at night; it is where wolves as well as lions and tigers are lurking beyond the pale of sight (ll. 51-56). The most interesting eclogue to Collins's original readers is one in which the character really belongs to suspenseful plots in the *Persian Tales*.

Near the close of the eighteenth century, Nathan Drake excluded only the Oriental eclogue from his verdict that the shepherd pastoral had become fossilized; "let it be observed that the manners still exist, and have all the freshness of living nature: the shepherds of Arabia are what they were a thousand years ago; and a well-drawn picture of their pastoral customs and country must be highly relished by the lovers of simple and independent life."³⁹ Yet it is clear that Drake's views are wholly colored by the myth of the Eastern shepherd. What is left of the tradition of the shepherd pastoral, let alone the Oriental eclogue, once that myth ceases to be believed? The *Eastern Eclogues* (1780) by the traveler Eyles Irwin concentrates so much on anguish and guilt in its characters that the pastoral motive is muddled. He himself attests elsewhere to a loss of imaginative faith in the innocence of the Eastern shepherd:

What novel scenes the verdant banks betray,
 With scatter'd flocks and tented nations gay!
 Illusive sight! which loses strait its charms;
 With pastoral care ill suits the trade of arms.
 What maiden's heart can trust the shepherd's smile,
 Whose deeds are rapine, and whose words are guile?⁴⁰

This is a fulfillment of the critique in *Rasselas*. Idealization ultimately fails if it is made liable to a correlation in reality.

I think that we have underestimated the imaginative demands upon the shepherd pastoral during the eighteenth century, demands which seem to increase in proportion to the weakening of the tradition. Johnson condemns *Lycidas* for not being able to elicit sympathetic engagement. Collins chooses

to write pastorals about idealized shepherds who are already accepted by the popular mind. Earlier poets, of course, did not have to insist that pastoral Arcadia was actually like its geographical namesake. Even Pope did not have to present his pastorals as true representations of Windsor Forest during the Golden Age. Yet by the middle of the eighteenth century, the very nature of pastoral fiction has become inhospitable to anything less than credible circumstances. The inner feeling and perception of the poet himself will better satisfy a desire for correspondence than the overheard speech of an ideal shepherd.

NOTES

1. I deal with the Orientalism of Chap. 10 in "Imlac and the Poets of Persia and Arabia," forthcoming in *PQ*. Work on the present study was partially aided by a General Research Fund grant from the University of Kansas.

2. On the Doric nature of the English shepherd, see Thomas Purney, *Pastorals. After the simple Manner of Theocritus* (London, 1717), who took the famous *Guardian* paper as a serious injunction. On the Scottish shepherd, see Allan Ramsay, *Poems* (Edinburgh, 1721), whose preface was partly inspired by the "Proeme" to *The Shepherd's Week*. Recent criticism treats eighteenth-century pastoral with a great deal more respect than it received previously. There are several interesting theses about social attitudes and the decline of the shepherd pastorals. See *A Book of English Pastoral Verse*, ed. John Barrell and John Bull (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1975), pp. 223-224; Harold E. Toliver, *Pastoral Forms and Attitudes* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1971), p. 17; and A. J. Sambrook, "An Essay on Eighteenth-Century Pastoral, Pope to Wordsworth (II)," *Trivium*, 6 (1971), 113-115.

3. See Henry Hall, *Idylls of Fishermen* (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1912), and R. F. Jones, "Eclogue Types in English Poetry of the Eighteenth Century," *JEGP*, 24 (1925), 58, n. 46.

4. One of the pastorals in René Rapin's *Eclogae* ("David, seu pastor vates") is about David's prophetic dream of the Virgin. Many uses of such material are discussed by W. Leonard Grant, "Neo-Latin Biblical Pastorals," *SP*, 58 (1961), 25-43; see also his *Neo-Latin Literature and the Pastoral* (Chapel Hill: Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1965), pp. 258-275, 281-289. Pope's interest in neo-Latin poetry is recorded by Joseph Spence, *Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men*, ed. James M. Osborn (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1966), I, 233-234; Pope also reedited a collection as *Selecta Poemata Italorum*, 2 vols. (London, 1740).

5. "An Essay on Virgil's *Georgics*" (1697), *Eighteenth-Century Critical Essays*, ed. Scott Elledge (Ithaca: Cornell Univ. Press, 1961), I, 1.

6. "On Pastoral Poetry," *The Mirror*, no. 79 (8 Feb. 1780), in *British Essayists*, ed. Alexander Chalmers, XXIX (Boston, 1856), 136.

7. Thomas Maude, "The Introduction," *Wensley-Dale; or, Rural Contemplations: A Poem* (1771), 3d ed. (London, 1780), p. vii.

8. According to Joseph Warton. See the complete text of his recollection in *The Poems of Thomas Gray, William Collins, Oliver Goldsmith*, ed. Roger Lonsdale (London: Longmans, 1969), pp. 365, 366. Collins's eclogues are usually not considered legitimate pastoral by modern scholars: e.g., R. F. Jones, "Eclogue Types in English Poetry of the Eighteenth Century," pp. 52-53; and J. E. Conington, *Theories of Pastoral Poetry in England: 1684-1798* (Gainesville: Univ. of Florida Press, 1952), p. 190.

9. Rapin, *A Treatise de Carmine Pastoralis* (1659), trans. Thomas Creech (1684), Aug. Rpt. Soc., No. 8 (Ann Arbor, 1947), pp. 2-3. For a variety of other expressions of the pastoral "realism" of the patriarchs, see Joseph Trapp, *Praelectiones Poeticae* (1711-15), 2nd ed. (London, 1722), pp. 197-198; Anthony Blackwell, *The Sacred Classics Defended and Illustrated* (1725-31), 2nd ed. (London, 1727), p. 11; Moses Browne, "An Essay in Defence of Piscatory

Elogue," *Angling Sports* (1729 as *Piscatory Eclogues*), 3rd ed. (London, 1773), pp. xxxiii-xxxiv; and Thomson, *The Castle of Indolence* (1748), canto I, st. xxxvii.

10. Joseph Stennett, trans., "The Preface," *A Version of Solomon's Song of Songs*, 2nd ed. (London, 1709), p. vi; see also pp. x-xi.

11. John Newbery, et al., *The Art of Poetry on a New Plan*, rev. ed. (London, 1762), I, 111. The Song of Solomon is often adapted to suggest the Pollio; e.g., Isaac Thompson's "ABSENSE. Pastoral VII. Extracted from the Canticles," *A Collection of Poems* (Newcastle upon Tyne, 1731).

12. See James Beattie, *Original Poems and Translations* (London, 1760), p. 123 n.; and Vicesimus Knox, "Cursory Remarks on the Poetry of the Prophets . . ." and "Conjectures on the Difference between Oriental and Septentrional Poetry," *Essays Moral and Literary* (1778), 9th ed. (London, 1787), III, 382, 371-372.

13. "REFLECTIONS Occasion'd by a COMPARISON Between The sacred Pastoral of SOLOMON, And that of VIRGIL," in *A Miscellany of Poems . . .*, ed. J. Husbands (Oxford, 1731), pp. 44-45; cf. the response to this poem, *ibid.*, pp. 211-214. Husbands' volume also contains vernacular sacred pastorals as well as Johnson's Latin version of Pope's "Messiah." The "Reflections . . ." was reprinted with a few textual changes as "A Comparison between the Pastoral of the EAST and that of the WEST," *London Magazine*, 9 (1740), 450-451. See also Thomas Purney, *A Full Enquiry into the True Nature of Pastoral* (1717), Aug. Rpt. Soc., No. 11 (Ann Arbor, 1948), p. 57.

14. *Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews* (Latin ed., 1753), trans. G. Gregory (London, 1787), II, 307-308. One such scholar was Trapp, *Praelectiones Poeticae*, p. 198; this conjecture goes back at least to Grotius.

15. Cf. the use of Persian and Arabic poetry by Lowth and J. D. Michaelis, *Lectures*, trans. Gregory, II, 321, n. 10 and 340, n. 28, respectively. Michaelis's secular approach to the book, presented in the notes to his reprint (1758-62) of Lowth's *Praelectiones*, immediately influenced Bishop Percy's *The Song of Solomon, Newly Translated from the Original Hebrew* (London, 1764). See also Murray Roston, *Prophet and Poet: The Bible and the Growth of Romanticism* (London: Faber, 1965), pp. 83-93; the use of travel account in scriptural exegesis is discussed by Mohamad Ali Hachicho, "English Travel Books about the Arab Near East in the Eighteenth Century," *Die Welt des Islams*, 9 (1964), 150-157.

16. Letter to Pope, 1 April 1717, *The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, ed. Robert Halsband, I (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965), 334. She is referring to the historical explanation of the occasion of the book; e.g., see Stennett's "Preface" to *A Version of Solomon's Song of Songs*, pp. iii-v.

17. See *The Literary Works of Matthew Prior*, ed. H. Bunker Wright and Monroe K. Spears, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971), I, 342 (ll. 316-23), 344-345 (ll. 413-30).

18. As in Pétis de la Croix, *Contes Persans* (1710-12); e.g., see *Tales of the East*, ed. Henry Weber (Edinburgh, 1812), II, 425-426.

19. "AN ECLOGUE, from SOLOMON'S SONG," *London Magazine*, 7 (1738), 301. Husbands treats the Song of Solomon as a secular love poem, comparing it to Anacreon, Ovid, Catullus, as well as Theocritus, in his "Preface" to *A Miscellany of Poems*, sig. L2^v-L3^v. Cf. Stanley Stewart, *The Enclosed Garden: The Tradition and the Image in Seventeenth-Century Poetry* (Madison: Univ. of Wisconsin Press, 1966), pp. 3, 22.

20. *Gentleman's Magazine*, 23 (1753), 609.

21. *An Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer* (London, 1775), p. 173.

22. "A Discourse on Pastoral Poetry" (1717), *Pastoral Poetry and An Essay on Criticism*, ed. E. Audra and Aubrey Williams, The Twickenham Edition of the Poems of Alexander Pope, Vol. I (London: Methuen, 1961), p. 25.

23. "On the poetry of the Eastern nations," *Poems, Consisting Chiefly of Translations from the Asiatick Languages* (Oxford, 1772), pp. 183-184.

24. Quoted in Lonsdale, ed., *The Poems of . . . Collins . . .*, p. 365.

25. *Modern History: or, The Present State of All Nations*, coll. ed. (London, 1739), I, 426.

26. Throughout the eighteenth century, Chardin is very important to English knowledge of Persian language and literature. His chapter on Persian poetry, which includes translations, is cited by John Hughes, "An Essay on Allegorical Poetry" (1715), in *Critical Essays of the Eighteenth Century*, ed. Willard Durham (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1915), p. 103; by Lowth, *Lectures*, trans. Gregory, II, 321, n. 10; and by Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* (London, 1783), II, 320 n. Sir William Jones cites Chardin in several Oriental

studies. Some firsthand background about the man is found in *The Diary of John Evelyn*, ed. E. S. de Beer (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1955), IV, 212-214.

27. "De la Poésie," *Voyages . . . en Perse, et autres Lieux de l'Orient* (Amsterdam, 1711), II, 187. Chardin does not actually state that any Persian poetry resembles European pastoral; John Fryer, however, mentions that it often takes the form of "descriptions of Flowers and delightful Groves," in *A New Account of East-India and Persia* (London, 1968), p. 369. Many sources, including Salmon, note that love is a common poetic topic.

28. "On the poetry of the Eastern nations," p. 174. Cf. Jean de Thévenot, *Travels . . . into the Levant*, trans. Roger L'Estrange (London, 1687), pt. I, pp. 173-174; and Barthélemy d'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale* (Paris, 1697), p. 120 col. b.

29. *An Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer*, p. 172.

30. "Observations on the Oriental Eclogues," *The Poetical Works of Mr. William Collins* (London, 1765), pp. 112-113, 106-107, respectively.

31. *Ibid.*, p. 109; Langhorne also upholds the tradition that the Song of Solomon influenced Theocritus (pp. 111-112).

32. *Free-Thinker* (London, 1723), III, 174-175, 177-178.

33. I use the text of the *Persian Eclogues* prepared by Lonsdale, pp. 371-386.

34. As Lonsdale observes (pp. 369-370), Collins's third eclogue appears to owe some of its incidents to the fable of the shepherd youth in the *Free-Thinker*. The character Abra, however, may have been inspired by Prior's Abra in *Solomon*, bk. II, ll. 354-844.

35. P. L. Carver points out that there are similarities in phrasing between Collins's fourth eclogue and Joseph Warton's translation of Virgil's first eclogue. See *The Life of a Poet* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1967), pp. 18-20. Warton's translation of Virgil's ninth eclogue should also be compared.

36. *Critical Essays on Some of the Poems, of Several English Poets* (London, 1785), p. 174.

37. "Observations on the Oriental Eclogues," p. 119.

38. *Monthly Review*, 16 (June 1757), 487; cf. Scott, pp. 170-171; and Langhorne, pp. 122-124.

39. "On Pastoral Poetry," *Literary Hours* (1798), 4th ed. (London, 1820), I, 263; see also pp. 259-261 for his praise of Collins.

40. "EPISTLE III. From COORNA," *Occasional Epistles . . .* (London, 1783), p. 27.

Truth and the Pastor's Vision in George Crabbe, William Barnes, and R. S. Thomas

MAX KEITH SUTTON

Whatever the pastoral vision is, we have long been taught to distrust it. From the eighteenth-century attacks by Samuel Johnson and George Crabbe to the recent criticism by Renato Poggioli and Raymond Williams, the essential charge has stayed the same: the vision lies. According to the editors of *A Book of English Pastoral Verse* (1975), it "is, at base, a false vision, positing a simplistic, unhistorical relationship between the ruling landowning class . . . and the workers on the land; as such its function is to mystify and obscure the harshness of actual social and economic organization. . . ."¹ This statement formulates one implication of Raymond Williams' influential study, *The Country and the City* (1973), which indicts "neo-pastoralists" from Drayton and Jonson to Goldsmith and Shenstone for offering a deceptive "idealization of actual English country life"—a deception that Williams would expose by setting poetry against the historical record of enclosures, dawn-to-dusk working hours, miserable wages, and the farm-laborer's diet of bacon-scrap and potatoes. For readers who accept his conclusions, the chief solace is his view that the pastoral tradition died in England almost a century and a half ago (a view shared by Poggioli and Thomas G. Rosenmeyer).² The demise of the tradition should console anyone who believes that "today, more than ever before, the pastoral vision simply will not do."³

But there are other ways of understanding the pastoral tradition. One is to see it as still living, as in fact flourishing throughout most of the Victorian era in the Dorset poems of William Barnes, whom Williams, Poggioli, and Rosenmeyer have virtually ignored. It informs the regional novels of George Eliot, R. D. Blackmore, and the early Hardy; and in cautious, muted tones it survives today in poems by the Welsh priest, R. S. Thomas. Once the tradition is seen as living in these writers, the pastoral vision can be equated less confidently with falsehood. Insofar as any imaginative perception of reality can be truthful, the pastoral has modest claims for validity along with

those larger ones granted to the comic or the tragic vision. Williams himself grants these claims in discussing Virgil's First Eclogue, where Meliboeus contrasts the rural peace of his host with his own condition as "an evicted small farmer," destined to wander in strange lands (p. 16). According to Williams, the "ideal tones and images" of the genre may serve literary truth by creating "tensions with other forms of experience"—with the injustice and anxiety that are also parts of the poet's vision (p. 18). If these tensions were excised during the Renaissance, as Williams argues, the loss meant only that the pastoral vision had become one-sided, not that it was doomed by its very nature to falsify life. The vision recovers its breadth in the work of conscious realists like Crabbe and Wordsworth, and recovers much of its brightness in the poetry of Barnes. Yet with Crabbe before him and Thomas afterwards, Barnes maintains the tensions that Williams admires in Virgil. Writing as poets who may be called "pastors" for their service as rural priests, Crabbe, Barnes, and Thomas set pastoral ideals of the good life against reminders of suffering and defeat. They demonstrate the values of a tradition modified to survive the climate of realism in the post-Augustan world. For all three writers—including Crabbe, the anti-pastoralist—the pastoral vision is a way of dealing with reality, not of avoiding it.

Obviously this claim depends first of all upon a more specific understanding of what the pastoral vision is. To begin by equating "pastoral" with "false" is to beg the question, while to agree with W. J. Keith that pastoralists "make no pretensions to literal truth"⁴ is to see them all as one, writing only in the artificial mode that transplants Arcadian figures to a British landscape. Actually, two more significant kinds of vision were replacing the artificial pastoral by the end of the eighteenth century. A strong mystical element marks the kind produced by William Blake in the *Songs of Innocence*, while circumstantial realism distinguishes the kind that is perhaps most notably represented by Wordsworth's "Michael." Both the mystical and the realistic elements present difficulties for anyone who would equate the pastoral vision with falsehood. The mystical landscapes of Blake's disciple, Samuel Palmer (1805-1881), should give pause to the critic who judges art by its fidelity to historical and sociological fact. Are Palmer's pictures of swains piping to tranquil sheep at fault if the documents prove that English shepherds seldom did such things (and never dozed out-stretched across two fleecy backs)? Though Palmer never herded sheep and

may never have outgrown his nostalgia for an Edenic, Virgilian, or medieval Golden Age ("The past for poets, the present for the pigs"),⁵ only the most prosaic critic would reduce his Shoreham visions to forgeries of rustic happiness. And when Blake writes, "How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot," the Marxist may find his teeth on edge, but he must remember that "The Shepherd" is a Song of Innocence. So long as a vision revealing a state of the soul is not mistaken for social realism, it should be exempt from the charge of lying about the economy.

But the realistic, circumstantial kind of pastoral can invite this charge. As Keith notes, Goldsmith in *The Deserted Village* and Crabbe in his attack upon it both claimed to be truthful; their works are filled with alleged fact. By making similar claims for their fictions of rural life, George Eliot and Hardy invite the question that Keith poses concerning the essayists and journalists of the countryside: "What right has anyone to offer us a detailed description that cannot be accepted as 'true'?" (pp. 15-16). The realistic pastoral cannot be thoroughly enjoyed if we believe that it is simply a delicate way of "not looking at the country."⁶ While Blake and Palmer look through particulars toward eternity, the realist grounds his vision in a definite time and place, inviting judgment by some consideration of historical truth. Appearing faithful to the facts, he has the power of deceiving.

To illustrate both kinds of vision and the different response that each invites, we may turn to two novels from the eighteen-sixties. At the end of a great city novel, *Crime and Punishment*, Raskolnikov has a vision of people living in idyllic freedom on the Russian steppes. What he sees cannot be tested against the social history of Siberian nomads, for the author presents it subjectively as a "seeming" within the prisoner's mind. The sound of singing draws his attention to the vast land across the river: "Freedom was there, there other people lived, so utterly unlike those on this side of the river that it seemed as though with them time had stood still, and the age of Abraham and his flocks was still present."⁷ Out of the landscape and his own need for community, Raskolnikov—the one "split" apart—creates an image of the good life under a benign patriarch, away from the confusions of St. Petersburg. The "pastoral moment" (to use Richard Hardin's phrase) is part of the young man's healing; it comes just before he accepts Sonya's love, which restores his communion with humanity. The moment contains the central pastoral themes: *libertas*, a degree of *otium* (the nomads are not too busy to sing), and harmony—three bases of a good life.

This brief scene gives the essential meaning of the "pastoral vision." The term refers to a picture, literally an "idyll," that represents at least the possibility of a good rural life. While the vision may express individual illumination, more typically it focuses upon some stage of communal experience, showing people as lovers, friends, families, and neighbors, who tend animals and the land and yet find time to celebrate what matters most to them and to express their feelings without the sophisticate's fear of sounding silly. Because their lives are not exempt from care and sorrow, the pastoral vision is not of the Golden Age, despite Alexander Pope's argument in his *Guardian* Essay No. 40 (1713), which eliminated all but two of Virgil's eclogues and most of Theocritus from the pastoral canon. Both Hesiod in *Works and Days* and Ovid in *The Metamorphoses* describe the Golden Age as a pre-pastoral world in which fields yielded harvests of their own accord and people lived without wars, cities, sorrows, or labor. Such perfection of leisure is beyond the pastoral vision, for as Williams shows (pp. 14-17), shepherds have work to do in ancient pastorals, where untended sheep may teach them a lesson that Virgil insists upon in Book I of the *Georgics*: "a law of nature / Makes all things go to the bad, lose ground and fall away" (ll. 199-200)—unless prevented by vigilant labor.⁸ It is true that an "ideal of the good life" is implicit in pastoral writing, as Hallett Smith asserts in *Elizabethan Poetry*.⁹ But if good lives contain labor and pain as well as happiness, then a pastoral image may represent all these elements and blend with what Rosenmeyer calls the Hesiodic or georgic tradition. Our need to glimpse and know authentic life is more crucial than the need for generic purity. Raskolnikov's need is for a sense of community, not for singing matches under olive trees; yet there is music with his vision and an air of great peace, while time seems to stand still in a moment of stasis that is worthy of Theocritus.

For the pastoral to survive the post-Augustan demand for realism, it needed either to escape the demand by becoming mystical, as it does in Blake and Palmer, or to blend more fully with the georgic tradition in representing the real pain and labor of rural life. Wordsworth's "Michael" and Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* at each end of the nineteenth century illustrate the movement toward sober realism. But far more festive blendings of pastoral and georgic are also to be found, as in the harvest chapter (39) of R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* (1869). In much greater detail than the passage from Dostoyevsky, it illustrates the pastoral vision, while inviting

(with Theocritean realism) Williams' criterion for assessing its truthfulness. Though Blackmore protested that *Lorna Doone* was a romance, not "an historic novel," it has a definite late seventeenth-century setting on the northern edge of Exmoor, and it is narrated by John Ridd, a legendary hero of the region, who claims to be writing an honest account of what happened in "the parish of Oare" during his youth. By describing harvest customs in rich detail, he invites the reader to accept them as authentic. He tells how the parson, in gown and cassock, "with the parish Bible in his hand, and a sickle strapped behind him," opens the harvest by leading a laneful of farmers, laborers, wives, and children to the first ripe field, where he heaves up the rail across the gate, offers a prayer, reads the Scripture, and then cuts the first three "swipes" of corn. Only after the parish clerk leads the singing of a psalm (despite "a beard of wheat thrust up his nose" by a rival), and the parson takes "a stoop of cider," does the reaping begin, with the men sweeping down the field "like half a wedge of wildfowl." At the harvest supper, the priest again returns to say grace, help with the carving, and keep time with his cup for the singing of the Exmoor harvest-song, roared out to honor a beribboned "neck of corn," the unrecognized emblem of a West Country Persephone, whose myth is paralleled by Lorna Doone's abduction, virtual death, and final restoration.¹⁰ Though the parson leaves as the singing grows riotous, he has done his part in hallowing both the work and the festivity of harvest.

The scene gives full release to the celebrative impulse that often falters in Victorian literature of the countryside. The more famous harvest homes in *Adam Bede* (1859) and *Far From the Madding Crowd* (1874) lack the ceremonial richness of Blackmore's idyll, partly because no priest has a role in them; and both the Christian and pre-Christian values of harvest escape almost everyone's attention. All reference to the deity is missing from George Eliot's harvest song; the narrator speculates that a "lost line" had been filled in by repetition, as indeed it had if a similar verse quoted by Barnes in 1832 is close to the original.¹¹ In Hardy, no divine spirit, but brute nature, looms over the celebration. While a storm gathers outside the barn, Sergeant Troy corrupts the festivity by serving brandy instead of the traditional ale and cider, and the shouted mirth of the earlier harvest scenes gives way to drunken stupor.¹² More confidently than these novelists, Blackmore could suggest a religious context for celebration, just as Theocritus and Virgil had done in the classical models for the episode in *Lorna Doone*. His

"favourite poet," Theocritus,¹³ shows three youths on their way to a harvest supper in Idyll VII, and the chapter echoes Idyll X (with its short hymn to the grain goddess Demeter) when the narrator daydreams of love while he should be reaping. In depicting harvest ceremonies, Blackmore follows the spirit of Virgil's first georgic, which he had translated a few years earlier:

Let all your farm lads bow at Ceres' shrine,
And mix her cakes with honey, milk, and wine;
Thrice round the crops the goodly victim bear,
While all the choir and merry neighbours share,
And Ceres' visit with a shout invoke;
Let no man lay a sickle to the grain
Or ere in Ceres' honour, crowned with oak,
He foot the unstudied dance and chant the strain.¹⁴

With its interweaving of ancient motifs in a definite Exmoor setting, the harvest chapter offers an image of the good life within a community where both work and leisure become matters for celebration.

But was the "real rural England" ever, anywhere, like this? Because Blackmore's vision is circumstantial, it invites the question, even though the complexity of rural England may prevent other scholars from sharing Williams' assumption of knowing the essential reality.¹⁵ At the least, however, the search for the real life of the past can be an antidote to nostalgia. To a skeptic, Blackmore's echoing of classical models might suggest artifice, a means of idealizing the past to suit his reactionary Tory politics. His narrator invites trust not only by describing customs in detail but also by asserting that his version of the Exmoor harvest song is authentic; yet the five verses with varying refrains seem far too long and literary to be true. No one has ever published a dialect version of the song or even proven that Blackmore watched his father, his uncles, or his grandfather (all rural clergymen) lead the reapers to the fields. He may never have attended a harvest home, a "declining" custom by 1832, according to Barnes, and witnessed only twice by Hardy.¹⁶ Even if such celebrations were once frequent around Exmoor, their value could still be questioned, for Williams sees them as representing only the "charity of consumption" that obscures the real exploitation of farm laborers. From his viewpoint, both the farmer who provides the meal and the writer who idealizes it are pretending that "all uncharity at work . . . could be redeemed by the charity" of the harvest feast

(p. 31). Williams' concern is with the charity of production—with "loving relations between men actually working and producing what is ultimately to be shared." This kind of charity is roughly displayed in the novel when John Ridd leads the men in the task of scything down the corn. Except when he stops to daydream, the young farmer works harder than anyone—by his own report, at least; and throughout the narrative the laborers and their families have enough to eat. But the system gives the farmer the lion's share—except at the harvest supper, where John for once goes hungry while refilling empty plates.

At most, the chapter can be read as an idyll based on customs (of debatable worth) that once existed. By 1889 the priestly blessing of the harvest had become so rare that James Frazer printed a note about it in the *Folk-Lore Journal*¹⁷; still, his report indicates the historical basis for Blackmore's vision, while the testimony of other witnesses shows that in parts of England many harvest customs survived throughout the nineteenth century. An eighty-eight-year-old farmer interviewed by Ronald Blythe in *Akenfield* remembered how "twenty men and boys scythed the corn and sang as they went"; the reaper chosen to be "Lord of the Harvest" sat "atop the last load to leave the field," and after the harvest supper everyone "went shouting home. Shouting in the empty old fields—I don't know why. But that's what we did. We'd shout so loud that the boys in the next village would shout back."¹⁸ No matter how much meaning had been lost, the old man evokes as rich a harvest scene as any found in a literary pastoral, while he reveals one dimension of what rural England, in one of its bleakest eras, was "really like." Both his memory and Blackmore's idyll help to preserve an awareness of what *The Country and the City* could make us either deny or forget.

For in testing literature by his picture of the "real rural England," Williams slights the evidence that rural people were ever happy. While acknowledging certain "lucky exceptions" to the pattern of exploitation, he tells little of the moments of joy and festivity that sometimes came in spite of poverty. He does not mention the Dorset sheep-shearers who as late as 1880 expected "beer and cider to be provided for nightly dances"—after working from five in the morning to eight in the evening.¹⁹ He quotes Stephen Duck's disgruntled lines about the harvest supper as if all laborers took a cynical view of it (p. 32), and he commends Fred Kitchen's autobiography without confronting the mystery of joy in the harshness of a plough-boy's life. At thirteen, Kitchen rose at five each day except Sunday (when he rose at six);

he “golloped” down an interrupted breakfast of boiled bacon and milk, got kicked in the seat as he learned to plough, stayed busy in the stables until nine at night: yet he says he was “perfectly happy.”²⁰ The hard-pressed lad in Barnes’ “Work Buoy o’ the Farm” makes a similar assertion, and Kitchen’s testimony should prevent us from dismissing the poem as a falsification of experience. With all its hardships, rural life has afforded surprising possibilities of happiness, and pastoral writing may be truthful in representing good times as well as bad.

But to emphasize the bad is the surest modern way to gain a reputation for realism. This approach is one of two pitfalls which Keith sees as besetting the “rural tradition” in literature: it must “avoid the idyllic and sentimental, but in acknowledging the harsh and ugly it should not present these as the norm” (pp. 18-19). This statement points to the tensions within the work of Crabbe, Barnes, and Thomas. All three poets felt the pressure to write truthfully; and as priests working among rural parishioners, each had opportunities to face the facts. In varying degrees, each committed himself to the goal of revealing truth. Crabbe was the most outspoken on this point, claiming in *The Village* (1783) to offer a “real picture of the poor.”²¹ Though Barnes sounds idyllic in comparison with Crabbe, he maintained that “everything he had written was true of some one of the class described in the poems—that he was painting, in fact, from life, though the level might be somewhat above the average.”²² R. S. Thomas has spoken less confidently, though his emphasis on rural misery suggests the realism of Crabbe or Hardy. At the end of *Song at the Year’s Turning* (1955) comes this harsh judgment upon his own treatment of pastoral themes:

All in vain. I will cease now
My long absorption with the plough,
With the tame and the wild creatures
And man united with the earth.
I have failed after many seasons
To bring truth to birth . . . (“No Through Road”)

But “the old lie / Of green places” still calls him “From the new world, ugly and evil, / That men pry for in truth’s name.” Where can the poet come closer to truth than in the pastoral genre that has long been accused of lying? By suspecting his own art, he is saved at least from the naturalist’s

illusion of achieving truth with every factual detail and from the scientist's fantasy of finding the essence of life in a test tube. The "new world" that appalls Thomas is ruled by the Machine, an ominous recurrent word in his later volumes: its priests are the scientists and statesmen who travel "To a new Bethlehem . . . with their hands full / Of the gifts that destroy."²³ Insofar as Thomas works at being a truthful pastoralist, his task is to hold winter and the "green places" together in his art, showing rural people as they are—the farmer in fields "With dew embroidered," admirable in his movements, but walking with

The mixen clinging to his heel,
Its brand under the ripped coat,
The mixen slurring his strong speech.
I made him comely but too rich;
The mixen sours the dawn's gold.²⁴

How much of the mixen and how much of the sunlight these poets see is worth studying in their writing, and so are their perspectives on the rural world. Their viewpoints have special importance in the study of modern pastoralism, for these poets are, in a long-accepted sense of the word, pastors, shepherds of human flocks. If pastors of sheep no longer make songs—and we have Crabbe's word for it that "No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse, / Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse"—many rural English vicars from Herbert and Herrick to Keble and Thomas have kept alive the tradition. Though an Anglican priest is separated from the poor by education and class, his role is like a shepherd's with its tasks of ceremonial feeding and washing, seeking strays, and—in the days of the compulsory tithe—shearing the flock as closely as possible. These functions mean that a poet-priest could write partly from inside the pastoral world, though he would be unlikely to live in a cottage or to feel at home with the local dialect. Crabbe and Barnes, however, were raised among folk who spoke rustic dialects, and Thomas taught himself Welsh while serving in a rural parish. With the exception of Barnes, who received ordination and a living rather late in life, these poets had long experience in pastoral care; at times Crabbe even attended "the sick-bed of the peasant, in the double capacity of physician and priest."²⁵ Though Crabbe served briefly as chaplain for the Duke of Rutland at the start of his career and may have been regarded by his parishioners as an "outsider,"²⁶ for none of these writers could the pastor's role be

only symbolic in the way that it was for Virgil, Milton, or Arnold.²⁷

Given their opportunities for insight, what do these poets see? To start with the early Crabbe, what he basically sees and complains of is the lack of community. As Williams shows, *The Village* as "counter-pastoral" retains "a pastoral vision" (p. 93), one built upon the contrast between communal ideals and real vice, oppression, and uncommiserated suffering. Crabbe's sterile and thistly coastal landscape discourages husbandry, and his "swains" are far more interested in smuggling or waiting for a foundering ship to break up than in tending crops and cattle. Like most English pastoralists, Crabbe grafts the georgic on to the pastoral, but the work he shows is furtive, done beneath a cliff at night, a parody of honest labor. Though the environment itself is hostile, the roots of evil are human, and they emerge most clearly when the satire modulates into a pastoral lament. An aged shepherd has learned that "The rich disdain him, nay, the poor disdain" (I, 195). His personal worth has been limited to his usefulness; the masters, who cared only for his work and not at all for his leisure, begrudge the poor even their Sabbath day of rest (see II, 21-24). In this society, the shepherd finds no answer to his most bitter question: "who / Feels his own want and succours others too?"

At this point, Williams argues that *The Village* is a case of misdirected satiric energy: "It is the care of paupers, not the creation of pauperism, which holds attention and feeling" (p. 94). From the Marxist viewpoint, the poem should attack rural capitalism rather than simply make an "honourable" protest against the selfishness of individuals whose job is to care for the poor. But until there are "systems so perfect that no one will need to be good,"²⁸ the weak and unfortunate will always need good persons to care for them. For Crabbe, individual morality is crucial. According to Ronald Hatch, the central issue of the poem is whether a "man can rise above himself" or must remain at the mercy of an environment that tends to foster corruption in both rich and poor.²⁹ The much-maligned eulogy of Robert Manners, the brother of Crabbe's patron, provides one illustration of how a person may rise above himself and achieve nobility—in this case, by giving his life for his country. His positive example allows the poet to end the anti-pastoral on an elegiac note, one which both parallels and contrasts with the account of the pauper's death at the end of Book I. There the elegiac strain keeps modulating into satire because the people who should care for the poor have no concern. The parish physician visits the poorhouse with "con-

tempt upon his sapient sneer" (I, 287), while the priest is still less responsive to suffering. Too fond of fox-hunting and cards to comfort the dying, he does not even appear when the mourners bear the pauper's body to the churchyard: "And waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd / To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest'd" (I, 315-17). With its procession of mourners and saddened though thoroughly curious children,³⁰ the scene begins like a pastoral elegy; but with the parson's absence the elegiac tone turns bitter, and the sense of community fades from the poet's vision.

In a note, Crabbe insisted that such negligence was "by no means common." Nonetheless, the absentee or irresponsible shepherd is a theme treated in several nineteenth-century pictures of rural life. In her *Grasmere Journal*, Dorothy Wordsworth describes a funeral that begins like an enacted pastoral elegy; only when the singing procession of mourners reaches the churchyard does the scene lose dignity: "The priest met us—he did not look as a man ought to do on such an occasion—I had seen him half-drunk the day before in a pot-house. Before we came with the corpse one of the company observed he wondered what sort of cue our Parson would be in! N. B. It was the day after the Fair."³¹ Dorothy's pastoral vision expands at the cottage and on the sunny hillside, but it cannot survive the sight of a priest with a hangover.

Wider reading brings more examples of what she recorded at Grasmere and Crabbe deplored in Suffolk. One symptom of a priest's failure to be a shepherd was his delight in being a huntsman, a "sporting parson." As a young curate in Leicestershire, Crabbe himself made some unsuccessful attempts at playing this role "in accordance with the usual habits of the clergy in the vale of Belvoir" (*Life*, p. 112). In early nineteenth-century Devon, the Rev. John Froude (an uncle of James Anthony Froude) carried the sportsman's role to extravagant lengths, while as a priest he was famous for trying to teach two farmer's sons to say the Lord's Prayer backwards and for reading the liturgy in a rollicking sing-song manner. Blackmore based his portrait of the demonic Parson Chowne in *The Maid of Sker* (1872) upon Froude, and he long remembered his father's words about this brother clergyman: "Shocking fellow, Richard! Shocking fellow—a disgrace to the Church. The less we say about him the better."³² The effect of pastoral neglect or abuse is documented by the Rev. Henry Moule's recollections of the few surviving church-goers at Fordington in Dorchester when he first came to the parish in the early eighteen-thirties. At the communion service, the sixteen women expected pay for attending; one man receiving the chalice

"touched his forelock and said, 'Here's your good health, Sir.' The other said, 'Here's the good health of our Lord Jesus Christ.'" The baptismal rite had fared little better: "one day there was a christening and no water in the font. 'Water, Sir!' exclaimed the clerk in astonishment. 'The last parson never used no water. He spit into his hand.'" ³³

Francis Kilvert, the young curate who recorded these words, was a conscientious country priest, providing blankets for the poor and walking miles to visit the sick; sometimes he even helped pitch hay. But if extreme cases have any illustrative value, the scandalous ones may suggest a basis in fact for the absence or minor roles of clergymen in several well-known fictions of rural life in the nineteenth century. No priest comes to advise or comfort Wordsworth's Michael; no priest but only a kind pedlar hears Margaret confess her misery in "The Ruined Cottage," though a vicar will eventually have his say in *The Excursion*. In "The Brothers," the "homely Priest of Ennerdale" mistakes a former parishioner for a tourist and stays locked in the role of a naive swain, unable to understand the sailor from the great world who wants to know his brother's fate. Higher up the social scale, the Rev. Irwine in *Adam Bede* makes a comparable misreading of the young squire's purposes. Hardy generally allows the clergy a still less effectual role: in *The Return of the Native*, the lack of community is matched by the lack of reference to any capable pastor; in *The Woodlanders*, no clergyman helps anyone; in *Tess*, a priest refuses the heroine when first asked to give her baby a Christian burial and confirms her sense of the futility of expecting help on this bad apple, our earth. Hardy's culminating image of the useless pastor comes at the start of *Jude the Obscure* when the schoolmaster leaves Marygreen: "The rector had gone away for the day, being a man who disliked the sight of changes." Because he intends to absent himself until everything runs "smooth again," he can have no part in the rough lives of the main characters. Their wanderings, like Tess's, are the movements of restless, unshepherded souls, comparable to the "Strayed Sheep" at the cliff's edge in Holman Hunt's painting.

Crabbe and Thomas show the clergy in no more forceful a role than the priest has in "The Brothers" or *Tess*. But there is a radical difference. If the priest in their poems exerts little influence, he compensates with frightening powers of observation. After two decades of parish work, the loss of five of his seven children, and his wife's worsening spells of depression, Crabbe published *The Parish Register* in 1807, offering a relentless catalogue

of folly and misery under the headings of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials. Speaking in his own person as pastor of a "flock" (I, 3), he reflects upon the people whom he still sometimes calls "nymphs" or "swains." But "churls" would be a more accurate term for most of them. What he records is usually grim or grotesque. Of the baptized infants, two are illegitimate, one has been orphaned, another is a victim of its parents' botanical erudition:

"Why *Lonicera* wilt thou name this child?"
I asked the Gardener's wife, in accents mild.
"We have a right," replied the sturdy dame—
And *Lonicera* was the infant's name. (I, 611-14)

The event prompts a comment on the desperate need of obscure folk to achieve recognition. Crabbe's insight has recently been amplified by another East Anglian vicar who remembered the laborer's pride in ploughing "the straightest furrow" (I, 678): "Take ploughing or ricking: why should these jobs have had such a tremendous finesse attached to them? The harvest would not have been the less if the furrows wavered a little. But, of course a straight furrow was all that a man was left with. It was his signature, not only on the field but on life. Yet it seems wrong to me that a man's achievement should be reduced to this."⁸⁴ With less compassion, Crabbe lists other by-ways to the rustic's "house of fame":

The bowl that beats the greater number down
Of tottering nine-pins, gives to fame the clown;
Or foil'd in this, he opes his ample jaws,
And lets a frog leap down, to gain applause . . . (I, 680-83)

After the baptisms into a world of drudgery and foolishness, the record of marriages grows so gloomy that the poet lets an impatient voice break in: "But ever frowns your Hymen? man and maid / Are all repenting, suffering, or betray'd?" (II, 384-85). The challenge evokes some glimpses of domestic comfort and a portrait of the Prudent Couple, who keep chaste and save money for a rational marriage. But by the time Crabbe reaches the burials, he has grown self-conscious about his dark vision: "Mine I conceive a melancholy book" (III, 22). In defense, he returns to his role as the dispeller of pastoral illusions: "I've seldom known, though I have often read, / Of happy peasants on their dying bed . . ." (III, 26-27). Nonetheless, after grim illustrations of deathbed realities, the poem becomes elegiac when

Crabbe describes a "noble Peasant" (l. 414) devoted to his family, his work, the land, and the church. These lines prove that the pastoral ideal has stayed alive in the poet's imagination. Surprisingly after his attack on *The Deserted Village*, Crabbe expresses this ideal in a "very Goldsmithian tone,"³⁵ both here and in his long idyllic look at a happy cottage. The prints on its walls contrast the battles and fallen kings of the great world with the ideal of rural peace, while the garden becomes a *locus amoenus* allotted to the cottager by an indulgent lord:

Here on a Sunday-eve, when service ends,
Meet and rejoice a family of friends;
All speak aloud, are happy and are free,
And glad they seem, and gaily they agree. (I, 152-55)

For once the satirist is celebrating *otium* in a green and flowery place, enjoyed by a people in a society that still retains enough sense of the sacred to respect their need for worship, for blessings on their births, unwise marriages, and burials, and for a weekly day of rest. While still professing the role of an anti-pastoralist, neither here nor in *The Village* does Crabbe express his moral vision without invoking pastoral ideals.

Like the poet who puts himself among those destined for a final entry in *The Parish Register*, R. S. Thomas takes a critical view of rustic folk while acknowledging his place among them as a fallible mortal. But he goes a step beyond Crabbe in self-involvement, for instead of sketching characters from a distance, Thomas often speaks to them directly, on the page at least, where his sharp tongue and insight can make the reader wince. The hill people are his unhearing audience; we must squirm for Davies, the Methodist deacon, when the vicar goads him with this imagined address:

Who taught you to pray
And scheme at once, your eyes turning
Skyward, while your swift mind weighs
Your heifer's chances in the next town's
Fair on Thursday? Are your heart's coals
Kindled for God, or is the burning
Of your lean cheeks because you sit
Too near the girl's smouldering gaze?
Tell me, Davies, for the faint breeze

From heaven freshens and I roll in it,
Who taught you your deft poise? ("Chapel Deacon")³⁶

Who but the devil could have taught it, if the breeze that stirs the poet to such scorn be indeed from heaven? Confronting other rustics in his imagination, he can speak just as severely without the sardonic relish. Of an old farmer who cared more for his fields than for his wife, the priest asks:

did you cherish, tend her
As your own flesh, the dry stalk
Where the past murmurs its sad tune?

The conclusion is comfortless: "But now—too late! You're an old tree, / Your roots groping her in vain" ("Age").³⁷ Sometimes he takes on the whole congregation, addressing them all as churls, as in "A Priest to His People":

Men of the hills, wantoners, men of Wales,
With your sheep and your pigs and your ponies, your sweaty females,
How I have hated you for your irreverence, your scorn even
Of the refinements of art and the mysteries of the Church,
I whose invective would spurt like a flame of fire
To be quenched always in the coldness of your stare. (p. 29)

These lines suggest the experience behind Thomas's remarks in an interview in 1958: "I feel very sorry for my parishioners that they should have a poet for a parson"; he wished that they might have had one "more fatherly and perhaps less intelligent. My nose is too sharp."³⁸ But just as these comments reveal sympathy for the people who must endure him, the poem that begins bitterly becomes a confession, revealing how hurt pride drives his deepest feeling into hiding: his "true heart" wanders "in a wood of lies." When it honestly could, his heart would honor the people who "affront, bewilder, yet compel" his gaze. His apparent churls may be swains after all.³⁹

The impulse to honor the hill people links Thomas to Wordsworth (whom he has edited in a small volume), and it creates a recurrent motif in the early poems—the rustic's "Listen, listen, I am a man like you" ("The Hill Farmer Speaks," p. 55). These poems shift the needling focus of his insight back from his rustics to the urban reader. In "The Airy Tomb," a Wordsworthian study of a young shepherd's loneliness, the poet's defense of

his people becomes an attack on the "hypocrite reader" who wants lust or romance to enliven "this odd tale" (p. 41). Despite echoes of Baudelaire and Eliot, the aside follows Wordsworth's example in "Simon Lee," where an apology for an unsensational plot is really a criticism of the "gentle" reader's debased taste. Being himself from a city (Cardiff) and well educated, Thomas faces the weathered hill people and questions our urban awareness of life's essential processes. Away from the ploughed and wind-swept fields, "how shall we know / Earth's ecstasy"?

How shall we quicken again
To the lust and thrust of the sun
And the seedling rain? ("Song," p. 26)

Thomas has described his predicament as a writer living "in the country by choice" amid "agricultural activity, the traditional occupation of man," while addressing an "audience of town dwellers, who are mostly out of touch, if not out of sympathy with nature."⁴⁰ His poems reflect the tension between his own sympathies and his sense of what interests a somewhat alien audience. Years before the editors of the *Book of English Pastoral Verse* declared that "today, more than ever before, the pastoral vision simply will not do," he rejected the assumptions behind their pronouncement: "I don't allow for a moment the superiority of urban to country life. I don't believe that a poet who chooses to write about an agricultural environment is necessarily insular, escapist, or even provincial."⁴¹ But his ruralism has limits. In a Christmas meditation he treats the coming of the shepherds to Bethlehem as a sign of the union of town and country in Christ, whose birth there shows the divine "blessing upon the town as the focus of civilization."⁴² Both religion and skepticism keep Thomas from the near "idolatry of nature" that he sees in the early Wordsworth;⁴³ and if his own attitude ever inclined in that direction, he scolds himself for it after looking into a peasant's vacant face:

You must revise
Your bland philosophy of nature, earth
Has of itself no power to make men wise.
("Autumn on the Land," p. 106)

To offer a strong pastoral vision of the good life on the Welsh hills, he would need to see his people receiving through religion some of the blessings

that earth "of itself" cannot provide. At times he offers glimpses of this action, and the poems often allude to the church as a redemptive possibility. But his longest poem on the pastor's role in a community shows no sign that Methodist Christianity reaches deep enough to touch where the hill people live. In *The Minister* (1953), a radio play with a narrator, a young preacher, a lecherous deacon (Davies again), and a seductive girl, religion only sustains hypocrisy, serving as a shield from both self-knowledge and expression of delight in life. For the narrator, the villain is "Protestantism,"

the adroit castrator
Of art; the bitter negation
Of song and dance and the heart's innocent joy. (p. 92)

The view comes close to the one held by the Catholic pastor Palinode in "Maye" of Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender*: instead of adorning the church with May-day flowers, "we . . . sytten" here in Protestant England "as drownd in a dreame." The festive spirit of ancient pastoral cannot survive in this atmosphere; it can only be glimpsed in a memory of harvest customs of another time, another place:

There was no nonsense
Plaiting the last sheaf and wasting time
Throwing sickles. That was a fad of Prytherch
Of Nant Carfan; but the bugger was dead.
The men took the corn, the beautiful goddess,
By the long hair and threw her on the ground. (p. 87)

Prytherch is a modest, more earthy version of Crabbe's Noble Peasant, but his festive world is dead and silent, something left for the poet to imagine in "Memories" (p. 45) and "Invasion on the Farm" (p. 102). At these moments, the pastoral ideal hovers on the fringes of the poet's vision, as it does in Crabbe, giving just enough light to show how far his characters have strayed from the possibilities of a good life. With a bitter compassion, Thomas draws the contrast between the possible and the actual, Prytherch's festive harvest and the utilitarian one. Meanwhile in the "cramped cell" of Protestant attitudes, the young minister dies without celebrating anything.

Where in British pastorals after Crabbe is the festivity that is missing from Thomas's vision? Though we have seen it in Blackmore's harvest

chapter, a surer stronghold for it is in the poetry of William Barnes. His is the richest pastoral vision of any English writer of the last two centuries. His achievement deserves attention in spite of the language barrier and the recent warning that his poems are "too hopelessly nostalgic to be serviceable."⁴⁴ Rather than dismiss him on these vague grounds ("serviceable" to what?), we would do better to follow the example of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Hardy and treat him as a noteworthy poet. Born in 1801, Barnes became, in Hardy's words, "probably the most interesting link between present and past forms of rural life that England possessed."⁴⁵ His childhood was over before the industrial revolution touched the countryside, but by 1830, after he had left the farm and become a schoolmaster, threshing machines were operating in the Vale of Blackmore, where many were smashed in the farm-laborers' revolt. By the eighteen-seventies, steam ploughs that looked more like locomotives than tractors were lumbering out from Dorchester in an early effort to make the ploughman obsolete. Meanwhile, horse-drawn mowing machines were replacing the scythes of the hay-cutters, despite the stones that certain traditionalists hid in the grass to break the blades of the new machines.⁴⁶ Living until 1886, Barnes saw it all happen, but most of his poetry came from his memories of the old rural life.

He began writing of the countryside at a time of concern for the loss of ancient traditions. John Clare had expressed this concern in *The Shepherd's Calendar* (1827), where he deplored the neglect of "Old customs" and prophesied that "soon the poet's song will be / The only refuge they can find."⁴⁷ But Clare, like Crabbe in *The Parish Register* and Wordsworth's parson in "The Brothers," showed little awareness of the holy days and festivals that once patterned the rural year. Christmas is the only feast day that his *Calendar* describes. By coincidence, John Keble's *Christian Year* also appeared in 1827; and by supplying a poem for every special day on the Anglican calendar, it was aimed at restoring a sense of time's sacred dimension. Further reflecting the concerns of Clare and Keble were William Hone's *Every-Day Book* (1825-26) and his *Year Books*, arranged as almanacs with articles on seasonal labor, folk-customs, holidays, and celebrations. Books were replacing rural memories as the guardians of a once-lively tradition. Barnes contributed to the *Year Book* of 1832, in which *The Shepherd's Calendar* was freely quoted, and he shared Clare's view that old customs were rapidly dying out. But either in spite or because of his sense that "the good wold merry times be gone,"⁴⁸ he went on to arrange his first collection

of Dorset poems (1844) around the seasonal cycle, following the example of Spenser, Pope, and Clare. His cycle not only records the year's work and weather, as Clare's *Calendar* vividly does: it puts special emphasis on the ways of enjoying rural time in games, courtship, parties and chats by the fire, while linking the seasons to the church year with poems on Easter, Whitsuntide, Martinstide, and Christmas.

The year's movement is observed by rustic speakers who use the dialect that Barnes cherished and that his Victorian publishers urged him to abandon.⁴⁹ This feature and the dramatized settings link his eclogues and dramatic lyrics to the work of Theocritus; the effect is to bring the (patient) reader inside the world of the rustic speakers. Once inside, the reader can feel their frisky celebrative impulse on special days that mark the year: a boy tosses quoits, leaps and runs with his friends, rings the churchbells, and plays "vives" (an early form of handball) off the church wall for one all-sufficient reason—it is Easter Monday. Another rustic vows to "keep up Martins tide" until he dies; another invites a friend to a party to "keep wold Christmas up." Rustic voices also celebrate the signs of seasonal movement: the leafing out of the woodlands, the blackbird's song, the golden "clote" (water-lily), "corn a-turnen yollow," nutting, and the first frost of winter. The whole cycle evokes wonder at time, showing value in each phase of it while pointing toward the mystery of the "girt Year-Clock" described in a late poem, with hands of sun and moon, starry skyey face, and "mighty wheels a'rollen round / 'Ithout a beät, 'ithout a sound" (I, 447).

If time is hallowed in Barnes' vision, so are the places that are celebrated in his poems. His landscape is marked by special trees, by springs of water, by churches that provide centers for communities lying within sound of the parish bells, and by the lane, gate, and fireside of "Hallowed Pleäces." These homely spots are hallowed by the lives spent there—the hearth "by times of zitten round" (I, 285); the people in Barnes give places sanctity by the work, play, and kindness of day-to-day life. A cottage farmer tells of thatching his hay-rick, of seeing smoke from the chimney and realizing his wife's care as she prepares the meal, of looking down at his two boys at play on the grass and feeling his own blessedness:

An', as the aïr vrom the west
 Did fan my burnen feäce an' breast,
 An' hoppen birds, wi' twittren beaks,

Did show their sheenen spots an' streaks,
Then, wi' my heart a-vill'd wi' love
An' thankvulness to God above,
I didden think ov anything
That I begrudg'ed o' lord or king
(*"Thatchen o' the Rick," I, 130*)

Coming with the breeze, his wave of contentment fills the pastoral moment; in the midst of work, it seems right for him at the time, no matter what hardship may be in store for him tomorrow.

In the harsher setting of a winter eclogue that may have been inspired by Clare,⁵⁰ the vision of sanctity in homely things still survives, despite the poverty, the exhaustion, and the less than lyrical speech of husband, wife, and chatty little daughter. A weary hedger comes home to a meatless supper of potatoes and bread-cake; the greetings are uneffusive but to the point:

WIFE

Ah! I be very glad you be a-come.
You be a-tired an' cwold enough, I s'pose;
Zit down an' rest your bwones, an' warm your nose.

JOHN

Why I be nippy: what is there to eat?

As man and wife try to talk, their little girl keeps chiming in, giving the scene its comic credibility:

Well, father; what d'ye think? The pig got out
This mornen; an' avore we zeed or heärd en,
He run about, an' got into the geärden,
An' routed up the groun' zoo wi' his snout!

JOHN

Now only think o' that! You must contrive
To keep en in, or else he'll never thrive.

CHILD

An' father, what d'ye think? I voun' to-day
The nest where thik wold hen ov our's do lay:

'Twer out in orcha'd hedge, an' had vive aggs.
 ("Eclogue: Father Come Hwome," I, 182-83)

Her world and dialect may be remote, but her speech-patterns are as immediate and insistent as those heard on yesterday's return from the office. If the worn-out father can be patient (and he is until a request for cut sticks drives him "out o' the way o' the waggon"), then here too is an image of rustic folk hallowing a cottage fireside.

Unless we assume that misery alone is real, we cannot easily accuse Barnes of falsification. We should not decide that Hardy is the truer voice of rural Dorset without including *Under the Greenwood Tree* among his images of its changing reality.⁵¹ Nor should we mistake Barnes' idyllicism for ignorance or intellectual naïveté. Though largely self-taught, he spent some time at Cambridge finishing the twelve-year program that led to his degree in 1850, while his immense if eccentric knowledge of languages, his studies in aesthetics, local archaeology and folklore, and his schoolmaster's competence in science are the marks of an intelligence at least as educated as Tennyson's or Hardy's. The fact that he did not enter the mainstream of Victorian skepticism or care to discuss theology with Tennyson shows his rejection—not his ignorance—of this tendency in modern thought. What Keith says of Cobbett may be said of Barnes: "He saw no merit in moving with the times if they were headed in the wrong direction" (p. 81).

That he faced his own times is proven by the scattering of darker poems which create more tensions within his work as a whole than a recent critic has recognized.⁵² These poems deal openly with the threats to his pastoral vision. One major threat is the displacement of farm laborers forced by poverty and unrenewed leases to abandon their homes. The theme is as old as Virgil's first eclogue, and it appears in an early one by Barnes, *Rustican Emigrants*, written in 1834 when the Tolpuddle Martyrs were sentenced to exile for trying to organize a farm-workers union. In "Leädy-Day an' Ridden House," as in Hardy's long accounts of such uprootings in "The Dorsetshire Labourer" and *Tess*, March 25 has lost all sanctity as the Feast of the Annunciation and become simply the sad day when leases run out. Landowners' greed keeps the poor on the move and robs them of their communal pasture and playground in "The Common-a-took in"; in "The Leäne," it deprives them even of the grassy shoulders along the road. Rural capitalism takes its toll in the world of the Dorset poems.

Barnes also faces the threat of immorality which Crabbe depicts so gloomily in his record of baptisms and marriages. In "The Love-Child," the speaker winces at a little girl's blush and her words—"they zent me away to be born" (I, 409)—which Barnes himself heard spoken. Instructing more by positive example than by warning, he shares Crabbe's view of marriage as a crucial sacrament in the life of the community, and like Thomas in "Age," he realizes that it can be violated by neglect as well as by adultery. The pastoral sage, Meäster Collins, admonishes a young husband to remember the wedding night, "An' still beheäve as you begun / To seek the love that you've a-won," rather than to sit drinking while the clock ticks off "The chilly hours o' vrost an' snow" ("Treat Well Your Wife," I, 408). More generalized threats occasionally darken his vision—the "venom" of free-thinkers, the restlessness of the age of railways (though Barnes enjoyed riding to London and Cambridge), and, in a late poem, the Tennysonian sense of strife in nature:

We see the hare's last springs
Of fear-strain'd limbs, before the harrier's feet;
We see the sparrow's wings
Flap out, below the hawk, their dying beat.
(*"Life,"* II, 720)

But unlike the distraught speakers in *Maud* and *In Memoriam*, Barnes keeps a balanced vision: birds care for their mates, horses stand "in loving mood" side by side in the shade. Only from one perspective is nature always red in tooth and claw; and if it were always so, Barnes sees no need for people to become slaves to its model. Where Hardy accepts a view of nature which subsumes man, Barnes holds the Christian view of man as a creature whose calling is to enact the loving will of the Creator: "All we are bidden to be kind to all." In Barnes, the mystery lies in the belief that this will is revealed to us; in Hardy and John Stuart Mill, the mystery is how we could ever acquire the ethical insight to condemn and amend nature in a totally naturalistic universe.

Barnes' sense of the divine will supports the principle of imitation that shapes his poetry. "Love has soulfood," he writes in an allegory of the selective process in poetic creation. Both love and hate sift experience through the sieves of memory; hate holds the evil but love lets it go, saving instead "the food of bliss" ("The Sifters," II, 908). The allegory justifies both the writing

and the reading of poems that emphasize goodness. But when Barnes does face oppression, misery, and death, his vision expands and he writes one of the strongest poems of his old age. In "Withstanders," he lists evils that make any signs of rural happiness almost the exceptions that prove the Marxist's rule. After lamenting the tyranny of the rich over the poor, the starved workman, the seduced girl, the poet by an act of faith sees both the oppressor and the oppressed at the Last Judgment:

When there, at last, the good shall glow
 In starbright bodies lik' their Seäviour,
 Vor all their flesh noo mwore mid show
 The marks o' man's unkind beheäviour:
 Wi' speechless tongue, an' burnen cheäk,
 The strong shall bow avore the weäk,
 An' vind that helplessness, wi' right,
 Is strong beyond all e'thly might. (I, 464)

Here, as in Virgil's fourth eclogue, pastoral gives way to prophetic vision. Deeper than pastoral nostalgia is something forward-looking in Barnes, a sense of final direction and fulfillment that is more radical than any secular view of history can allow. The poem reveals the faith that enabled him to keep celebrating the life he remembered, even as he saw the opportunities for it vanishing from Victorian England. Ultimately the faith would matter more than the memory, as it does for R. S. Thomas, who warns us away from the search for "that snake-haunted garden"⁵³ of the mythic past and points instead toward the "Kingdom," where "the poor man / Is king" and

industry is for mending
 The bent bones and the minds fractured
 By life.

In this poem, all that remains of the pastoralist's green world is a single leaf, an image of what a person offers on the way into the kingdom of heaven upon earth:

It's a long way off, but to get
 There takes no time and admission
 Is free, if you will purge yourself
 Of desire, and present yourself with

Your need only and the simple offering
Of your faith, green as a leaf.⁵⁴

Given the depth of our needs for healing and the urgency of our distractions, the frail pastoral vision may seem as doomed as the grass before another invasion of concrete or asphalt. But it survives. Not only did the vision stay alive in Crabbe, despite his pessimism, and flower in the Dorset poetry of Barnes: it has returned in the nineteen-seventies in a recent volume by Thomas. After the bitterness of *H'm* (1972), two poems from *Laboratories of the Spirit* (1975) express both the mystical and the realistic kinds of pastoral vision. With the title echoing Samuel Palmer's "Bright Cloud," Thomas's "Bright Field" is a step toward the mystical world of the shepherd Moses or a becalmed William Blake:

I have seen the sun break through
to illuminate a small field
for a while, and gone my way
and forgotten it. But that was the pearl
of great price, the one field that had
treasure in it. I realize now
that I must give all that I have
to possess it. Life is not hurrying
on to a receding future, nor hankering after
an imagined past. It is the turning
aside like Moses to the miracle
of the lit bush, to a brightness
that seemed transitory as your youth
once, but is the eternity that awaits you.⁵⁵

Remembered here, the "small field" becomes something far greater than the *locus amoenus* of traditional pastoral. It holds the promise of transcendent vision, but only at the price that a mystic pays to see the eternal in time.

The concluding poem from this volume offers a different vision, not mystical at all, yet providing a sense of fulfillment through details of the temporal order. In "Good," an old man comes out on a hillside and reads the signs of ongoing life within a rural community:

He sees the stream shine,

the church stand, hears the litter of
children's voices.

Though death chills his flesh and "The kestrel goes by with fresh prey / in its claws," he accepts everything, even the tractor that "operates / on the earth's body." Watching his grandson plough, the old farmer knows the rightness of his place in the flow of time. To experience the poem is to share the moment with the character and the poet, to sense both mortality and renewal in the movement of seasons and generations, and to agree that "It is well." In giving this experience, the pastoral achieves its end. The vision is momentary, liable to loss in time, though the moment may promise something eternal, as in Thomas's "Bright Field." But when the need for an image of ultimate renewal becomes more than even the brightest field in the green world can satisfy, pastoral may give way to prophetic vision as the poet tries "a somewhat grander theme. / Shrubberies or meek tamarisks are not for all."⁵⁶

NOTES

1. John Barrell and John Bull, eds., *A Book of English Pastoral Verse* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1975), p. 4.

2. See *The Country and the City* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1973), p. 141; Poggioli, "The Oaten Flute," *Harvard Library Bulletin* 11 (1957), 176; Rosenmeyer, *The Green Cabinet: Theocritus and the European Pastoral Lyric* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1969), p. 26. Subsequent references to Williams will be given in the text.

3. Barrell and Bull, p. 432.

4. *The Rural Tradition: William Cobbett, Gilbert White, and Other Non-fiction Prose Writers of the English Countryside* (North Brighton: Harvester Press, 1975), p. 16.

5. Quoted in David Cecil, *Visionary and Dreamer: Two Poetic Painters, Samuel Palmer and Edward Burne-Jones* (London: Constable, 1969), p. 39.

6. Barrell and Bull, p. 4.

7. Trans. Jessie Coulson, ed. George Gibian (New York: Norton, 1975), p. 463. The following emphasis on community as a pastoral ideal is strong also in Williams (see pp. 15, 93, 213) and in Michael Squires, *The Pastoral Novel: Studies in George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, and D. H. Lawrence* (Charlottesville: Univ. of Virginia Press, 1974), whose basic concept of the modern pastoral as a blending with the georgic is one that I share (cf. pp. 2, 16, 36, 212-213).

8. Virgil, *The Eclogues, Georgics, and Aeneid of Virgil*, trans. C. Day Lewis (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1966), p. 57. Charles W. Hicatt argues that neither Virgil nor Theocritus emphasizes "nature as the focal point, the desired governing influence in human attitudes and affairs": "The Integrity of Pastoral," *Genre* 5 (1972), 24.

9. 1952; rpt. Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1968 (p. 2).

10. See my essay, "The Mythic Appeal of *Lorna Doone*," *NCF* 28 (1974), 435-449.

11. Barnes' version contains the lines, "And I hope to God, wi' all my heart, / His soul in heaven mid rest": see "Dorsetshire Customs" in William Hone's *Year Book of Daily Recreation and Information* (1832; rpt. London: William Tegg, 1878), p. 586 and *Adam Bede*, chap. 53.

12. See Squires, pp. 81-82, for a comparison of the scenes in Eliot and Hardy.

13. "Sicilian Hours," *Dublin University Magazine* 46 (1855), 201. Quincy Guy Burris notes the classical parallels in *Richard Doddridge Blackmore: His Life and Novels*, Univ. of Illinois Studies in Lang. and Lit., 15 (Urbana: Univ. of Illinois, 1930), 70.

14. *The Georgics of Virgil* (London: Sampson Low & Son & Marston [1871]), l.395 ff. Blackmore's translation of Book I was originally published in 1862.
15. See Keith, p. 98.
16. See Florence Emily Hardy, *The Life of Thomas Hardy, 1840-1928* (1928 & 1930; rpt. New York: St. Martins Press, 1962), p. 20.
17. "Note on Harvest Customs" reprinted in *Garnered Sheaves: Essays, Addresses, and Reviews* (London: Macmillan, 1931), p. 178.
18. *Akenfield: Portrait of an English Village* (1969; rpt. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973), p. 63. Reapers were still lifting up the neck of corn and shouting to honor "the spirit of the harvest" in Devon in 1830, according to Mrs. A. E. Bray in Jack Simmons, *Devon Anthology* (London: Macmillan, 1971), p. 147.
19. Barbara Kerr, *Bound to the Soil: A Social History of Dorset, 1750-1918* (London: John Baker, 1968), p. 72.
20. *Brother to the Ox* (1940; rev. ed. London: Dent & Sons, 1963), p. 57.
21. *The Village*, I, 5, in *Poems*, ed. A. W. Ward (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1905), I; subsequent references will be to this edition and given in the text. For more on his truthfulness, see George Crabbe (the poet's son), *The Life of George Crabbe*, intr. Edmund Blunden (London: Cresset Press, 1957), pp. 200-201.
22. Quoted from Christopher Wordsworth (Barnes' bishop) in Giles Dugdale, *William Barnes of Dorset* (London: Cassell, 1953), p. 227.
23. "The Hearth," *H'm* (London: Macmillan, 1972), p. 18.
24. "The Mixen," *Song at the Year's Turning*, intr. by John Betjerman (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1955), p. 60; subsequent page references to this volume will be given in the text.
25. *Life*, p. 113.
26. See Rayner Unwin, *The Rural Muse: Studies in the Peasant Poetry of England* (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1954), p. 112.
27. See Hicatt, p. 20.
28. T. S. Eliot, Chorus VI from *The Rock*.
29. *Crabbe's Arabesque: Social Drama in the Poetry of George Crabbe* (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1976), p. 26.
30. See Peter New, *George Crabbe's Poetry* (London: Macmillan, 1976), p. 47.
31. Entry for 3 Sept. 1800, ed. Helen Darbishire (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1958), p. 52. For more grotesque examples of clerical behavior in nineteenth-century England, see Piers Brendon, *Hawker of Morwenstow: Portrait of a Victorian Eccentric* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1975), p. 137.
32. Unpublished letter from R. D. Blackmore to John Blackwood, 3 June [1872], in the Blackwood's Collection of the National Library of Scotland.
33. The Rev. Francis Kilvert, *Kilvert's Diary*, ed. William Plomer (London: Jonathan Cape, 1961), II, 442—entry for 30 April 1874.
34. *Akenfield*, p. 77.
35. New, p. 52.
36. *Poetry for Supper* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1958), p. 17.
37. *Poetry for Supper*, p. 21.
38. Quoted by W. Moelwyn Merchant, "R. S. Thomas," *Critical Quarterly* 2 (1960), 349.
39. See Calvin Bedient, *Eight Contemporary Poets* (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1974), p. 62.
40. *Words and the Poet: W. D. Thomas Memorial Lecture* (Cardiff: Univ. of Wales, 1964), p. 23.
41. *Words and the Poet*, p. 23.
42. Quoted by Merchant, p. 349.
43. See his *Choice of Wordsworth's Verse* (London: Faber and Faber, 1971), p. 15.
44. Barrell and Bull, p. 431.
45. "The Rev. William Barnes, B. D.," from *Athenaeum* (1886), in *Thomas Hardy's Personal Writings*, ed. Harold Orel (Lawrence: Univ. of Kansas Press, 1966), p. 101.
46. See Kerr, p. 110.
47. *The Poems of John Clare*, ed. J. W. Tibble (London: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1935), I, 341.
48. "Harvest Hwome," *The Poems of William Barnes*, ed. Bernard Jones (London: Centaur Press, 1962), I, 137; subsequent references to this edition will be given in the text.
49. See Dugdale, p. 187.

50. Clare's account in "January" of *The Shepherd's Calendar* of a hedger coming home is quoted in Hone's *Year Book* for 1832, to which Barnes contributed.

51. See Keith, p. 98. For an excellent account of Barnes' purposes in focusing upon certain aspects of Dorset life, see R. A. Forsyth, "The Conserving Myth of William Barnes," *VS*, 6 (1963), 325-354. But Forsyth's view of Barnes as a "regionalist" rather than a "pastoralist" (350) involves an unnecessary distinction, if we grant that the role of the latter was modified in the nineteenth century.

52. Paul Zietlow underestimates this tension by focusing on isolated poems rather than reading Barnes' total work as an integrated vision of the pastoral life: see "Thomas Hardy and William Barnes: Two Dorset Poets," *PMLA* 84 (1969), 294.

53. "Emerging," *Laboratories of the Spirit* (London: Macmillan, 1975), p. 1.

54. *H'm*, p. 34.

55. *Laboratories of the Spirit*, p. 60. Quoted by permission of the Macmillan Company.

56. Virgil, *Eclogue IV.1-2*, trans. C. Day Lewis.

Some Versions of the Primitive and the Pastoral on the Great Plains of America

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For over three hundred years prior to the beginning of white settlement, the Great Plains of America offered to European eyes a novel landscape and culture. European notions about man and nature were frequently tested on these relatively flat, dry, treeless plains, which stretch from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains. In particular, the Plains evoked from travelers ideas that cluster around the terms *primitive* and *pastoral*. In my search for various versions of the primitive and the pastoral, I have surveyed most of the literature written before the Plains were open to white settlement in 1854. I have tried to pay more attention to diction, tone, imagery, and literary convention than have historians, geographers and social scientists who have made Plains travel literature their subject. I have not kept a particularly steady eye on what the Plains really were or are; rather, I have emphasized what writers have said they are like. I have assumed, at least in part, that each writer about the Plains—a land where “there is little to see, but plenty of room to look”—is a bit like Wright Morris’ Old Man Scanlon: “What he sees are the scenic props of his own mind.”¹ William Gilpin, who challenged one version of the primitive and dreamed a pastoral future for the Plains, is a good writer to start with.

In October of 1857, Gilpin, a visionary statistician from Independence, Missouri, wrote a letter to the New York *National Intelligencer* attacking what he called the “counterfeit geography” that for half a century had described the Great Plains of America as the Great American Desert. Three years later, Gilpin included the letter as one chapter in his geographical treatise *The Central Gold Region*, a title probably designed, as James Malin suggests,² to attract public attention so that Gilpin could tell his readers of treasures other than gold that lay in the American interior. (The gold was in the mountain west. The notion that there might be gold on the Plains was never seriously entertained once Coronado reported back to his king that in 1542 at Quivira the “natives there gave me a piece of copper that an Indian wore suspended from his neck. I am sending it to the viceroy of New Spain, for I have not seen any other metal in this region except this and

some copper jingle bells. . . ."³) Gilpin was but one of several writers who, in the 1850's, were revising the image of the Plains as a desert. But the hortatory and prophetic tone of Gilpin's language separates him from the more tentative and careful prose of, say, a Captain Randolph Marcy or the reports of the Topographical Engineers. Gilpin opens his letter with a fine declamatory assertion:

There is a radical misapprehension in the popular mind as to the true character of the 'Great Plains of America,' as complete as that which pervaded Europe respecting the Atlantic Ocean during the whole historic period prior to COLUMBUS. These PLAINS are not *deserts*, but the opposite, and are the cardinal basis of the future empire of commerce and industry now erecting itself upon the North American Continent. They are calcareous, and form the PASTORAL GARDEN of the world.⁴

So Gilpin opens his letter. Had not events during the next three decades proved him a fairly accurate prophet, he might seem to be using language in one of its more magical modes: by naming anew he would alter reality. Gilpin's act is similar to a more recent act of language on the Plains: Allen Ginsberg's prophecy while driving near El Dorado, Kansas, in February of 1966 and asking all the powers of the universe to aid him and

Come to my lone presence
into this Vortex named Kansas,
I lift my voice aloud,
make Mantra of American language now,
pronounce the words beginning my own millennium,
I here declare the end of the War!⁵

For Ginsberg, the Viet Nam war ended upon the utterance of his prophetic interdiction. The Great American Desert did not immediately—upon Gilpin's earlier utterance—blossom into "the PASTORAL GARDEN of the world." But within three, at most four, decades the desert had been banished from the Plains. By 1872, Francis Parkman would note in his preface to a new edition of *The Oregon Trail* that his account of the Plains as he knew them in 1846, a scant quarter of a century earlier, now "reflects the image of the irrevocable past." Parkman complains that "buffalo give way to tame cattle, farm-houses [are] scattered along the water-courses, and wolves, bears,

and Indians are numbered among the things of the past."⁶

In 1810 Zebulon Montgomery Pike had foreseen that "These vast plains of the western hemisphere, may become in time equally celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa. . . ." The region must of necessity, he thought, be left "to the wandering and uncivilized aborigines of the country."⁷ The next year Henry Brackenridge found in the Plains a "resemblance to the Steppes of Tartary, or the Saara's of Africa."⁸ Stephen Long and Edwin James confirmed the analogy in 1819, and James prophesied that "this region may forever remain the unmolested haunt of the native hunter, the bison, and the jackall."⁹ By 1832, Washington Irving, with livelier imagination, foresaw that on these Plains in the future "may spring up new and mongrel races, like new formations in geology, the amalgamation of the 'debris' and 'abrasions' of former races, civilized and savage. . . ."¹⁰ This was the "counterfeit geography" challenged by Gilpin. As he comes to the close of his letter of 1857, Gilpin rather surprisingly accepts the analogy of the Old World deserts; then, he radically transvalues the image. "The atmosphere of the Great Plains," he writes almost lyrically, "is perpetually brilliant with sunshine, tonic, healthy and inspiring to the temper." The region, he says,

. . . corresponds with and surpasses the historic climate of Syria and Arabia, from whence we inherit all that is ethereal and refined in our system of civilization, our religion, our sciences, our alphabet, our numerals, our written languages, our articles of food, our learning, and our system of social manners.¹¹

Condorcet, in 1795, had sketched ten stages of the progress of the human mind and civilization, from hunting and gathering societies, to the pastoral and agricultural, to the highest refinements of human society. Gilpin, if only by analogy, has brought the Great Plains through all those stages within a few sentences.

I have begun with Gilpin because his letter is a brief, forceful (and I suppose unconsciously comic) expression of a theme that is nearly obsessional in the literature of the Great Plains: the transformation of the Great American Desert from a sterile wasteland, fit only and forever for the primitive and nomadic savage, into a garden, a fertile and salubrious home for the pastoralist and husbandman. The editor of a recent collection of essays, *Images of the Plains*, complains that the theme has become stale and hackneyed.¹² Yet many of the essays he has edited return, at some point, to the

images of the desert and garden. Necessarily the images persist and attract our interest because they are so pervasive in the recorded human experience on the Plains. The making of such images inevitably involves some degree of subjectivity and cultural conditioning. Quite recently two quasi-scientific methodologies have been devised to measure degrees of subjectivity and conditioning in the creation of images of the Great Plains.¹³ One is a systems-model-process-response flow-chart contrived by John L. Allen; the other is an "equation" constructed by G. Malcolm Lewis, a part of which I reproduce here:

$$D = \sum_{i=1}^n A_i + \sum_{j=1}^n + \sum_{k=1}^w C_k$$

In this construct Cabeza de Vaca, say, or Francisco de Coronado became Σ or "First White Sensors"; their prose accounts became C_k or "Message Images." I think. But because I am uncertain, I will rely on Wright Morris, who warns us in the opening section of *Ceremony in Lone Tree* that "the plain is a metaphysical landscape" and that the "emptiness of the plain generates illusions that require little moisture, and grow better, like tall tales, where the mind is dry."

Subjectivity is a category more appropriate to some writers and to some writings than to others. Andy Adams' *Log of a Cowboy* is rightly praised as a more objective account of the life of a cowboy than Owen Wister's more imaginative *The Virginian*. Yet what are we to do when Adams invents a fabulous river for Western Kansas just to dramatize the difficulty of getting a herd of Mexican cattle over the "Big Boggy"? Contemporary poets like William Stafford, James Wright, or Ken Irby are obviously more self-consciously subjective in their creation of images of the Plains than a careful observer like Cabeza de Vaca or an experienced, informed, and common-sensical Santa Fe trader like Josiah Gregg. James Wright finds the Plains but one stage in a journey westward as he sleeps and dreams "now" (c. 1965) in western Minnesota:

The only human beings between me and the Pacific Ocean
Were old Indians who wanted to kill me.
They squat and stare for hours into small fires
Far off in the mountains.

The blades of their hatchets are dirty with the grease
Of huge silent buffaloes.¹⁴

In a long meditative poem, Ken Irby muses over the available historical data and ponders the meaning of the death by Comanche arrows of the trapper Jedediah Smith on the Cimarron in 1831.¹⁵ William Stafford weighs the meanings of William Sublette's experience of the wilderness on the same river in the same year. He concludes:

no one can sound
the deep rope to those days, hold level the wide ranch
that swung in his life in his mind
That man—fugitive from speed, antagonist of greatness—
comes here quietly still lost, trying to tell us what he means.¹⁶

All three poets, working from historical knowledge and personal feeling and experience, evoke, then enrich and extend the inherited images of the Plains. They have, to put it another way, led us to prior human experience and given voice to present human experience. All three have implied, further, that to move through space—to come to the Plains—is to move back through time. In these and other recent poems, the Plains are the nineteenth century: for Wright it is the vengeful dispossessed Indian and silent buffalo; for Irby it is the figure of Smith who “went West not / so much for beaver as for ‘the novelty of the thing’”; for Stafford, Sublette “heard some string that sang the wilderness.” For Irby and Stafford, the Plains offered an original human relationship with nature. Irby's musing on Smith leads him to a land that “looked Kansas, that is, childhood, promised / all again.” The poem itself—“the discontinuous / narrative of a journey”—becomes a “form of pasture, anabasis and return / pastoral” To Stafford, what Sublette found is irrecoverable: “once that place / was found, the West had come; no one could undiscover / it.” For these and other contemporary poets, the Plains is a lost world to be recovered only in the imagination; it is, perhaps, another version of the “paradise within” which Richard Hardin identifies as the final stage of the pastoral experience.

The notion that by moving through space one also moves back through time is an old one in the literature of the Plains, as it is in the entire history of the westward movement in America. This literature inherits that strain of eighteenth-century thought which, as Richard Eversole has shown, had

begun to locate the pastoral life in geographic space rather than in historical or legendary time. Henry Nash Smith has particularly emphasized this notion in *Virgin Land* while discussing Condorcet's theory of civilization:

Although in Europe the successive stages of society were naturally thought of as succeeding one another in time, so that primitive conditions could be studied only through historical and archeological research, the situation in America was quite different. When the theory of civilization became current in this country many observers were struck by its applicability to the actual state of affairs in the West. The comment was frequently made that in America one could examine side by side the social stages that were believed to have followed one another in time in the long history of the Old World.¹⁷

Condorcet's first three stages of society were most applicable to the Plains: tribal hunting and gathering peoples, pastoral peoples, and agricultural peoples. From the first Spanish *entrada* in the early sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century, nomadic hunting and gathering tribes possessed the Plains; then, within two or three decades, the Plains moved from the nomadic stage through the pastoral and into the agricultural. Nearly every writer about the Plains will note these stages, dramatize or speculate about the transition between them, and often lament the transitoriness of the first two stages.

The most radical poetic formulation of the idea that the Plains offers a return to the original condition of man comes from a most unexpected source, W. S. Merwin, who, to my knowledge has written only two poems about the Plains. Merwin's imagination has for many years been animated by thoughts of prehistoric man, his rituals, magic, and totems. That interest and his long residence in the Dordogne region of France are, perhaps, preconditions for his "Beginning of the Plains":

On city bridges steep as hills I change countries
and this according to the promise
is the way home

. . . .

I recognize the first hunger
as the plains start
under my feet¹⁸

Before the Spanish *entrada* onto the Great Plains, European man had not known such extensive grasslands since the forests had invaded the savannahs of Europe and driven out the big game at the end of the last Ice Age. Here Merwin, in his typically enigmatic manner, alludes to the prehistoric European plains and heralds his own return "home" to the prehistoric landscape of the Great Plains. In the background of Merwin's poem are the recent anthropological discoveries that point to man's first emergence on grasslands rather than in forests. Or, as the poet-anthropologist Loren Eiseley records the event: "One day a little band of these odd apes—for apes they were—shambled out upon the grass: the human story had begun."¹⁹

Without benefit of later anthropological knowledge, Walter Prescott Webb published in 1931 the first important study of the Great Plains. Much of Webb's *The Great Plains* is devoted to exposition of the novelty the Plains landscape presented to Europeans and Americans and to celebrating the "timberdweller's" often painful adaptation to these grasslands. But in his final chapter, Webb allows himself to speculate upon what he calls the "Mysteries of the Plains." One speculation is strangely at odds with Webb's general theme of man's painful but heroic struggle to adapt to the Plains. "It may be permitted to approach," Webb begins cautiously, "the mysterious effect of the Plains upon the human mind through an inquiry into the place of man's origin or differentiation." If man's "primal home," he goes on, were the forest then man upon encountering the Plains might feel sensations of fear, wonder, awe, and surprise so often expressed in Plains writing. But what if "he became *man* on the plains and not the forest?"

If man did become what he is on the plains, and not in the "warm forest-clad land," then perhaps it was natural for him to reenter the old familiar environment with dim stirrings of deeply embedded racial memories; to return with a certain abandon and joy to a closer association with horses and cattle, after an interval of some millions of years in the forests.²⁰

All great ideas, Wallace Stevens tells us, are essentially poetic. The idea of the original home of man persisting in racial memory is such an idea. Merwin, boldly and starkly, and Webb, cautiously, find the Great Plains a hospitable setting for the entertainment of such an idea. The Texas historian is no less free of subjectivity than is the poet. Throughout his book, Webb has celebrated, as a major form of human adaptation to the Plains,

the Man on Horseback, whether Comanche or Texas Ranger. And his "history" can, without much distortion, be called a lament for the loss of the pastoral world of the Cattle Kingdom, "a world within itself, with a culture all its own, which, though of brief duration, was complete and self-satisfying."²¹ Webb's version of the primitive or original home of man merges within it elements of the pastoral or bucolic as he finds men returning to the grasslands with "abandon and joy to a closer association with horses and cattle. . . ."

I have not found pre-twentieth-century speculation about plains as an original environment for man. A discovery of man-made projectile points within the fossil skeleton of an extinct bison was made in Western Kansas in 1898; the discovery was immediately published but its implications were not followed up until similar discoveries and the speculations of Carl Sauer in the 1930's began to emphasize that the Great Plains were the original home of man *in the New World*. A century before, in the 1830's, the notion that the Indians were the descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel was widespread, fostered mainly by the Mormons. But to Francis Parkman in 1846, this is an "absurd notion":

. . . the Indians raised in concert their cries of lamentation over the corpse, and among them Shaw clearly distinguished those strange sounds resembling the word "Halleluyah," which, together with some other accidental coincidences, has given rise to the absurd notion that the Indians are descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel.²²

A part of this general idea was that the North American Indians, who had domesticated no grazing animals, had degenerated from the Old World pastoral and agricultural tradition. A year after Parkman, Lewis Garrard, after watching some Cheyenne take a sweat bath, remarks laconically:

To those fond of speculating on the origin and probability of the North American Indians belonging to the lost tribes of Israel, I would say here that these Indians *purify* themselves before entering upon the performance of their religious duties.²³

Later, Garrard recounts the Cheyenne tradition that the tribe came from the headwaters of the Mississippi; he then speculates that the Cheyenne are descendants of the moundbuilders of the Mississippi Valley or are "the progeny of the Aztecs and Peruvians." But the Cheyenne, he concludes, "are

totally ignorant of the most common inventions—a woefully degenerate set, in truth, if they are so descended.”²⁴ In *Commerce of the Prairies* (1844) Josiah Gregg, an older, better informed and more systematic man than either Parkman or Garrard, declined to enter into such speculations. He did, however, find in the Plains Indians “a strong resemblance to the patriarchs of old” and thought that resemblance some proof of their “Asiatic origin.”²⁵ Gregg, who always felt awkward and uncomfortable when forced to return periodically to “civilization,” switched his metaphor or analogy for the Indians when in an uncharacteristically lyrical (or perhaps wryly mocking) passage he expresses his desire

to spread my bed with mustang and the buffalo, under the broad canopy of heaven,—there to seek to maintain undisturbed my confidence in men, by fraternizing with the little prairie dogs and wild colts, and the still wilder Indians—the *unconquered Sabaeans* of the Great American Desert.²⁶ (Gregg’s italics)

Comparisons, like Gregg’s, of Plains Indians to more ancient or less civilized peoples of the Old World, do not appear in the travel literature prior to 1800. (Analogies to Tartars, Huns, and Mongols cluster in the 1810-1860 period.) However, in early Spanish and French accounts there appears to be something like an evocation of the Golden Age. I will draw upon only four accounts: that of Cabeza de Vaca, who journeyed naked and afoot across the southern margin of the Plains from 1528 to 1535; those of Francisco de Coronado and his officers Castañeda and Jaramillo, who came to Central Kansas in 1542; that of Étienne de Bourgmont, a traveler in Eastern Kansas in 1717; and a report issued by a provincial Spanish governor, Athanase de Mezières, in 1770.

Cabeza de Vaca felt severely the harshness of nature. He was one of four men to survive from a Spanish force of three hundred which put ashore in Florida in 1528. From November, 1528, until the summer of 1533, he lived among and was enslaved by Indians living along the Texas Gulf Coast, but making treks inland in search of food. These peoples were extremely impoverished and in a state of almost daily famine. The Yguaces, for example, were basically root-eaters; but occasionally, De Vaca writes,

these Indians kill deer and take fish: but the quantity is so small and famine so prevalent that they eat spiders and ant eggs, worms,

lizards, salamanders, snakes, and poisonous vipers: also earth and wood—anything, including deer dung and other matter I omit.²⁷

In the autumn of 1535, he came for the first time among the “cow people,” the buffalo hunting people of the Plains. De Vaca’s reportorial, plain style does not aspire toward the creation of images of the Golden Age, but it is clear that these Plains Indians of Eastern New Mexico are a less barbarous and more prosperous people than those he had previously known:

Houses they had made to accommodate us stood ready. Our gifts, from the first place that received us like this one, included many skin blankets; but there was nothing they owned that they did not freely give us.

They are the best looking people we saw, the strongest and most energetic, and who most readily understood us and answered our questions. We called them the “Cow People,” because more cattle are killed in their vicinity than anywhere. . . .

They go absolutely naked as the first Indians we encountered, the women of course wearing deerskins, as well as a few men, mostly those too old to fight anymore. The country is incredibly populous.²⁸

Farther west he would find an even more “substantial people with a capacity for unlimited development.” These were the Pima, whose southern frontiers were already being invaded by the Spanish slavers from Mexico City. As he journeys southward, de Vaca mourns the invasion:

With heavy hearts we looked out over the lavishly watered, fertile, and beautiful land, now abandoned and burned and the people thin and weak, scattered or hiding in fright.²⁹

De Vaca does not display the kind of literary sensibility—and sensitivity to pastoral conventions—which Leo Marx finds so evident in the writings of those Renaissance Englishmen who described the native peoples of the Atlantic coastal regions.³⁰ Nevertheless, de Vaca’s brief lament evokes a primitive Arcadia, vulnerable and already in the process of being destroyed by a corrupt civilization. In tone and imagery, the passage is not dissimilar to Spenser’s description of Calidore returning to discover Pastorella’s world invaded and wasted by brigands, its people carried into slavery:

He sought the woods; but no man could see there:

He sought the plaines; but could no tydings heare.
The woods did not but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare:
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.
(*The Faerie Queene*, VI. 11. 26)

Two years after de Vaca had finally made his way to Mexico City, Coronado's expedition headed north into New Mexico. In 1542 he moved northeastward onto the Plains in search of Quivira. The narratives of Coronado and his officers Castañeda and Jaramillo extensively document for the first time the novel experience the Plains presented to European man. The land was vast and level and often appeared, Castañeda says, in "the shape of a ball, for wherever a man stands he is surrounded by the sky at the distance of a crossbow shot." Lying on his back, a man can see nothing but sky; or, looking between the legs of a shaggy buffalo he can still see the horizon. The absence of trees and other vertical landmarks causes men to become lost. The short, stiff grass "rises up again after being trampled on." Who among his readers would believe, Castañeda asks,

that although one thousand horses, five hundred of our cattle, more than five thousand rams and sheep, and more than 1500 persons, including allies and servants, marched over those plains, they left no more traces when they got through than if no one had passed . . . ?³¹

It was a land of whirlwinds, of hailstones that dented armor, of squirrels that lived in holes, and of large hares unafraid of horsemen; it was a land where one could march twenty leagues and see "nothing but cattle and sky."

Despite the novelty of the landscape and of its flora and fauna, the tone of these narratives does not suggest that the Spanish sensed that they were in a frighteningly alien world. On the contrary, the narratives are punctuated by images of the familiar rather than the alien. East of the Llano Estacado, they found

a small valley covered with trees, with plenty of grapes, mulberries, and rose bushes. This is a fruit found in France and which is used to make verjuice. In this barranca we found it ripe. There were nuts, and also chickens of the variety found in New Spain, and quantities of plums like those of Castille.³²

Along the way they found a fruit "which tasted like muscatel grapes," a plant with "leaves resembling parsley" and "much wine and marjoram." Finally at Quivira (in present Central Kansas) they found a land much like home:

From the very border of the land it was noticed that it is very similar to that of Spain in its vegetation and fruits and climate. One finds plums like those of Castille, grapes, nuts, mulberries, rye grass, oats, pennyroyal, wild marjoram, and flax in large quantities. . . .³³

Coronado himself thought the soil "the most suitable that has been found for growing all the products of Spain, for, besides being rich and black, it is well watered by arroyos, springs, and rivers."³⁴ Jaramillo thought Quivira both similar to and superior to the lands around the Mediterranean:

This country has a fine appearance, the like of which I have never seen anywhere in our Spain, Italy, or part of France, nor indeed in other lands where I have traveled in the service of his Majesty. It is not a hilly country, but one with mesas, plains, and charming rivers with fine waters, and it pleased me, indeed. I am of the belief that it will be productive of all sorts of commodities. As for the cattle, we have proof that large numbers exist there, as large as anyone could imagine. We found Castilian plums, a variety that are not wholly red but blending from red to somewhat black and green. The tree and the fruit are surely Castilian, the latter of excellent taste.³⁵

There is, to be sure, an emphasis in these narratives upon the potential usefulness of this fine country to the Spanish. But the narratives also produce a composite image of a generous, fruitful, and friendly natural state. The three large tribes that the Spaniards meet share these qualities with the land. These people are "by far more numerous than those of the pueblos, better proportioned. . . ." The Querechos "have the best physique of any [Coronado has seen] in the Indies." The Teyas are "large people of very fine appearance." Coronado has some Quivirans measured and finds them "ten spans tall." All are generous, peaceful (to the Spanish), and comely; the women are "modest." In Castañeda's listing of their virtues, he notes:

These people eat raw meat and drink blood, but they do not eat human flesh. They are a gentle people, not cruel, and are faithful in their friendship.³⁶

The next authorized Spanish expedition to Quivira came sixty years later when, in 1601, Juan de Oñate was escorted to a large (1200 grass houses) agricultural village by nomadic Escanjaques. Oñate's force was caught in the hostility between the villagers and the nomads, and the Spanish soundly defeated the nomads. A few years later (1606?), six hundred Quivirans journeyed to Santa Fe to make an alliance with the Spanish against the nomads. At this time the Indians used only dogs for transport, but within the next hundred years both nomads and villagers acquired the horse; with the horse, the nomads became a formidable military barrier to Spanish intrusion from the southwest, further onto the Plains. On the eastern edges of the Plains, the Missouri and the Osage tribes had allied themselves with the French. The most suggestive version of the primitive on these eastern prairie-plains comes from a young Frenchman, Etienne de Bourgmont, who in about 1717 visited the Kansas Indians. Upstream from the Missouri villages, he writes,

is a smaller river which flows into the Missouri, called the "Rivière d'Ecanzé" and a nation of the same name, ally and friend of the French; their trade is in furs. This is the finest country and the most beautiful land in the world; the prairies are like the seas, and filled with wild animals; especially oxen, cattle, hind, and stag, in such quantities as to surpass the imagination. They hunt almost entirely with the arrow; they have splendid horses and are fine riders.³⁷

Here is a vision of beauty, fruitfulness and freedom. The simile of the sea (used also in the Coronado narratives) makes the unfamiliar grasslands familiar to a seafaring people but it also lends a note of sublimity and vastness which, like the numbers of wild animals, pushes beyond the imagination. Only historical hindsight could supply an ominous note in the fact that the Kanza are now engaged in trade with Europeans. The Kanza would suffer severely from this contact with Europeans and would by the time Parkman saw them (1846) be reduced to wretched beggary.

To the south and west another nation of mounted Indians was prospering; and this nation, according to a Spanish bureaucrat, had "no need to covet the trade pursued by the rest of the Indians whom they call, on this account, slaves of the Europeans, and whom they despise. . . ." The bureaucrat was Athanase de Mezières and the Indians were the Comanche. On October 29, 1770, he wrote a report to his superiors about the Comanche,

who had effectively limited Spanish expansion onto the Plains. The Comanche evoke from de Mezières profound respect for their freedom, communal loyalty, bravery, and prosperity:

The Comanche are scattered from the great Missouri River to the neighborhood of the frontier presidios of New Spain. They are a people so numerous and so haughty that when asked their number they make no difficulty of comparing it to that of the stars. They are so skillful in horsemanship that they have no equal; so daring that they never ask for nor grant truces, and in the possession of such a territory that, finding in it an abundance of pasturage for their horses and an incredible number of cattle which furnish them raiment, food, and shelter, they only just fall short of possessing all the conveniences of the earth. . . .

The Comanche are an enviable people; but, in their nomadic freedom and seasonal followings of the herds, they are also a threatening people:

From these perpetual comings and goings it arises that the Comanches, relying upon one another, made proud by their great number, and led by their propensity to steal, let few seasons pass without committing the most bloody outrages against the inhabitants of New and Old Mexico.³⁸

De Mezières clearly admires the Comanche, but the Spanish sanctuaries are constantly endangered by them. De Mezières ends his report by coldly recommending alliances with any tribes "interested in the destruction of so proud and cruel an enemy." In this official report by a provincial administrator we can, I think, sense something of a "double feeling" toward primitives, an ambivalence not unlike that which Empson finds in the pastoral. De Mezières seems to see the Comanche as both superior and inferior to the Spanish, admirable but dangerous; they possess nearly "all the conveniences of the earth," but they must be destroyed. This ambivalence toward the primitives of the Plains appears regularly in the travel literature of the next one hundred years. Some of the later writers will take on attitudes that might be called "primitivist": Josiah Gregg and Lewis Garrard, for example, often claim to value the "natural state" of man more than they value their own civilization; Parkman, too, will occasionally lapse into the primitivist stance. De Mezières was certainly not a conscious primitivist; nor

were de Vaca, Coronado, Castañeda, Jaramillo, or de Bourgmont. But they did, *in the course of their writing*, supply us with versions of a free, abundant, generous, and beautiful life among aboriginal peoples of the Plains. This version of the primitive would be revised in the opening decades of the nineteenth century by American travellers who began to examine the land with an eye to its potential settlement by American pastoralists and husbandmen.

One of Wright Morris' characters proudly claims to have been the father of the Dust Bowl. The acknowledged father of the Great American Desert is Zebulon Montgomery Pike. His account of his 1806-1807 expedition across present Kansas and Eastern Colorado clearly fixed the image of a dry and sterile desert upon the landscape. Yet, read as a whole, his notebooks and his appendix to *An Account* (1810), "Dissertation on Louisiana," reveal rather careful discriminations in his descriptions of the grasslands as he moves from east to west; and his description of the drier western areas contains a puzzling analogy which turns the desert into its opposite, a garden. Coming up the timbered and well-watered Osage River valley, Pike had by early September, 1806, come out onto the grasslands of Western Missouri and Eastern Kansas. On September 4, on the Marmaton in Southeast Kansas, he made this entry in his notebook:

We found a most delightful bason of clear water, of 25 paces diameter and about 100 circumference, in which we bathed; found it deep and delightfully pleasant. Nature scarcely ever formed a more beautiful place for a farm. We returned to camp about dusk, when I was informed that some of the Indians had been *dreaming* and wished to return. Killed one deer, one turkey, one racoon. Distance 13 miles.³⁹

Pike's notebook style is generally prosaic and factual. The measuring of the "bason" and the listing of the game killed and miles traveled is typical of that style. That his Osage guides had been "*dreaming*" and wished to return to their villages is for Pike, as subsequent entries show, not an exotic primitive phenomenon but a mere inconvenience. But the pleasant bathing in the clear water leads to unexpected dreaming by Pike himself: here nature had formed a "beautiful place for a farm." In his "Dissertation," Pike expanded and elaborated this brief note to describe the general region:

The country around the Osage Villages, is one of the most beautiful

the eye ever beheld . . . the extensive prairies crowned with rich and luxuriant grass and flowers—gently diversified by the rising swells, and sloping lawns—presenting to the warm imagination the future seats of husbandry, the numerous herds of domestic animals, which are no doubt destined to crown with joy those happy plains. . . . From the Osage towns to the source of the Osage river, there is no difference in the appearance of the country, except that on the south and east, the view of the prairies becomes unbounded, and is only limited by the imbecility of our sight.⁴⁰

Pike's "warm imagination" has conjured a future pastoral garden, abundant and joyful. (It would be sixty years before real husbandmen would come to the Marmaton, among them the poet Eugene Ware. In yet another hundred years, Ken Irby would make the Marmaton the setting of much of his poetry, a consciously "pastoral" poetry of "particularly two concerns: a calmness, a quietude of the whole being; and a feeling of great closeness with the vegetation lived among—an ecological calm—poetry that *feeds* us, not just that tends the sheep.")⁴¹

Pike moved westward from the Marmaton and into the "mountainous" terrain of Central Kansas where he spent one rainy day in his tent reading Pope's "Essays." By the time he moved down onto the Arkansas River, near the former site of the Quiviran villages Coronado had visited, the imagined pastoral garden to the east had given way to a version of the primitive quite similar to that we have seen in earlier Plains writing:

The borders of the Arkansaw river may be termed the paradise (terrestrial) of our territories, for the *wandering savage*. Of all countries ever visited by the footsteps of civilized man, there never was one probably that produced game in greater abundance . . .⁴²

The imagined future herds of domestic animals are now replaced by the wild game, the future husbandman with the present savage, the imagined garden by the desert. Here is a permanent and useful barrier, Pike thinks, to the American husbandmen, "so prone to rambling and extending themselves." From the great bend of the Arkansas to the mountains, the September landscape became progressively drier and more akin to the "sandy deserts of Africa." The region will remain the home of the nomads because

nations purely erratic must depend solely on the chase for subsistence,

(unless pastoral, which is not the case with our savages) it requires large tracts of country, to afford subsistence for a very limited number of souls; consequently, self-preservation obliges them to expand themselves over a large and extensive district. The power of certain chiefs becoming unlimited, and their rule severe, added to the passionate love of liberty, and the ambition of other young, bold, and daring characters, who step forward to head the malcontents, and like the tribes of Israel, to lead them through the wilderness to a new land: the land of promise, which flowed with milk and honey (alias abounded with deer and buffalo).⁴³

Pike's analogy of the Plains Indians to Israelites moving through the wilderness to a land of milk and honey is a curiously mixed figure. By distorting the analogy to the point of turning milk and honey into deer and buffalo, Pike has located the "land of promise" in the drier western reaches of the Plains rather than in the eastern grasslands where he had warmly imagined "future seats of husbandry." In his metaphor, desert *and* garden both exist within the area soon to be designated on maps as "The Great American Desert." Perhaps the confusion is simply a result of rhetorical inflation, perhaps it suggests a double feeling toward the region, an ambivalence or an unconscious paradox. The analogy certainly prefigures the conscious commercial use of the analogy of Canaan by land agents in the "boomer" literature they wrote to attract settlers to the Plains after 1870.

In 1811, the year after Pike's *Account* was published, Henry Brackenridge, son of the novelist and poet, Hugh Henry Brackenridge, had ascended the Missouri and been out on the Northern Plains. His assessment of the land is similar to Pike's, especially in its emphasis that the Plains will form a barrier to agriculturalists. However, he muses, if there were no Indians the country might support small, widely scattered settlements. His vision is overtly pastoral:

This country, it is certain, can never become agricultural, but is in many respects highly favorable for the multiplication of flocks and herds. Those delightful spots where the beauty and variety of landscape, might challenge the fancy of the poet, invite to the pastoral life. How admirably suited to that interesting animal, the sheep, are those clean smooth meadows, of a surface infinitely varied by hill and dale,

covered with a short sweet grass intermixed with thousands of the most beautiful flowers, undeformed by a single weed.⁴⁴

The challenge to the "fancy of the poet" was taken up by the novelist James Fenimore Cooper in the third of his Leatherstocking books, *The Prairie* (1827). Perhaps it is significant (in light of the national image of the Plains as a desert) that the first person to bring his family, his wagons, his flocks, and his "implements of husbandry" onto the Plains was an imaginary person. Cooper's Ishmael Bush is the first to test that barrier to the husbandman which Pike and others had posited. Ishmael is of a "fallen race," descendant of those who have labored long around the "shrine of Ceres"; for fifty years he has remained on the "skirts of society," and his "ears had never willingly admitted the sound of a church bell."⁴⁵ Consequently, he has regressed into a nearly barbarous or savage state despite his ostensible vocation as husbandman. As the plot unfolds, it is clear that Ishmael seeks in this "empty empire" neither land to cultivate and to pasture nor that freedom associated with the nomadic aborigines; he seeks, rather, an anarchic freedom from the restraint of even the loose laws of frontier society. Ishmael is defeated in this attempt to escape "the forms of human institutions." The land does not defeat him, although the land is portrayed as sterile and penurious. "The rifle is better than the hoe in such a place as this," one of Ishmael's sons says while "kicking the hard and thirsty soil on which he stood with an air of contempt."⁴⁶ Men here must become as animals, his brother-in-law Abiram comments: "'Tis time to change our natur's . . . and become ruminators, instead of people used to the fare of Christians and free men."⁴⁷ Ishmael's defeat, however, comes from his discovery of lawlessness (murder) within the family he has sought to bring away from law and society. Ishmael himself must then become one of the "forms of human institutions" and judge, then execute, the murderer. Having discovered the terrible peril of living without restraint, Ishmael turns his herds and teams back east and is last seen entering the "confines of society."⁴⁸ The Great American Desert as a barrier to pastoral settlement remains intact as *The Prairie* ends. The ritualistic death of the old trapper Natty as the novel closes suggests that the Plains will not even be the haunt of the white or half-breed trappers who took on so many of the ways and even the "natur" of the aborigines. The Pawnee-loups and Dahcotah possess the land.

The ostensible date for the action of *The Prairie* is 1804-05. By the time

the novel was published in 1827, the Plains were known intimately by hundreds of men who had gone onto and across them to meet the European demand for furs or the Mexican demand for American goods. By 1820, the wilderness of Missouri had, to use William Stafford's phrase, "subsided and become a state." In the 1820's and 1830's, the civilized eastern tribes had been removed to Eastern Kansas and Oklahoma. The trappers' road to the Northern Rockies and the merchants' road to Santa Fe were familiar and well used. In 1831, Josiah Gregg, a sickly Independence lawyer, on the advice of his doctors, made a tour onto the Plains. He joined a Santa Fe caravan, and for over a decade he was engaged in trade between the eastern settlements and Mexico. In 1844 he published *Commerce of the Prairies*. The book is so full of accurate information for travelers and traders, of careful and scientific observation of geography, flora, fauna, climate, of interviews with Indians and their white captives, of anecdote and humor, that Gregg's book remains the best book ever written about the Great Plains. His description and classification of Indian tribes according to language and custom has not been greatly improved by modern anthropologists. It is a big, rich book; I can only look at a few specific passages. On his first journey, Gregg's party was only about a month behind the party of William Sublette and Jedediah Smith. Gregg would not learn that Smith had been killed by Comanche on the Cimarron until he arrived in Santa Fe. But there was a great deal of anxiety within his party when they met on the Cimarron nearly three thousand Comanche. They parleyed with some of the chiefs, then moved into encampment; guards were doubled. That evening when some forty Indians approached the camp, Gregg's party made ready to fire; the Indians, however, turned out to be women. They were turned away, but a horse was apparently stolen by them. The next day Gregg's party continued southwestward into extremely dry country, and at a distance the Indians followed. When the party, rather desperate for water, was feeling "lost on that inhospitable desert, which had been the scene of so many former scenes of suffering," a few Comanche approached. To the surprise and relief of the party, the Indians returned the "lost" horse, then led them into an "elysian vale" where there was water, wood and grass for the stock. However, Gregg goes on, the traders were not "destined to rest long in peace":

About midnight we were all aroused by a cry of alarm the like of which had not been heard since the day Don Quixote had his famous

adventure with the fulling-mills; and I am not quite sure but some of our party suffered as much from fright as poor Sancho Panza did on that memorable occasion. But Don Quixote and Sancho only heard the thumping of the mills and the roaring of waters; while we heard the thumping of Indian drums, accompanied by occasional yells, which our excited fancies immediately construed into notes of the fearful warsong.⁴⁹

Alarms and guns were raised but nothing happened. The "fearful warsong" had been but a "serenade"; and during the next several days the horde of Indians crowded into the party's various encampments serenading, trading, raising dust and noise, stealing a little. Soon the fearful three thousand savages had become, in their excessive friendliness, a nuisance and an annoyance. The party finally stole away early one morning, glad to be shut of the too friendly savages.

In this incident and others Gregg successfully debunks, with humor and commonsense, the image of the Plains Indian as a dangerous and treacherous savage. He consistently counsels trade and reciprocal gift-giving. Toward the end of the book he summarizes this attitude, beginning with a slightly sarcastic allusion to Washington Irving's *A Tour on the Prairies* (1835), which was but one of many books of the period to romantically exploit the dangers of the Plains:

A "tour of the Prairies" is certainly a *dangerous* experiment for him who would live a quiet contented life at home among his friends and relatives; not so dangerous to life and health, as prejudicial to his domestic habits. Those who have lived pent up in our large cities, know but little of the broad, unembarrassed freedom of the Great Western Prairies. Viewing them from a snug fireside, they seem crowded with dangers, with labors and sufferings; but once upon them, and these appear to vanish—they are soon forgotten.⁵⁰

As well as debunking popular notions about the Plains, this passage also sounds what is a persistent personal theme in the book: Gregg's almost pathological discomfort whenever he is periodically forced to live within "civilized communities." By Gregg's time the Plains have become a place of escape for civilized men, not merely a refuge for degenerate men like Ishmael Bush. The Santa Fe trader or the tourist can now participate in the

natural freedom previously reserved for the nomadic aborigine. The white man on the Plains

knows no government—no laws, save those of his own creation and adoption. He lives in no society which he must look up to or propitiate. The exchange of this untrammelled condition—this sovereign independence, for a life of civilization, where both his physical and moral freedom are invaded at every turn, by the complicated machinery of social institutions, is certainly likely to commend itself to but few,—not even to all those who have been educated to find their enjoyments in the arts and elegancies peculiar to civilized society;—as is evinced by the frequent instances of men of letters, of refinement and wealth, voluntarily abandoning society for a life upon the Prairies⁵¹

Gregg's version of the white man's experience of the Plains is beginning to resemble the sequence Richard Hardin has proposed for the pastoral experience: flight from complex civilization to natural simplicity and freedom. What Gregg learns there—as do Parkman and Garrard after him—is a kind of self-reliance taught by the "God of Nature." For these men, of course, the experience was not "pastoral" but "primitive." And, for Gregg, there can be no return to civilization nor any discovery of peace and simplicity "within the self." Later travelers onto the Plains, Parkman, Garrard, the narrators of Owen Wister's *The Virginian* and Willa Cather's *My Antonia*, all will more nearly fit Hardin's pattern. The return of Gordon Boyd and the Scanlon clan for the ceremony in *Lone Tree* will provide a complex variation on the theme.

I must linger a bit longer with Gregg. His is a difficult book to leave. Gregg accepts the general notion that "these great Steppes seem only fitted for the haunts of the mustang, the buffalo, the antelope, and their migratory lord, the prairie Indian." Yet during his long experience he has seen changes: increasing travel, decrease in the buffalo, changes in Indian ways. Toward the end of his chapter on the "Geography of the Prairies," Gregg allows himself a moment of visionary speculation about the future of these "Steppes":

The high plains seem too dry and lifeless to produce timber; yet might not the vicissitudes of nature operate a change likewise upon

the seasons? Why may we not suppose that the genial influences of civilization—that extensive cultivation of the earth—might contribute to the multiplication of showers, as it certainly does of fountains? Or that the shady groves, as they advance upon the prairies, may have some effect upon the seasons? . . . Then may we not hope that these sterile regions might yet be thus revived and fertilized, and their surface covered one day by flourishing settlements to the Rocky Mountains?⁵²

The future pastoral world will be, in Gregg's eyes, the result not of nature but of man the artificer, amending natural processes by "extensive cultivation" which will revive and make fertile "these sterile regions." Gregg seems unaware that a more genial climate, cultivated earth, fountains, shady groves, and settlements will deprive the Plains of the primitive freedom he has elsewhere celebrated.

One of the young men of "refinement" who had abandoned "society for a life upon the Prairies" had a much different vision of the future of the Plains. He was George Catlin, who had spent nearly the whole of the 1830's living among and painting the Plains Indians. In 1844, the same year as Gregg's book, Catlin published his London edition of *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Conditions of North American Indians*. Toward the end of his first volume, Catlin laments the increased slaughter of the buffalo "in those desolate fields of silence"; he knows that once the buffalo is "extinguished" so too will be the "peace and happiness (if not the actual existence)" of the Indians. Catlin then has a "splendid contemplation" about the Plains Indians as he

imagines them as they *might* in the future be seen, (by some great protecting policy of government) preserved in their pristine beauty and wildness, in a *magnificent park*, where the world could see for ages to come, the native Indian in his classic attire, galloping his wild horse, with sinewy bow, and shield and lance, amid the fleeting herds of elks and buffaloes. What a beautiful and thrilling specimen for America to preserve and hold up to the view of her refined citizens and the world, in future ages! A *nation's Park*, containing man and beast, in all the wild and freshness of their nature's beauty!⁵³ (Catlin's italics)

By the early 1840's, the desert and its primitive peoples are no longer a barrier to pastoral and agricultural settlement; they are something to be "preserved" for the future contemplation of America's "refined citizens." The end of the nomadic stage of human life upon the Plains is in sight.

One of America's most refined young men, Francis Parkman, visited Catlin's London exhibition in 1844; back in Boston the following year, he made plans for his "tour of curiosity and amusement" on the Plains. By the time he left Boston for Westport in the spring of 1846, he had doubtless read both Gregg and Catlin. What Parkman experienced on the Plains must await another essay. He went there knowingly anxious that the wilderness and its primitive life were rapidly disappearing. But even an alert, knowing, and caring Parkman was unprepared for the suddenness with which the primitive world would be swept away. In his preface to the 1852 edition of *The Oregon Trail*, only six years after his tour, Parkman strikes the pose of a Persian king and laments the loss of a place where once one could be free of civilization:

"This, too, shall pass away," were the words graven on the ring of the Persian despot, Nadir Shah, to remind him of the evanescence of all things earthly. *This, too, shall pass away*, was the doom long ago pronounced on all that is primitive in life or scenery within the limits of our national domain; but no one could have dreamed that the decree would find so swift an execution. . . .

Primeval barbarism is assailed at last in front and rear, from the Mississippi and from the Pacific; and, thus, brought between two fires, it cannot long sustain itself. With all respect to civilization, I cannot help regretting this final consummation; and such regret will not be misconstrued by anyone who has tried the prairie and mountain life, who has learned to look with affectionate interest on the rifle that was once his companion and protector, the belt that sustained his knife and pistol, and the pipe which beguiled the tedious hours of his mid-night watch, while men and horses lay sunk in sleep around him.⁵⁴ (Parkman's italics)

Parkman has infused the lost primitive world of his immediate past with the traditional pastoral elements of leisure, simplicity, and solitude. The "pipe which beguiled the tedious hours" is for tobacco rather than shepherd's tunes, but it is a clear linguistic link to the world of Theocritus and Virgil.

NOTES

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3. George P. Hammond and Agapito Rey, *Narratives of the Coronado Expedition* (Albuquerque: Univ. of New Mexico Press, 1940), p. 188.
4. *The Central Gold Region* (Philadelphia: Sower, Barnes and Co., 1860), p. 120.
5. "Wichita Vortex Sutra," *Planet News* (San Francisco: City Lights, 1968), p. 127.
6. *The Oregon Trail*, ed. Elmer Feltskog (1849, Madison: Univ. of Wisconsin Press, 1969), p. xi.
7. *The Journals of Zebulon Montgomery Pike*, ed. Donald Jackson (Norman: Univ. Oklahoma Press, 1966), II, 27.
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9. *Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains*, ed. Reuben Gold Thwaites (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1905), I, 15.
10. *Astoria* (Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard, 1836), I, 232.
11. *Central Gold Region*, p. 127.
12. Andrew Hill Clark, "The Great Plains: Perception by Any Name," in *Images of the Plains: The Role of Human Nature in Settlement* (Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1975), p. ix.
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21. Webb, p. 206.
22. *The Oregon Trail*, ed. Feltskog, p. 145.
23. *Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail* (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1955), p. 38.
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25. *Commerce of the Prairies*, ed. Max L. Moorhead (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1954), p. 395.
26. Gregg, p. 330.
27. *Adventures in the Unknown Interior of America*, trans. and ed. Cyclone Covey (New York: Collier, 1961), p. 79.
28. Cabeza de Vaca, pp. 115-16.
29. Cabeza de Vaca, p. 123.
30. *The Machine in the Garden* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1964), see especially pp. 73-116.
31. *Coronado Narratives*, p. 279.
32. *Coronado Narratives*, p. 239.
33. *Coronado Narratives*, pp. 262-63.
34. *Coronado Narratives*, p. 189.
35. *Coronado Narratives*, p. 305.
36. *Coronado Narratives*, p. 262.
37. "Exact Description of Louisiana," trans. Max W. Meyer, *Bulletin of Missouri Historical Society*, 15 (October, 1958), 3-19.
38. Quoted from H. E. Bolton, *Athanase de Mezières* (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1914), I, 218-19.
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40. *Journals*, II, 21-22.
41. "Preface," *Relation* (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow, 1970), p. ix.

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43. Irby, pp. 28-29.
44. *View of Louisiana*, p. 34.
45. *The Prairie*, intro. Henry Nash Smith (New York: Rinehart, 1966), p. 70.
46. *The Prairie*, p. 80.
47. *The Prairie*, p. 93.
48. *The Prairie*, p. 427.
49. Gregg, p. 55.
50. Gregg, p. 329.
51. Gregg, p. 329.
52. Gregg, p. 362.
53. *Letters and Notes* . . . (rpt. of first London ed. 1844; New York: Dover, 1973), I, pp. 261-62.
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“Une Exploration des Déserts de Ma Mémoire”: Pastoral Aspects of Lévi-Strauss’s *Tristes Tropiques*

THOMAS J. O'DONNELL

... I cherish the reflection, however fleeting it may have now become, of an era when the human species was in proportion to the world it occupied, and when there was still a valid relationship between the enjoyment of freedom and the symbols denoting it.¹

The anthropologist Sir James G. Frazer declared that his writings would live as a “panorama of the vanished life of primitive man . . . groping and stumbling through the mists of ignorance and superstition in the eternal search after goodness and truth.” *The Golden Bough* recorded “a dark, a tragic chronicle of human error and folly, of fruitless endeavor, wasted time, and blighted hopes. At the best the chronicle may serve as a warning . . . to help the forlorn wayfarer to shun some of the snares and pitfalls into which his fellows have fallen before him in the labyrinth of life.”² Though Claude Lévi-Strauss is a social anthropologist in the tradition of Frazer and greatly admires his research, *Tristes Tropiques* implicitly attacks these conclusions about primitive man. Lévi-Strauss argues that the dark and tragic chronicle of man is not to be found in the so-called primitive societies but in the great civilizations of Europe and Asia. In this study I intend to show that the admiration of Lévi-Strauss for the vanishing or vanished life of primitive man is expressed in a pattern characteristic of many pastoral works. While not in itself a pastoral, *Tristes Tropiques* affirms values and assumes literary patterns commonly associated with the pastoral tradition.

Tristes Tropiques properly belongs in the confessional genre, and its primary formal and aesthetic affinities are to such works as the classic confessions of Augustine, Bunyan, Rousseau, and Henry Adams. Northrop Frye defines the genre:

Most autobiographies are inspired by a creative, and therefore fictional, impulse to select only those events and experiences in the writer’s life that go to build up an integrated pattern. This pattern may be some-

thing larger than himself with which he has come to identify himself. . . . Nearly always some theoretical and intellectual interest in religion, politics, or art plays a leading role in the confession. It is his success in integrating his mind on such subjects that makes the author of a confession feel his life is worth writing about. . . . The confession is also introverted, but intellectualized in content.³

The integrated pattern which informs *Tristes Tropiques* is the movement of its hero from a complex society ravaged by accelerating historical forces to a supposedly static, crystalline society. After achieving a degree of intellectual, emotional, and spiritual growth by virtue of his experience in that new world, the hero returns to his own society and becomes, despite his fears and assertions of resistance, reconciled to it. In significant respects this pattern recapitulates the development of pastoral heroes in works as diverse as Longus' *Daphnis and Chloe*, Melville's *Typee*, and Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

The successful hero's social and spiritual reconciliation with his own society is typical of that found in both pastoral and confessional works. As Stephen Spender has noted, all confessions are "from the individual to the community or creed. Even the most shamelessly revealed inner life yet pleads its cause before the moral system of an outer, objective life. . . . the essence of the confession is that the one who feels outcast pleads with humanity to relate his isolation to its wholeness. He pleads to be . . . brought back into the wholeness of people and of things."⁴ As Augustine's and Bunyan's conversions are to be seen as exemplary, Lévi-Strauss makes his retreat and return representative of his vocation. He considers anthropology "one of the few genuine vocations" (55) and *Tristes Tropiques* attempts to determine the hero's moral standing on the basis of his fulfillment of this vocation.⁵

Frye describes the confessional impulse as creative, and therefore fictional; *Tristes Tropiques* is to be treated as a literary work. In this essay I am not concerned to establish the truth of any given observation in the work on science, philosophy, history, or psychology. The quality of Lévi-Strauss's anthropological research is still in great dispute; Edmund Leach, an anthropologist himself, remarks that "the critics among his professional colleagues still greatly outnumber his disciples." Leach is dismayed that from 1934 to 1939, the period recorded in his confession, Lévi-Strauss spent no more than one calendar year doing field studies. He finds the book's chronology con-

fusing and believes that Lévi-Strauss misleads the reader about the extent of his practical anthropological experience. Leach argues that Lévi-Strauss's "ultimate concern is to establish facts which are true about the 'human mind' rather than about the organization of any particular society or class of society." Frequently he is "an advocate defending a cause rather than a scientist searching for ultimate truth."⁶

The book is not a full, straightforward account of anthropological studies in Brazil and its basic principle of selection is aesthetic rather than scientific. The opening sections of *Tristes Tropiques* present the complex world its hero is leaving, the first stage in the pastoral pattern. The narrative of the hero's flight from Occupied France in 1941 dramatizes the moral and political chaos of Europe. His escape is told from the perspective of 1955; looking back Lévi-Strauss can see that such experiences as he had "were starting to ooze out like some insidious leakage from contemporary mankind, which had become saturated with its own numbers and with the ever-increasing complexity of its problems . . ." (29). By 1955 no release from this complexity is possible, for the "perfumes of the tropics and the pristine freshness of human beings have been corrupted by a busyness with dubious implications, which mortifies our desires and dooms us to acquire only contaminated memories." The world has "opted for monoculture" (37-38).

The entire first third of the book focuses the reader's interest on the plight of Western civilization, on the world the hero is leaving rather than on the Brazilian Indians he professes to investigate. He quotes Chateaubriand, who argues that each explorer is carrying "within him a world which is composed of all that he has seen and loved, and to which he constantly returns, even when he is travelling through, and seems to be living in, some different world" (44). We read the rest of the book with one eye always on what is being forsaken. The dichotomy between the Old World and the New exists primarily to heighten the awareness of the Old. That there may be no doubt of his intention, Lévi-Strauss, before narrating his encounters with Indian tribes, devotes three chapters to a macrocosmic view of world history. In despair he sees the West on an historical continuum midway between the New World's tribal societies and the overpopulated, decadent, ancient Eastern civilizations. He concludes, "What frightens me in Asia is the vision of our own future which it is already experiencing" (150).

Lévi-Strauss first chose his profession to satisfy his own psychological needs: "we had difficulty in adapting ourselves to the social milieu into

which we were born.”⁷ He long felt and cultivated the alienation his occupation necessitates. One can discover the vocation of anthropologist “in oneself, even though one may have been taught nothing about it” (55). Despite his professional detachment, he has already begun to project his neolithic ideal, if not his character, on the native. For example, he draws an analogy between the native’s agricultural techniques and his own mental processes; he has a neolithic slash-and-burn intelligence (53). The study of primitive civilizations enables him to appease his “restless and destructive appetite” for new knowledge by constantly providing a plethora of new material. Anthropology reconciles his character and his life (58-59). Alienation from his own society, chronic rootlessness, the feeling of being “psychologically maimed” (55) precede as well as emerge from his choice of a vocation.

The second stage of the hero’s pastoral pattern, his actual contact with primitive societies, constitutes the greater part of the book. It has three subparts: first, he imagines, and momentarily feels, the simplicity of the pastoral land; second, he describes the complexity of two of its tribal societies, the Caduveo and the Bororo; and third, he perceives both the simplicity *and* complexity of the Nambikwara.

Initially Lévi-Strauss believes “exotic countries to be the exact opposite of ours, and the term ‘antipodes’ had a richer and more naïve significance for me than its merely literal meaning” (47). The perception of Edenic beauty and simplicity comes very briefly at the start of his Brazilian travels. He is attempting to recover the emotion of his first sighting of the New World in 1934 and, as he does at so many other points in the work, parallel it to an earlier stratum of time, in this instance to the vision of Columbus, who was “certain of having rediscovered the earthly paradise.” Four hundred years could not wipe out completely the vision of an Eden before its Fall into the commotions of history. Both Columbus and Lévi-Strauss recall “the spectacle of a purer, happier race of men.” But Lévi-Strauss immediately eviscerates the ideal; writing twenty years later he knows that the natives “were not really purer or happier, although a deep-seated remorse made them appear so” (74). He ends the scene gazing out on a “single, awe-inspiring presence: the New World” (80).

The ideal he seeks cannot be found easily. During his first intensive field work with the Caduveo and Bororo Indians he is fascinated by the complexity of the social and religious systems he encounters. Because he does not know the language of the tribes he investigates, he must draw conclu-

sions about them from his study of their art, which is highly abstract and sophisticated. The hierarchical structure of Caduveo society aggravates the difficulty of making appropriate marriage choices; this leads to a devaluation of sexual expression and to elaborate taboos. The Caduveos' painting of their bodies reflects the contempt for nature which is evinced in their restrictions against procreation. Facial paintings "ensure the transition from nature to culture, from 'stupid' beast to civilized man" (195). Their art represents an imaginative resolution of the oppositions between castes, a resolution which they cannot achieve in their actual social organization:

. . . in the last resort the graphic art of the Caduveo women is to be interpreted, and its mysterious appeal and seemingly gratuitous complexity to be explained, as the phantasm of a society ardently and insatiably seeking a means of expressing symbolically the institutions it might have, if its interests and superstitions did not stand in the way. In this charming civilization, the female beauties trace the outlines of the collective dream with their make-up; their patterns are hieroglyphics describing an inaccessible golden age, which they extol in their ornamentation, since they have no code in which to express it, and whose mysteries they disclose as they reveal their nudity (197).

The Golden Age is already elsewhere, behind them or ahead of them; it is in a society which does not display these hierarchies, these irresolvable dichotomies.

The Bororo society is organized in an even more complex way than that of the Caduveo. Lévi-Strauss's description of the wheels and dichotomous patterns of the Bororo in *Tristes Tropiques* and in *The Raw and the Cooked* makes the wheels and dichotomies of, say, Yeats's *A Vision* appear a dream of simplicity.⁸ There is much in the Bororo society that Lévi-Strauss admires (e.g., the penetration of religious beliefs into everyday life, 230-31) as well as much he cannot understand. Their art, their generosity, their elaborate religious dances, the plan of their village both disguise and reveal a tribe hopelessly divided, each element of which, "without realizing it, will remain forever separate and isolated, each imprisoned in a kind of pride which is concealed even from itself by a smokescreen of institutions, so that each is the unconscious victim of devices, the purpose of which it can no longer discover." The elaborate ritual he describes at the end of his study of the Bororo is "little more than a rather sinister farce. . . every social order

has a similarity with death in that it takes something away and gives nothing in return for it" (244-46). The Bororo show the defects of the West, or "help to explain how its . . . defects had developed" (389). Instead of the simple societies he sought, he first encounters two "learned societies" (274) whose complexities produce a revulsion comparable to that he feels for his own civilization. Each possesses an art, even a history; he finds their social organization destructive of meaningful human relationships.

The experience of Lévi-Strauss with the Nambikwara, the third important tribal group he investigates, is very different. The Nambikwara are presented as the most admirable of the native Brazilian peoples. His admiration for them is based as much on what is absent in the society as on what is present. The tribe takes him "back to what he might easily, but wrongly, consider to be the infancy of the human species" (274). They are a Stone Age people and are closest to the neolithic society Rousseau sought, "of which it is nevertheless essential to form a correct notion in order rightly to judge our present state" (316, 392). Lévi-Strauss's sense that he is rediscovering or clarifying Rousseau's insights seems to relieve him of a certain anxiety: he is, after all, not doing something new, but something traditional, not accelerating history by the knowledge he gains but, in imagination at least, reversing its direction.

The art of the Nambikwara is rudimentary. It is not fixed by sketches or embodied in objects; it is in the simple tale a father tells his children, in dances, and in the music of the bamboo flute. Complex art veils and distorts human relations; it is totalitarian in its effect, rather like writing (as Lévi-Strauss will show). The simplicity of Nambikwara art supposedly reveals the simplicity of their social organization and of their personal relationships.

The social structure of the Nambikwara is "fragile and ephemeral" (307). The chief serves by consent of the governed: "Power both originates in consent and is bounded by it." Reciprocity is "another fundamental attribute of power. The chief has power but he must be generous" (314-15). He does have certain privileges (e.g., polygamy), but the responsibility and burden of leadership must bring its own reward. Unity of consent for the community is of great importance: "primitive societies try, either consciously or unconsciously, to avoid that division between the various members of the community which made possible, or encouraged, the development of Western civilization."⁹ In *The Voyage of the Beagle* Charles Darwin argues that the "perfect equality among the individuals composing the Fuegian tribes

must for a long time retard their civilization. . . . At present, even a piece of cloth given to one is torn into shreds and distributed; and no one individual becomes richer than another." The most civilized peoples always have the most artificial governments.¹⁰ Tribal equality and the concomitant check it places on progress and the growth of artificial governments, aspects which Darwin deplors, are praised by Lévi-Strauss, for they are valuable in slowing the destructive force of history.

Despite the material poverty of the Nambikwara, their family life is described in idyllic terms.¹¹ For once Lévi-Strauss, while dramatizing his great separation from their sensibility and implying his need, does not distance his emotion by drawing diagrams or formulating systems; he quotes directly from his field notes:

The visitor . . . is filled with anguish and pity at the sight of human beings so totally bereft; some relentless cataclysm seems to have crushed them against the ground in a hostile land, leaving them naked and shivering by their flickering fires. He gropes his way through the scrub, taking care not to knock against the hands, arms or chests that he glimpses as warm reflections in the glow of the flames. But the wretchedness is shot through with whisperings and chuckles. The couples embrace as if seeking to recapture a lost unity, and their caresses continue uninterrupted as he goes by. He can sense in all of them an immense kindness, a profoundly carefree attitude, a naïve and charming animal satisfaction and—binding these various feelings together—something which might be called the most truthful and moving expression of human love (293).

"Making love is nice," Lévi-Strauss translates a Nambikwara phrase, but there are, in this land of scarce resources, many prohibitions against sexual intercourse and even sexual arousal. He seems to find the relationship between male and female attractive because it is not primarily based on the physical act: "During the amorous fondling in which couples indulge so freely and so publicly, and which is often quite uninhibited, I never once noticed even an incipient erection. The pleasure aimed at would seem to relate less to physical satisfaction than to love-play and demonstration of affection." With rare tenderness Lévi-Strauss also presents scenes of affectionate play between children and parents and portraits which show the harmony between human and animal (282-86). This is the pastoral vision

of the Nambikwara Lévi-Strauss has chosen to emphasize, even to celebrate—communal joy and suffering experienced by a tribe which exists somewhere between a mythical state of nature and the “busyness of our self-esteem.”¹²

Yet the Nambikwara society is far from a perfect model for all human relations. Lévi-Strauss mentions, though he does not dwell on, stringent “taboos connected with recent parenthood” (278). Women are excluded from many ceremonies under pain of death and women’s souls are believed to vanish after death (289). Curiously, only in this neolithic society does he fear for his life. Once he fears that he will be killed after he constructs balloons of tissue paper, an innovation which the Nambikwara perceive as threatening (291-92). On several occasions when traveling with the tribe he feels himself threatened: “I might not be the first person to have entered that hostile area, but my predecessors had not returned . . .” (297). The Nambikwara “present one of the most primitive cultural levels now to be found in the world. . . . Yet, instead of the absolute simplicity one would expect from such rudimentary skills and such sketchy organization, Nambikwara culture is full of riddles.”¹³ If the simplicity of the Nambikwara society is admirable, its complexity is fearful and puzzling.

Writing is the one activity commonly used to distinguish primitive from civilized peoples. In the most fascinating exploration of the differences between the West and the Brazilian Indians in *Tristes Tropiques*, Lévi-Strauss discusses the consequences of his attempts to get the Nambikwara to draw. Unable to comply, the tribe began to imitate his writing. The chief alone grasped the function of writing and began to hand Lévi-Strauss indecipherable scribbles. The chief’s pretense of writing had been used for a “sociological rather than an intellectual purpose, . . . increasing the authority and prestige of one individual—or function—at the expense of others” (296-98). Historically, Lévi-Strauss argues, writing is used to establish large, hierarchical, exploitive societies. The most important innovations in the history of humanity—agriculture, domestication of animals, weaving, etc.—were made before the discovery of writing.¹⁴ He concludes that “the primary function of written communication is to facilitate slavery. The use of writing for disinterested purposes, and as a source of intellectual and aesthetic pleasure, is a secondary result, and more often than not it may even be turned into a means of strengthening, justifying or concealing the other” (299). Like the complex art of the Caduveo and the elaborate rituals of the Bororo,

writing may serve to conceal painful truths, yielding them only to an observer from another culture.

In several respects Lévi-Strauss's conclusions about writing strike directly at his own occupation and character, as he is surely aware. First, he is responsible for the Fall of the Nambikwara in the Garden: the natives "felt in some obscure way that writing and deceit had penetrated simultaneously into their midst" (300). The chief who uses his imitation of writing to increase his power is soon abandoned by his followers as a consequence. Lévi-Strauss is acutely conscious of his potential to corrupt native societies (43) and this incident provides the most concrete example of that inadvertent effect.

Second, in his activity as an anthropologist Lévi-Strauss uses writing to reduce, intellectually if not physically, "the spectrum or rainbow of human cultures" (414), which ostensibly he seeks to preserve. He vigorously denies that anthropology is a "sequel to colonialism"¹⁵ and he is correct, for the relationship between colonialism and anthropology is more subtle. Lévi-Strauss's intention is revealed in his methodology, virtually an abstract of the basic technique of structuralism:

The customs of a community, taken as a whole, always have a particular style and are reducible to systems. . . . In their games, dreams or wild imaginings . . . human societies, like individuals, never create absolutely, but merely choose certain combinations from an ideal repertoire that it should be possible to define. By making an inventory of all recorded customs, of all those imagined in myths or suggested in children's games or adult games, or in the dreams of healthy or sick individuals or in psycho-pathological behaviour, one could arrive at a sort of table, like that of the chemical elements, in which all actual or hypothetical customs would be grouped in families, so that one could see at a glance which customs a particular society had in fact adopted (178).

He always carries a chart on which to record these observations, though he sometimes complains that he has not enough time to complete it, to understand and therefore reduce the mystery of the natives to a system, to a structure, for "understanding consists in reducing one type of reality to another" (57). He is attracted to the New World because of the differences he perceives, but he has the scientific purpose of defining similarities. Man's

rainbow of cultures is deceptive; besides, "the true reality is never the most obvious." All men are operating within nature, and there is in fact no opposition between culture and nature.¹⁶ Differences are manifold illusions he must explain and extirpate—not materially, as the imperialist, or spiritually, as the missionary, but intellectually. Lévi-Strauss's psychological and aesthetic purposes are at odds with his scientific intentions. The hero's remorse and the elegiac, melancholy tone of the book are generated in part by the futility and spiritual dryness of this activity: "I had only to succeed in guessing what they were like for them to be deprived of their strangeness: in which case, I might just as well have stayed in my village. Or if, as was the case here, they retained their strangeness, I could make no use of it, since I was incapable of even grasping what it consisted of" (332-34).

If Lévi-Strauss is acutely conscious that his introduction of writing corrupts the Nambikwara and that his own writing reduces their society to an abstract system, he is only dimly aware of one further consequence of his work. His professed detachment, his repeated and often self-contradictory claims that he is writing for disinterested purposes, conceals a deep desire to veil, sometimes even from himself, the degree to which he appropriates the Nambikwara society for his own personal needs and those of the West. In *Prospero and Caliban: The Psychology of Colonization*, O. Mannoni writes that the "more remote people are, the more they seem to attract our projections. . . . It is himself a man is looking for when he goes far away, near at hand he is liable to come up against Others."¹⁷ Lévi-Strauss is like the Indian he describes who visits New York only to reserve "all his intellectual curiosity for the dwarfs, giants and bearded ladies who were exhibited in Times Square at the time, for automats, and for the brass balls decorating staircase banisters. . . . All these things challenged his own culture, and it was that culture alone which he was seeking to recognize in certain aspects of ours."¹⁸

Lévi-Strauss's account of the Nambikwara, which he ends by declaring that their society is so "simple that all I could find in it was individual human beings" (317), and his brief visit to the Mundé Indians, which enforces upon him the realization that he might just as well have stayed in his own village if he is successful in understanding their complexities, prepare for his return. There is in fact no Other to confront but only men like himself, men who are both simple and complex. As Rousseau had noted before him, "The Golden Age, which blind superstition had placed behind [or

ahead of] us, is *in us*" (393). Having experienced this truth, the hero can return transformed to the world he left, for the paradise is within, if anywhere. By 1955, when he writes *Tristes Tropiques*, he had reached "*La Fin des voyages*," the title of the book's opening section, not because the Nambikwara have disappeared but because they are everywhere.

The knowledge Lévi-Strauss has acquired for his society by virtue of his ordeal is, he feels, of great importance, for "Nothing is settled; everything can still be altered" (393). But his own society is the only one the anthropologist can transform without destroying, "since the changes, being introduced by us, are coming from within the society itself" (392). The anthropologist "introduces an element of moderation and honesty into our evaluation of customs and ways of life very remote from our own, without conferring on them the virtue of absoluteness, which exists in no society. And it removes from our own customs that air of inherent rightness which they so easily have for anyone unacquainted with other customs, or whose knowledge is partial and biased" (389). The anthropologist builds a theoretical model of a better human society and would seek, in his own society at least, Rousseau's *via media* (first discussed in *Discours sur l'origine de l'inégalité*) between "the indolence of the primitive state and the irrepressible busyness of our self-esteem" (391). The ideal pastoral land has all along existed in the works of Rousseau and thus in Lévi-Strauss's memory: the Nambikwara are only approximations of this ideal.

Lévi-Strauss's theoretical social model would unify the appropriate characteristics of the "cold" or primitive societies and the "hot" or civilized ones: "In a word, these societies, which we might define as 'cold' in that their internal environment neighbours on the zero of historical temperature, are, by their limited total manpower and their mechanical mode of functioning, distinguished from the 'hot' societies which appeared in different parts of the world following the Neolithic revolution. In these, differentiations between castes and between classes are urged unceasingly in order to extract social change and energy from them." Indeed, one major thrust of his instruction is that we in the West must resist the forces of history. We ourselves are becoming primitives in relation to our "great-grandchildren, so that we seek to validate ourselves by drawing closer to those who were—and still are, for a brief moment—like a part of us which persists in its existence."¹⁹ The most moving scenes in *Tristes Tropiques* are such moments as the hero's delight that the crickets ate his leather shoes and belt just as they

ate Jean de Léry's four-hundred years earlier, or that a contemporary chief made the same reply to his question as to Montaigne's. Something at least has survived the ravages of history. According to Octavio Paz, past events in Lévi-Strauss coexist after the model of geology in the sense that the invisible stratum "is a 'structure' which determines and gives meaning to the strata which lie above it."²⁰ In fact, this geological sense of time is the key to his handling of time in the narrative of *Tristes Tropiques*.

Above all Lévi-Strauss has learned the value of community: "In the societies we call primitive, we observe a collective participation in culture, in the form of elaborate religious ceremonies, feasts or dances which occupy a considerable place in the life of the community—as great, and sometimes an even greater place, than those activities concerned with production." If he were able to recommend only one reform, he would advocate decentralization so that "social and economic activities could be carried out on the level of authenticity at which the members of a given group have a concrete knowledge of each other."²¹ Nonetheless Lévi-Strauss presents himself as an isolated hero penetrating the Brazilian wastes. He seldom mentions his European companions and his single reference to his wife shocks the reader, who constantly imagines him alone (301). His yearning and his psychological and intellectual separation from the communities he studies are thus dramatized all the more vividly. The whole reductive technique of his science becomes a symbol of his defense against yielding to common emotions, a defense which the Nambikwara overcome. The lowly tribe, raised to the level of royalty by the imagination of Lévi-Strauss, is the pawn that sweeps the board.

The hero himself assumes a position of leadership in the West he had abandoned, his isolation related to his society's wholeness: "through a remarkable paradox, my life of adventure, instead of opening up a new world to me, had the effect rather of bringing me back to the old one, and the world I had been looking for disintegrated in my grasp" (376). Like members of certain tribes of North American Indians, he makes an absurd and desperate attempt to break from his society only to learn that his rebellion had been anticipated and had occurred within its framework (40). Despite Lévi-Strauss's resistance to accepting fully the responsibilities and consequences of this integration, the work's confessional form and its pastoral pattern combine to force the reader to see its hero as saved, converted, exem-

plary. He has come back from the deserts of Brazil and memory with a regenerative message, has made the desert of memory fruitful.

The basic organizing pattern of *Tristes Tropiques* is similar to that attributed to "all great pastoral literature" by Richard Hardin in "The Pastoral Moment," though there are aspects of his description which I shall modify below. Discussing Virgil's first eclogue, Hardin declares that the pastoral "begins with the flight from a complex world to one of simplicity, usually . . . rustic simplicity." The fugitive may be the writer himself and clearly in *Tristes Tropiques* it is he who brings the smell of France *entre deux guerres* into the pastoral retreat. He imagines that he is fleeing to the antipodes, for the difference, not the simplicity of this retreat, is what is instructive. As Paz has written, Lévi-Strauss's goal is "to recognize a human being in the other, and to recognize ourselves not in the similarity but in the difference."²² The essence of a pastoral is a dichotomy and frequently the dichotomy is disguised as that between the complex and the simple. The mind of Lévi-Strauss, admittedly strongly influenced by Marx (57), is particularly attracted to the dialectical pattern inherent in the thought of the Brazilian Indian and in the pastoral. Further, the focus, even when the hero is temporarily immersed in this so-called simple world, is on the complex one he has left. The reader of an anthropologist's confession, like the reader of a pastoral poem, is interested in the light the work casts on his own world and the possibilities for a full life in that world which it suggests and encourages.

Hardin describes the second stage of the pastoral experience as "illumination: in touch with nature, man is instructed in her way, always the true way as opposed to the artificial way of the city or court from which he has fled." In *Tristes Tropiques* this illumination is rather different, for it is dramatized as the hero's implicit recognition that the neolithic society of the Nambikwara is admirable and fearful, simple and complex. The Nambikwara may be closer to nature than the societies of the West, or of the Caduveo and Bororo Indians, in the sense that their defenses against nature are less elaborate, yet the Nambikwara are social beings. Their music (which recalls to the hero Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*), their sexual taboos, their fears of *nandé* distinguish them from nature. The pastoral world comes to resemble the world from which the hero has fled. His encounter with the Nambikwara enables Lévi-Strauss to develop a more de-

financed concept of his own society, a discovery which empowers him to change both his life and his society.

Hardin states that in the final stages of the classic pastoral the hero returns to his own society with the instruction which will "allow the initiate to live well in his complex world after leaving his pastoral retreat. . . . Arcadia having been abandoned or destroyed, its peace and simplicity become embodied within the self." Though there is more in the experience than peace and simplicity, as Hardin elsewhere explains and as I have argued, the hero's immersion in the native society would be meaningless to his original society without his return. As D. H. Lawrence writes in his study of Melville's *Typee*, ". . . we must make a great swerve in our onward-going life-course now, to gather up again the savage mysteries. But this does not mean going back on ourselves." Melville cannot go back and "Gauguin couldn't really go back: and I know now that I could never go back."²³ Lévi-Strauss returns only after achieving a degree of intellectual and moral integration, and this produces a reconciliation with his society from which he long felt himself alienated. But full personal integration takes place only at the time of writing *Tristes Tropiques*: "twenty years of forgetfulness were required before I could establish communion with my earlier experience, which I had sought the world over without understanding its significance or appreciating its essence" (44). The pastoral ideal has long existed inside Lévi-Strauss's society and he is simply rediscovering it for his generation—perhaps more vividly and forcefully than is now being done by any of his contemporaries. His true exploration has been in the deserts of memory and this is why he can say with Rousseau that the Golden Age is in us.

NOTES

1. Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Tristes Tropiques*, trans. John and Doreen Weightman (New York: Atheneum, 1974), p. 150. Subsequent references to this text will be given in parentheses in the body of the essay. The book was originally published in French as *Tristes tropiques* (Paris: Librairie Plon, 1955).

2. *Aftermath: A Supplement to the Golden Bough* (New York: Macmillan, 1937), pp. v-vi. Charles Darwin is even more harsh than Frazer in his attitude toward the primitive. In *The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex* (New York: Appleton, 1897), pp. 618-19, Darwin asserts that he would sooner acknowledge descent from monkeys and baboons than from the Fuegian savages he observed. He imagines that the savage "delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practices infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions." For a different view by another biologist contemporary with Darwin, see Alfred Russel Wallace, *Social Environment and Moral Progress* (London: Cassell, 1913), Part I. Wallace does not consider the savage intellectually or morally inferior to so-called civilized races.

3. *Anatomy of Criticism: Four Essays* (New York: Atheneum, 1968), pp. 307-08. For a

discussion of the confessional genre see my essay, "T. E. Lawrence and the Confessional Tradition," *Genre*, IX, 2 (Summer 1976), 135-51.

4. "Confessions and Autobiography," *The Making of a Poem* (New York: Norton, 1963), p. 69.

5. In "Lévi-Strauss and the Science of the Self: An Essay in Philosophical Anthropology," *Journal of European Studies*, I (1971), 32-36, Stavros Deligiorgis concludes that *Tristes Tropiques* is a polyphonic, well-orchestrated credo and briefly compares it to the confessions of Augustine and Bunyan.

6. *Claude Lévi-Strauss* (New York: Viking, 1970), pp. ix-xi and Ch. i.

7. *Conversations with Claude Lévi-Strauss*, ed. Georges Charbonnier, trans. John and Doreen Weightman (London: Jonathan Cape, 1969), p. 17.

8. See the charts and analysis in Claude Lévi-Strauss, *The Raw and the Cooked: Introduction to a Science of Mythology*, trans. John and Doreen Weightman (New York: Harper, 1969), I, 39-42.

9. *Conversations*, p. 34.

10. London: J. M. Dent, 1906, p. 219.

11. For a fuller study of the society, see Claude Lévi-Strauss, *La Vie familiale et sociale des Indiens Nambikwara* (Paris: Société des Américanistes, 1948).

12. See Max K. Sutton's definition of the pastoral vision, p. 36 above.

13. *Structural Anthropology*, trans. Claire Jacobson and Brooke Grundfest Schoepf (New York: Basic Books, 1963), p. 113.

14. There is a parallel discussion of the function of writing in *Conversations*, pp. 26-31. Lévi-Strauss's concept of the corrupting power of writing is hardly original. As in so many other respects, the anthropologist's view is strongly influenced by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, especially his *Essai sur l'origine des langues*. In fact Rousseau goes much further than Lévi-Strauss and speculates about the deeper innocence possible before even a spoken language came into being, a period when man communicated by gesture and inarticulate sounds. In *Of Grammarology*, trans. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins, 1976), pp. 101-40, Jacques Derrida analyzes the influence of Rousseau on Lévi-Strauss's concept of writing. Derrida argues that the anthropologist's view is too narrow; despite his professed anti-ethnocentric position, his radical separation of language from writing is in fact ethnocentric. Writing, in Derrida's special sense of the term, did exist in the Nambikwara tribe before Lévi-Strauss penetrated it. The anthropologist distorts the incident narrated in "A Writing Lesson" to emphasize the alleged differences between the innocent Nambikwara community and the corrupt West. Derrida writes that Lévi-Strauss's critique of ethnocentrism "has most often the sole function of constituting the other as a model of original and natural goodness, of accusing and humiliating oneself, of exhibiting its being-unacceptable in an anti-ethnocentric mirror." Lévi-Strauss says this more eloquently; in an aphorism that summarizes the motive of the hero of *Tristes Tropiques*, he asserts that man must seek "the society of nature in order to meditate there upon the nature of society" (author's emphasis).

15. *The Scope of Anthropology*, trans. Sherry Ortner Paul and Robert A. Paul (London: Jonathan Cape, 1967), pp. 51-52.

16. See the discussion in Octavio Paz, *Claude Lévi-Strauss: An Introduction*, trans. J. S. Bernstein and Maxine Bernstein (New York: Delta Books, 1974), pp. 132-33.

17. Trans. Pamela Powesland (London: Methuen, 1956), p. 111.

18. *The Scope of Anthropology*, p. 44.

19. *The Scope of Anthropology*, pp. 47-48. See also Claude Lévi-Strauss, *The Savage Mind*, trans. George Weidenfeld (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1966), pp. 233-34.

20. *Claude Lévi-Strauss: An Introduction*, p. 6.

21. *Conversations*, pp. 45, 54.

22. *Claude Lévi-Strauss: An Introduction*, p. 102.

23. *Studies in Classic American Literature* (New York: Viking, 1964), pp. 136-38. Most of D. H. Lawrence's heroes do not remain in the pastoral retreat. Oliver Parkin emerges from the woods in *The First Lady Chatterley* (New York: Dial, 1944), interested in Communism. In *The Rainbow* (New York: Viking, 1961), pp. 413-17, Ursula Brangwen rejects Anthony Schofield's explicit proposal to return to the Garden of Eden of her ancestors (pp. 1-6). In "The Man Who Loved Islands," in *The Complete Short Stories*, II (New York: Viking, 1961), the hero does not return from his retreat and ends looking out stupidly "over the waste of the lifeless sea" (746).

Complex twentieth-century Western man who seeks to be absorbed by the pastoral society

he enters will fail. In *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1935), pp. 31-32, T. E. Lawrence finds that "the effort for these years to live in the dress of Arabs, and to imitate their mental foundation, quitted me of my English self, and let me look at the West and its conventions with new eyes: they destroyed it all for me. At the same time I could not sincerely take on the Arab skin: it was an affectation only."

Pastoral Paradigms and Displacements, with Some Proposals

EDWARD L. RUHE

W. W. Greg's study of *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama* (1906) begins with a denial that "*a priori* guidance" through "the maze of historical and aesthetic development" is available to any student of pastoral. The field, Greg wrote, has no "cardinal point affording a fixed center"; there can be no "Ariadne's thread" through the maze.¹ The "modern historical school of criticism" undertook to refute the *a priorism* of Pope and Samuel Johnson: "The one fixed idea which runs throughout these criticisms is that pastoral in its nature somehow is, or should be, other than what it is in fact." For, Greg concluded, "pastoral is not capable of definition by reference to any essential quality."²

I

As long as people recall that *pastor* means shepherd, the term *pastoral* will unavoidably evoke a theory of its own meaning. Thus, "Strictly speaking, pastoral requires shepherds and their sheep," as Paul Fussell puts it.³ In the more common current usage, the word is loosely equivalent to what we may call the rural-euphoric. Here in effect are two separate theories of pastoral, perhaps more compatible than they seem if we allow for figurative as well as literal shepherds in the pleasant rural places of pastoral. Richard Hardin proposes to define pastoral by the sophistication and malaise of its originating intelligence, the pastoralist.⁴ The problem has been increasingly interesting ever since William Empson, in *Some Versions of Pastoral*, advanced such provocative notions as "I think good proletarian art is usually Covert Pastoral"; and "child-cult . . . is a version of pastoral."⁵ Current theory adds primitivism,⁶ suggesting a triad of shepherd surrogates to be expected in displaced pastoral: the folk, children, and primitives. Because *pastoral* so regularly carries connotations of a quite special kind of good feeling, the Empsonian "versions" readily clash with our conviction that shepherd or at any rate rural well-being lies at the heart of the matter. Denying the Gregian denial, Empson raised questions of theory which Greg could not well have foreseen. The strong continuing vitality of a tradition long

ago understood to be moribund may be something more interesting than a function of shifting and apparently inconsistent word usage.

I wish to approach these problems through a provocative remark by Paul Fussell on the incidence of pastoral themes and fictions in the writings of the English poets of World War I: "There seems to be no action or emotion of the line that cannot be accommodated to some part of the pastoral paradigm."⁷ It is not clear that Fussell conceives a singular pastoral model or other structure when he evokes the idea of a paradigm; we may feel safe enough, however, in linking a number of familiar structures to pastoral, indicating what may usefully be understood by his term. A paradigm may be a kind of archetype, like the idealized shepherd and the emblematic sheep; or a significant pattern of action like the retreat and return of the pastoralist; or a metaphor, like the shepherd-poet or the shepherd-priest (Virgil as Tityrus, Milton's Edward King as Lycidas); or an array of data as in a grammar—for example, the loose code of the proper names so frequent in pastoral (Daphnis, Strephon, etc. / Chloe, Phyllis, etc.), and calendars, and time tables; or it may be a map, a diagram, or a blueprint. A paradigm as thus understood is a visual equivalent of a significant compound of ideas, displaying particularly a scheme by which the ideas may be organized. Modest paradigms, moreover, may be assembled into larger ones. Thus the array of Greek shepherd names, above, may be linked to a second array which will take into account the English Hobbinol and Cuddie and their friends. Then, following the cue of the shepherd names, we could add the usual *dramatis personae* (nymphs, satyrs, the wise old shepherd, shepherdesses), and a map of Arcadia, and next, perhaps, a compilation of the typical dramatic actions of pastoral. By further addition of this kind we could arrive at a structure of great complexity. Fussell's "pastoral paradigm" might be of this sort—a prop-room and tool-chest for writers of pastoral and something of a master paradigm. Literary theory, like the work of grammarians, constantly seeks to bring to light the structures which govern practice. It thus traffics in paradigms; and as it is ambitious it may seek master paradigms. One such quest at the start of the eighteenth century produced a valuable example.

In his "Discourse on Pastoral Poetry," reportedly written in 1704 (published 1717), Alexander Pope addressed the problem as follows:

There are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses

than of those which are called pastorals, nor a smaller than of those which are truly so.⁸

For Pope's most basic idea of correct pastoral we inevitably look to the four "Pastorals" he published in 1709. Three of these four poems exhibit the unusual structural complexity to be found in three of the poems of what he considered the sole canon, the idyls of Theocritus and the eclogues of Virgil.⁹ These were Theocritus VI and Virgil VI and VIII. Pope's last pastoral imitates a simpler model more commonly found in the same body of works. From his first three pastorals and the three complex canonical poems a useful paradigm may be derived.

All six of these poems begin with introductory discourse (D) in the voice of the pastoralist (scene-setting, addressing a friend, invoking the muse, etc.). The pastoralist then may turn to modest narration (N) which introduces shepherds conversing informally in mime fashion (M).¹⁰ This dialogue leads up to a shepherd performance (P) or "musical offering," as Rosenmeyer calls it.¹¹ The mime (M) resumes briefly; and the pastoralist returns to complete the narration (N). This sequence is not average or typical, but paradigmatic: the complex form from which simpler forms may be derived, in this case, by subtraction. As a blueprint it may be represented as follows: D/N/M/P/M/N. Pope approaches it most closely in his "Spring": D/N/M/P/M (cf. D/N/P for "Summer" and N/D/N/P/N/P/N for "Autumn"). The models, as shown by "Autumn," could be complicated by the presence of two separated shepherd performances: D/N/P/N/P/N (Theocritus VI) and D/N/P/N/P (Virgil VIII); and Virgil VI presents another variant: D/N/P (indirect discourse)/N. The models and imitations thus relate to the blueprint mainly by truncation, preserving the order of the segments. In the canonical models, and especially in Spenser, the most favored form is M/P/M or N/P/N; Pope uses the former for his "Winter." Inspection will show, then, that the performance is normally sandwiched between segments of mime or narration, producing the effect of a frame or a nest. The resulting impression that the poem exists for the sake of the performance may be strengthened by expressions of anticipation preceding the performance and words of praise following. The canonical poems also authorize truncation down to a single segment. Virgil's important first eclogue is pure mime (M). And English pastoral lyric as represented in *Englands Helicon* (1600)¹² had little use for framing, displaying an overwhelming preference for pure shepherd performance (P),

with a few specimens of shepherd narrative (N) and mime (M). Of Elizabethan pastoral, with its great variety of projects and accomplishments and the warm vitality of much of its shepherd poetry, Pope probably knew little or nothing.¹³

As Pope's proposals thus involve us with the still current sense of a disreputable older pastoral cursed by cumbersome and useless apparatus, not to mention dullness, insipidity, and triviality, his theory requires further treatment. First, the "Discourse" offered precepts for the substance and decorum of pastoral poetry, supplementing and partially clarifying his practice. A pastoral poem was to imitate "the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character." This shepherd was defined as a sedentary person blest with leisure; the miseries of his life were to be concealed. The poem was to exhibit simplicity, delicacy, and brevity (Pope apparently aimed at a hundred lines); and it was to be enlivened by variety. "... Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age," Pope wrote. It is inviting as it displays "the tranquillity of a country life." The shepherds of pastoral "celebrate their own felicity" in terms as "humble, yet as pure as the language will afford." In obedience to his theory Pope produced a variety of what we may call utopian or Golden Age pastoral which almost all readers have agreed in finding unsatisfactory. It is too "pure," too much confined to a single register, too monotonous.

There is a poetical wisdom which says, with Thomas Campion,

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for help to grace them.
("Rose-Cheeked Laura")

In Pope we miss the discordant; there was indeed a certain timidity in his prescriptions for variety. The subjects of shepherd dialogue were to "contain some particular beauty . . . different in every eclogue." In each "a designed scene or prospect . . . should likewise have its variety." "Frequent comparisons," apostrophes, "beautiful digressions," occasional insistence "a little on circumstances," and "elegant turns on the words" were recommended. "The thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion"—but certainly not much, after all, in a Golden Age world. We notice that, in case dissonance threatened, it was likely to be muted by "the numbers . . . properly of the heroic measure . . . the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable."¹⁴ In composing demonstration poems (which inci-

mentally followed the canonical practice of celebrating localized arcadias), Pope followed his own precepts well enough:

First in these Fields I try the Sylvan Strains,
Nor blush to sport on *Windsor's* blissful Plains:
Fair *Thames* flow gently from thy sacred Spring,
While on thy Banks *Sicilian* Muses sing . . .¹⁵

But this fantasy had limited interest even for Pope's contemporaries. The vigorous principles of variety to be read in Theocritus and Virgil were for the most part lost on Pope.

The Popeian paradigm developed above perhaps tells us more about the tradition than either Pope's poems or his precepts. Thus, the D, M, and P of the paradigm designate the three basic voices of pastoral: the pastoralist, the shepherd in dialogue, and the shepherd as skilful, unsophisticated artist. Colloquial shepherd speech raised a problem for English poets. No dialect, Pope observed, has the "secret charm" of the Doric speech in Theocritus; Spenser's country dialect was "inferior," smacking of the obsolete, the low, and the clownish.¹⁶ Pope's pastorals accordingly use a single voice for the shepherds and the same voice for the pastoralist as well. The paradigm also displays the four literary modes which found a compact home in pastoral from the start: poetic discourse, narration, drama, and lyric or song. These further opportunities for variety, richly exploited in the canonical pastorals, were perhaps not advantageously noticed by Pope. Pope's paradigm is thus more illuminating than his practice.

One final feature of his theory demands attention. In adapting Spenser's calendar pastoral to a pastoral of four seasons he promised, in a way, to survey variant phases of the more general mood, the rural-euphoric. An exuberant pastoral of springtime and morning is common enough in Elizabethan lyric. But the pastoral Pope wrote stayed within the guidelines of the quiet, quintessential pastoral prescribed in his "Discourse." Simplicity, tranquillity, rurality, felicity, and verbal music "the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable," are the terms he supplies. Pastoral of this central kind accounts for the emotive use of the term noted at the beginning of the present study. Its associations are summer, noontide, and afternoon languor, and it contrasts with morning pastoral as a balm contrasts with a sweet tonic. Pastoral in its wider sense may embrace a broad range of rural experience; but the pastoral in question is widely felt to be pastoral proper.

Pope's "Pastorals," as I read them, seem to say that, as such pastoral is the most beautiful register within the rural-euphoric, a pure and single-register pastoral will be the most pleasing. The notion seems inevitable as it is unsatisfactory. We must now be concerned to clarify and validate as convincingly as possible the concept of a quintessential pastoral.

II

Pope's paradigm is expressly literary. Since pastoral from the start showed powerful affinities to music and painting,¹⁷ the discussion may properly take other arts into account. Western music down to the present has been rich in overt pastoral, from Renaissance madrigals and operas through nearly all the major composers (Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Brahms) and figures of the present century (Debussy, Ravel, Poulenc, Vaughan Williams). Exemplary musical pastoral creates the singular and recognizable mood ("tranquillity," to employ Pope's mood word, with the flavor of the rural) which we recognize as quintessential; and it suggests a paradigm. The favored instruments are flutes and oboes; the sound is quiet, harmonic tensions are minimal; ideas of innocence, simplicity, and sweetness help explain the effect. And, an important theoretical matter, European musical convention in compositions of any length almost always guarantees an escape from the risk of single-register pastoral. For while the main musical material will evoke placid shepherds and sheep, there will be heavier material proposing dissonance, threat, a complementary energy, or some other contrast. A well-known model, Bach's "Sheep May Safely Graze," begins with a sheep theme—a slow, quiet flute duet supported by harmonies closely anchored to the tonic chord. The contrasting shepherd theme, played against more complex harmonies, is carried by strings suggesting a solo voice of authority and reassurance. The two themes alternate, and are also played contrapuntally to set sheep and shepherd in a trio of complex texture. "Pure" pastoral structures are certainly possible in music; but the counterposing and mingling of contrasted thematic materials is so normal that a Popeian theory of a single-register pastoral as a rigid prescription could hardly occur in musical theory. We note in passing that the "impure" pastoral of music, being inevitably programmatic, is firmly in touch with some of the familiar dualities of pastoral: feckless sheep/protective shepherd; human/divine; vulnerable/sturdy; simple/complex; innocent/sophisticated.

But structural concerns have greater present interest. The brief composi-

tion by Bach described above in an oversimplified way actually has this structure (where P stands for pastoral, N for non-pastoral): P/N/PN/N/P/N (minor)/P (minor, under the influence of N)/N/PN/P . . . P. In other words there is much equal counterpointing in addition to alternation of the two themes. The N material is imposing, the P even more so, evidently, for it has the last word and more of a quantitative share in the structure; and it is undoubtedly the key to the special memorability of this composition. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a deservedly popular pastoral novel, has a brief prologue and a briefer epilogue which are not pastoral; and the main fabric at the halfway point admits a great deal of non-pastoral material which grievously and most entertainingly threatens and nearly destroys the pastorality. The structure may be simply represented as n/P/n. The extremely frequent occurrence of pastoral episodes in prose fiction has a general structure N/p/N, the pastoral being most often quantitatively negligible although important enough as relief and sometimes thematically pivotal.

Goldsmith's novel forces us to make distinctions. The non-pastoral comes in many forms which can serve pastoral well in counteracting its chronic proneness to insipidity. If we consider that the pastoral flavor is somewhat bland, like vanilla, the poems of the single register are, as we say, unflavorful. There is some of the distinctiveness that we expect from a flavor in Pope's "Summer," when he admits a seasoning of whimsy:

Where-e'er you walk, cool Gales shall fan the Glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade . . . (ll. 73-74)

But seasoning is not the whole of it. The non-pastoral may be classified in three varieties which I shall arbitrarily christen the quasi-pastoral, the unpastoral, and the counterpastoral. The first, exemplified by the birds and named trees which supply seasoning in Theocritus VII, are quite dominant in the general pastoral of the rural-euphoric. The quasi-pastoral can easily generate the whole range of happy rural moods. But insofar as miscellaneous natural and rural images are presented merely for their pleasantness or their expression of vital energies, they belong to rural or nature poetry, not pastoral.

The unpastoral in pastoral poetry occurs characteristically in the shepherd's performance, for example, his recounting of a myth. As the shepherd employs such material, it emerges as it were from the pastoral medium embodied in the framing material; but read out of context it may prove

surprisingly free of pastoral coloration. The counterpastoral on the other hand has obverse pastoral quality, embracing the whole realm of the significant contraries of pastoral, beginning with the pastoralist and his malaise. As pastoral presumes a pastoralist, the counterpastoral needs not be explicit in pastoral poetry. But in fact it makes its first overt appearance in the tradition exactly in the first idyl of Theocritus, with that poem's motifs of violence, death, grief, and vengeance. If the ancient pastoral elegy and the Theocritean framed musical offering may be proposed as the norm, it might follow that the characteristic pastoral literary structure employs pastoral as the ground against which typically a counterpastoral or unpastoral figure makes a commanding appearance; that the perennial weakness of pastoral has been to forego the opportunity to contrast figure and ground by putting pastoral materials at the center of attention as well as in the background without supplying compensating elements of interest; and that pastoral, while determined by a subject matter, is more centrally a medium—an environment and determinant of perception for poet and reader—than a genre. In the works we willingly call pastoral we may be fascinated and charmed by the power of shepherdly contentment to modify the impact of strongly counterpastoral materials such as grief, physical conflict, and squalor on one hand, or passion, ecstasy, or even rational discourse on the other. The pre-Theocritean *Phaedrus* of Plato, with its setting "Under a plane-tree, by the banks of the Illissus," is a gratifying demonstration of that power. We note pastorality with pleasure and perhaps in a spirit of discovery in such cases; the absence of the kind of dissatisfaction created by the experience of a purer pastoral, as in Pope, strongly suggests that we like our pastoral best in the compounds it forms with other kinds of writing.

This section began with a presentation of a musical paradigm for pastoral, following a treatment of a literary one. The discussion suggests a search for a pictorial paradigm, and we do not have far to look. It is hard to believe that any tolerably educated person within western civilization is unacquainted with the comely, youthful, faceless shepherd of traditional pastoral. In our mental image of the Biblical Abel we recognize his well-favoredness and his vulnerability; in young David we see him elevated to unpastoral heroic stature. We find him in Homer as well, when Athena appears to Odysseus on his arrival in Ithaca:

Likening her body to a young man's, a feeder of sheep,
All tender, the way the children of rulers are.¹⁸

The image is plainly permanent and archetypal, or stereotypical, we might say, in its lack of dependence on and its resistance to the experience of actual working shepherds. The archetypal, emblematic sheep is equally independent of experience. And wherever we see shepherds, we expect sheep: the first archetype attracts a second, and a powerful paradigm begins to emerge. We know its power because within our own culture the image of sheep and shepherds continues to carry such a heavy freight of powerful feelings and ideas, both pagan and Christian.

Richard Eversole's essay presents evidence that 18th-century pastoral was haunted by the sheep-shepherd image augmented by a shade tree. As Richard Hardin demonstrated, the first eclogue of Virgil, with its formula *lentus in umbra* ('relaxed in the shade') was basic to this tradition. And the first idyl of Theocritus contains this scene-setting:

So let's come and sit yonder beneath the elm, this
way, over against Priapus and the fountain-goddesses. . . .¹⁹

Spenser begins his "December" with a turn recalling the end of Virgil's last eclogue:

The gentle shepheard sat beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushy breere . . . ;

and the engraver of the early Spenser woodcuts took pains to supply most of the illustrations with shade trees as well as emblems of wilderness and of habitations, as if to affirm again and again the middle zone which pastoral shepherds occupy. The 1654 London edition of Virgil's works, translated by John Ogilby, contains engravings for the ten eclogues many of which, again, feature a shade tree, an emblem of wilderness at a distance, and handsome, youthful shepherds lightly clad in unmistakably Mediterranean costumes.²⁰

It seems impossible that the rapidly developing picture should be widely known except to people of some literary or artistic culture, although it has the properties of a convincing archetype. The mind forms it easily, as if prepared for it; it has considerable stability and, one feels sure, a definite and strong communal currency. Thus: comely, relaxed, gracefully garbed shepherds, sheep, a shade tree (implying bright sunshine and warmth), a spring or brook, a shrine to a minor rural deity. The time is noontide, or, in practice, most of the afternoon. And we are free to add a simple musical instrument (flute, shepherd pipes), and a carved bowl. As a picture

the scene is mute; but given a sound-track to accommodate the shepherd music or song, we will detect a range of quiet country noises: rustling leaves, murmuring waters, cicadas, the sounds of grazing, and, at a distance, bird-song and the lowing of cattle. The Spenserian and Virgilian illustrations authorize us to add emblems of wilderness close by—perhaps stony land or brambles along a mountain slope. This last particular identifies the location as the most important *locus amoenus* of pastoral, the pleasance of the shepherds. It is in the high country at the edge of Arcadia where shepherds may be joined occasionally by goatherds from above and neatherds from below, and, no doubt, an occasional visitor from the city engaged in a pastoral quest. If the former appear in the picture, they will be indistinguishable from the shepherds. The pastoralist, important as he may be to the idea, is not admitted to the picture at all.

The conjuration of this picture may remind us that early tradition offers a relevant fable of origins. The narrator of *Daphnis and Chloe* informs us at the outset that his imagination was first kindled by a painting, a complex and captivating “picture of a tale of love” made up of separate scenes: infants nursed by sheep and cared for by shepherds, young lovers, an incursion of pirates, and other details.²¹ Our picture of the shepherds in their pleasance focusses some of this material at the place and time of a musical offering, and the frame prominent in the Popeian blueprint evidently belongs to it. That frame imposes narrow bounds, affirms value, and proposes the work of art as a composed and beautiful object. As I read the evidence of Thomas Rosenmeyer’s wonderful book on Theocritean pastoral, the “framed picture” of the shepherd pleasance²² has been something like a natural emanation of pastoral poetry from the very beginning.

III

The shepherd pleasance has its place in the mind as a gestaltic formation—a stable and unified picture composed of a small number of data in determinate relations to each other and assembled by their affinity to the idea of relaxed shepherds. The mind effortlessly identifies those data as the significant recurrent features of pastoral. In the two-way mental traffic characteristic of gestaltic activity, experience with pastoral art constantly nourishes and reinforces the Gestalt, while the Gestalt stands in readiness to identify pastorality in art or mundane perception. As a Gestalt, the picture must first be understood as a matrix for variation, for it is the constant

which lends a comfortable and sufficient familiarity to the uniqueness of any pastoral experience. Second, as a Gestalt, it tolerates a large range of variation in its details and their relations. Thus, the shepherds may be solitary or in pairs or trios, and they may lounge, or sing, or play on their pipes. Third, it carries a large freight of potential themes, feelings, and synesthetic content (especially implied sounds and bodily sensations). Its fullness and wholeness exist in no single experience of pastoral, but in the mind. Mundane or artistic pastoral experience results from the power of its details—relaxed shepherds, the sound of oaten pipes, or just a certain rural mood—to evoke the whole even when encountered singly. Because the rural in art and life can put the Gestalt into a state of referential readiness, pastorality can seem to loom in the background of all such experience. The currency of the picture being uncertain, we are not free to regard it as a widely operative paradigm today. But it has probably always been a potent and central paradigm, and we may regard it as a model for the operation of all the other Gestalts the mind may summon up in identifying pastorality.

The deceptive simplicity of the pleasance paradigm demands further attention. We note first that the image is something less than a picture, being a schema from which more interesting pictures are easily constructed, and again, more than a picture, for it is within its frame that the very modest dramatic actions of idyl and eclogue take place. The frame is thus as indeterminate as the picture, alternatively suggesting a proscenium arch defining a tiny theatrical space and tending to identify the shepherd actions as very small-scale stage spectacles,²³ like the Alexandrian mimes from which they may be derived. Frame and content in this protean paradigm function in tandem. The frame in another mode suggests a window into the domain of pastoral, like a mirror containing a looking-glass world which we can know by having accepted the invitation of pastoral literature to live there in imagination. We may be sure about this kind of experience on the evidence of our experiences with novels and movies.²⁴ Our effortless indwelling in the worlds proposed by such complex narrative structures makes it clear that we are more than spectators of such actions. In part we wholeheartedly live them. The familiar idea of 'the world of a book' reminds us of the kind of habitability an imaginary world can have. Because it has been possible to live in Arcadia ourselves, we know a good deal about it: how the sounds, the comfortable warmth, and the breezes all matter, and how along with many other particulars they help acquaint us with the

pastoral mood—tranquillity, innocence, simplicity, and a sense of things in order. Having lived this quintessential pastoral, we have felt languorous, contented, and free along with the shepherds. Sheep, shepherds, and pastoralist, like ourselves, share in the ambience and mood; and the scene as backdrop, without the animate figures, emits the ambience on its own with considerable constancy and power. The sorrows of a lamenting shepherd can lose most of their pathos in this force field.

The *locus amoenus* of the shepherds conceals what may be taken as a revealing joke. Here, in the high pastures of Arcadia, we are invited to enjoy not invigorating fresh air, or sublime panoramic vistas, or the confrontation of a strong ego with nature and the universe. Instead, we respond to emblems of protection in the shade tree, of nature in a close, cozy, harmonious relation to man, and of ego-cancelling community in the companionable second and third shepherds. Nature here is tamed and bountiful; sheep and shade tree as emblems of food, clothing, and shelter almost effortlessly available contribute the foundation for some of the important inherent themes of pastoral. The shepherd pleasance has the safety of a nest, the euphoria of a dream, and the comfort of a reliable, reassuring, frictionless community.

The framing and nesting effects within pastoral came to attention earlier, in the discussion of the Popeian paradigm. The indeterminacy of the frame and the modes of being it can contain allow us to see, finally, the elements of the shepherd picture as the precious innermost contents of a Chinese box or of that "greene cabinet" which is the abode of the god Pan, according to Spenser's last aeglogue.²⁵ The joke now comes to a point as we note that the frame is readily interpreted as a womb and the picture as a fantastic, profoundly attractive womb-world open to light and air. We may put the matter differently by considering the redundant function of the shade tree. The shepherds in their own *locus amoenus* at midday, an archetypal place and time, enjoy not ecstasy but a definable euphoria of a lower order, timeless and blissful enough while it lasts. The transcending happiness of Marvell's "Garden" cannot be read from the picture; Wordsworthian joy is not promised; the shepherds trail no clouds of glory. In innumerable ways the picture says something else.

From what we can see in it, it is fully and exclusively pastoral. We know it is involved with the unpastoral in some way because of the typical content of the shepherd performances in Theocritus and Virgil; but that content is

not manifest in the picture. The emblem of wilderness is locational rather than counterpastoral. Thus nothing of the non-pastoral is in view; the picture is of the Golden Age. However, we happen to know this picture in a different way for, as noted, it is a space we ourselves have inhabited through vital contact with pastoral art. We know the shepherd's state of being within his pleasance because we have shared it. The inferences we are able to make by virtue of this knowledge add up to an entire system of the counterpastoral as a strict correlative of the pastoral.

Thus we know that the shade of the tree guarantees the shepherd's comfort at the threshold of discomfort on a summer afternoon. The sounds range from the softness of shepherd music to the near-inaudibility of rustling leaves and murmuring waters. The rustic shrine in the background signals the minimal, unforced piety of pastoral life. The scattered, contented sheep tell us that a shepherd's duties, at least in a summer noontime, are the lightest possible in the world of human work. And, as already noted, the wilderness in view locates us at the edge of civilization. Arcadia, and particularly the *locus amoenus* of the shepherds, is not a garden, or a wild paradise, or a Land of Cockaigne. It begins to seem consistent and sophisticated in conception, as a place of genuine but expressly minimal bliss quite close to the margin separating various goods from their corresponding evils: minimal civilization just this side of barbarism, minimal piety bordering on an empty atheism, minimal comfort under a cruel sun, minimal sounds redeeming silence. Fontenelle assessed the life of Arcadian shepherds as ideally lazy²⁶; and indeed it borders on idleness and irresponsibility little short of inertness and stupor.

The shepherds are emblems of several other kinds of minima. They are young men in late adolescence, too young to be sheepmen. Spenser significantly uses the term "shepherds' boys." The protagonists of *Daphnis and Chloe* make us smile with their confused, immature eroticism, for at the beginning of their story they are at the threshold of adolescent sexuality. If our picture includes one shepherd only, he enjoys his solitude instead of regretting his loneliness; if two shepherds appear, they illustrate the minimal community of friendship. If they compete in song, their rivalry is genial; a third shepherd will raise no rancour by naming a winner, and often enough both shepherds win. Their art is limited by their simplicity, for whether happy or melancholy, the topics of their songs are few; their gift objects reflect their happy commerce with minor art; their language is plain; their

knowledge is small. But in the light of the present discussion it is abundantly clear that these shepherds are true artists, functioning, as was to be expected, on the right side of that margin which separates simple, beautiful performance from drabness and clumsiness.

The peculiar euphoria of the shepherd pleasance apparently is determined by the close proximity of unwelcome, undesirable, or downright unpleasant states. Boredom looms; untamed nature is close at hand; heat threatens. With very small shifts the shepherds could be imagined as inadequate children, clumsy rustics, barbarians without art, and victims of loneliness; small shifts in another direction would threaten them with the risks and sorrows of adult responsibility, mature sexuality, and the complex demands of normal human society. In the golden moment of the picture the shepherd is securely a person within culture. The futurity in which he must expect to lose his innocence and blessedness is no more visible than the other Silver Age features of Arcadia²⁷: toil and the daily and seasonal cycles. But these darker matters are referred to with some candor in the oldest pastoral poetry and are therefore tacitly present.²⁸ These complications will be treated later. Meanwhile there is more to be said of the system of margins and minima to be read from the shepherd picture.

As noted earlier, the shepherd performance took place within the tiny confines of that frame which could be interpreted as a picture frame or a proscenium. The term *idyl* derives from *idyllion*, a "small framed picture" as many English dictionaries have defined it.²⁹ Nothing like interesting drama can transpire in this restricted space; indeed the usual musical offering and its modest preliminaries (discourse, narrative, mime) partake almost, but not quite, of immobility. The minimal character delineation and the always simple definition of any conflict between its shepherds further block the development of dramatic action. The character of tensions in the eclogues of Virgil, extensively outlined at the beginning of Toliver's *Pastoral Forms and Attitudes*, relates both to dramatic conflict and the pairings of opposed ideas congenial to pastoral. Toliver demonstrates, I think, that both dramatic and ideational tension in this central case are again minimal.³⁰ Indeed they are often just barely interesting. We would never say that the conventional sorrows of shepherds—wolves, bitter weather, disappointed love, the death of companions—are negligible. But, given the undeveloped character of shepherds, their facelessness as they appear in the framed picture, they fall short of tragic possibility. Moreover, their misfortunes invariably

take place off-stage, that is, outside the frame of the picture, and their faces betray no grief.

Rosenmeyer deflates the lovelorn swain of Theocritus' third idyl in his discussion of "The Humor" of pastoral:

. . . His unsuspecting simplicity, his lack of insight into his own defenselessness, is characteristic of many other Theocritean herdsmen. We laugh at the self-dramatizing, the air of suffering; nevertheless we are refreshed by the thought that the suffering cannot be profound, and that the zest of living and the penchant for pleasure will win out.³¹

But the enfeeblement of the counterpastoral elements in Theocritus and their invisibility in the shepherd pleasance must not mislead us. It will be possible later to demonstrate the power of the pastoral balm to overcome the counterpastoral in virulent forms, yielding delicious late-afternoon moods of pleasing melancholy or consolation within the range of the quintessential pastoral we associate with the shepherd pleasance.

The most significant minima in pastoral have to do with the freedom enjoyed by shepherds. There is no threat of anarchy. Exuberance is keyed down.³² All is temperate. The shepherds are not so much free as carefree. They enjoy, as "a gift of the natural world,"³³ a system of exemptions from the hardships incident to life where civilization is concentrated, particularly in cities and courts; and these hardships merge with the burdens of maturity experienced in any social order. Shepherds first enjoy freedom from the physical and moral squalor of crowded societies—from grime, noise, congestion, and confusion on one hand, and from intrigue and anxieties centering in money and status on the other. "Foremost among the passions that pastoral opposes and exposes," says Poggioli, "are those related to the misuse, or merely to the possession, of worldly goods."³⁴ Arcadia is presented as having a spare, simple, self-sufficient economy based on sharing and generosity. The neatness, the quiet, the lack of material and human clutter in a pastoral *locus amoenus* all contrast with the conditions of city or court life.

The more universal dream of freedom from the responsibilities of adulthood, from the burdens of self, and from societal demands of all kinds, is surely more striking. Shepherds within their pleasance do not appear to have wives, parents, children, employers, or landlords; there are no masters or slaves in Arcadia. The choicest delicacy is cheese: shepherd life is not

complicated by any craving for fancy foods or wine. And then, for all the juvenile infatuations of shepherds, sex is all but invisible.³⁵ The innocence and simplicity of arcadian life are seen most clearly here. The shepherd enjoys general exemption from change, instability, and significant conflict with fellow shepherds.³⁶ His simplicity carries the charm of youthful inexperience and ignorance. He does not know the demands of consecutive thought or discourse³⁷; he is innocent of ideas; his elementary religious development has not involved him, so far as we can see, with the complexities and anxieties of important ritual³⁸; his skills in music and poetry are unforced and often untrained; he has only smatterings of knowledge.

The little picture of the shepherd pleasance is thus a remarkably redundant system of objects and relationships. Its centrality within pastoral is plain enough, and it has philosophical bearings as well. Rosenmeyer demonstrates the extensive relations of the oldest pastoral to the teachings of Epicurus (341-270 B.C.), a slightly older contemporary of Theocritus. The moderate, even austere hedonism of this "valetudinarian's philosophy," as Bertrand Russell called it,³⁹ can be read straightforwardly from the shepherd picture, for pleasure grounded on the most modest material premisses is the source of the natural and wholly unreflective hedonism, the special kind of bliss, which shepherds enjoy within the pleasance. Pastoral, Rosenmeyer says, "is Epicurean by persuasion."⁴⁰

For Epicurus the gods lacked interest in or influence on human affairs. The good therefore had to be founded on pleasure. "Pleasure is the beginning and end of the blessed life," Epicurus said. "... Beauty, virtue, and the like are to be valued if they produce pleasure; if not, we must bid them farewell." According to Diogenes Laertius, Epicurus taught that pleasure meant "quiet of mind and absence of pain." The innocent and limited sensuality of the pleasance is consistent with this modest definition. "I know not how I can conceive the good," Epicurus said, "if I withdraw the pleasures of taste and withdraw the pleasures of love and those of hearing and sight." But Epicurean pleasure stands at the threshold of asceticism. "Send me some preserved cheese," Epicurus wrote to a friend, "that when I like I may have a feast." Elsewhere he wrote: "I am thrilled with pleasure in the body when I live on bread and water, and I spit on luxurious pleasures, not for their own sake, but because of the inconveniences that follow them." Passion was to be avoided at all costs. "Sexual intercourse has never done a man good, and he is lucky if it has not harmed him." Friendship, too, has

risks. But according to Cicero, Epicurus taught that "friendship cannot be divorced from pleasure, and for that reason must be cultivated"; and indeed "friendship is desirable in itself." Epicurus and his followers gathered in a private garden near the Dipylon in Athens, like a fellowship of shepherds⁴¹ in a proto-Arcadia. If the paradigm of the shepherd pleasance is as basic as the present essay contends, we might expect that some of what we find pastoral in pastoral is the unworldliness of a perennial Epicureanism.

IV

The Popeian paradigm, the musical paradigm, and the paradigm of the shepherd pleasance share a common theme of artificiality. The true home of pastoral, they all affirm, is in the realm of art and imagination. What we deem pastoral in mundane experience is that which reminds us of pastoral art.⁴² Further, the themes of the pleasance largely express the humble hedonism of Epicurus which Rosenmeyer identified as the spirit of Theocritean pastoral. On the other hand, whether casually or all too convincingly, pastoral wears a Golden Age disguise. The utopian theme emerges when the disguise is mistaken for the essence; and as the manifest content of the pleasance paradigm before interpretation, we may attribute it to a natural gestaltic function of the human brain. Art and artificiality, Epicurean hedonism, and the Golden Age: these three themes are native to pastoral in the sense that they are readily derived from the three paradigms. In search of a strict-constructionist understanding of pastoral applicable to contemporary and older usage alike,⁴³ the approach through paradigms evidently has much to recommend it. The three which I have developed above apparently comprehend an impressive fraction of the lore of pastoral which a contemporary Anglo-American is likely to be aware of; and my primary concern for current understandings of pastoral was made clear at the outset. As for the themes derived from the paradigms, their character raises such questions as demand some narrowing of the idea of theme, and a real option to subordinate thematic studies to others on grounds of general unmanageability.

Thematics is a technical and perhaps confusing concept. I shall treat it here as that discursive aspect of literary texts which affirms significant and contestable general propositions. Contestability is based on awareness of alternatives, typically expressible in simple oppositions. Much of this content in literature is, or can be made to seem trivial. Thus, the primary theme of

pastoral, that country life is blessed in various ways, carries a latent opposed theme affirming the undesirability of life in the city or the court. But pastoral as centered in lyric poetry requires some forcing if we are to credit it with a discursive aspect. Is the Epicurean sense of happy being at a threshold between contraries a theme? Is a daydream of a rural utopia a theme? Is art a theme? Rosenmeyer, with his eye on Theocritus, calls attention to "the recalcitrance of the pastoral *topoi* to take on meaning"; and Reuben Brower observes that in Pope and his models "Pure sound very nearly holds the place of sense."⁴⁴ We may thus protest that the string of pastoral qualities so often mentioned—simplicity, innocence, tranquillity, contentment, etc.—appear in the pleasance paradigm not as themes but as atmospherics. It happens that we can match this group, term for term, with the pastoralist's schedule of discontents; for it is the complexity, the corruption and hypocrisy, the constant busyness, the tension, etc.,⁴⁵ that characteristically account for his need to retreat. The pastoralist presence thus can liberate some of the thematics latent in the atmospherics, yielding oppositions like simplicity/complexity, innocence/corruption, and so on. To be sure, that presence, apparently guaranteed by the rule which decrees that pastoral neither quotes nor is written by actual shepherds, may be implicit in almost every case. But even when the pastoralist announces himself, as in Pope, does he automatically evoke the oppositions? Quite regularly his primary urge is to celebrate shepherd life, to bask in the ambience, to take a holiday from thought. In the background is his conviction that life in court or city is harsh, bruising, intractable, and generally hard. Pastoral is correspondingly soft⁴⁶—that is, gentle, indulgent, and undemanding. The pastoralist thus underwrites the pastoral softness; but this does not by itself lead him to any strong interest in pastoral themes.

A second suite of qualities associate themselves with the softness but not at all strictly with the pastoralist. Such qualities include youth, amicability, and general prettiness (is there a better term?); and these atmospherics contain latent themes in form youth/maturity, friendship/complex familial and communal relationships, and prettiness/the grime and sweat of rural labor. These themes focus in the shepherd, calling attention to his offstage activity in a general rural community, in a family, and in the sheepfolds and shearing sheds.⁴⁷ They are important themes indeed. Poggioli at one point treats them as central: "The function of pastoral poetry is to translate to the plane of imagination man's sentimental reaction against compulsory

labor, social obligations, and ethical bonds.”⁴⁸ No pastoralist is needed to evoke these themes, for they arise from the shepherd’s participation in the general human condition. The same can be said for the shepherd’s freedom, discussed earlier. But all the oppositional themes just discussed, pastoralist’s and shepherd’s alike, have the Epicurean cast and are therefore implications of the paradigm.

When Boccaccio in the fourteenth century recognized in pastoral a serviceable vehicle for allegory,⁴⁹ foreshadowing the widespread deployment of pastoral in satirical, encomiastic, epistolary, dramatic, narrative, and other modes, the thematics of the genre took the turn which could make them indistinguishable from the total thematics of Renaissance culture. Toliver’s “pastoral contrasts” (nature/society, nature/art, idyllic nature/antipastoral nature, nature/celestial paradise)⁵⁰ can not readily be derived from the paradigms which have concerned us, and they do suggest the inexhaustibility of possible themes in pastoral. A strict constructionist interpretation of pastoral compatible with current usage can deal with these embarrassments by simply denying the importance of theme as a vital issue in pastoral theory; it certainly does not seem to be a manageable one.

If pastoral is a maze, as Greg said, we may imagine its point of entry as Theocritus and its end point the present. If the thematics of pastoral include a few threads which we can follow through that maze down to the present, we may yet have a limited use for the approach. And indeed, outside the range of the three paradigms, we recall Richard Hardin’s theme—should we call it an action-theme, or a motif, or a recurrent pastoral action?—of the pastoralist’s retreat and return. Themes of this special character include the exile from Arcadia and the destruction of Arcadia. They trace to Virgil I, a dialogue involving a shepherd who has been dispossessed, and Virgil IX, which is set in a war-ravaged countryside. These themes, as Paul Fussell has shown, are prominent in the poetry of the Great War, when young soldier-shepherd poets lamented their sad lot in the ruined Arcadia of France and voiced their longing for the English Arcadia. It must never be forgotten that the fragility of Arcadia was always known and has always contributed to its aura of preciousness. We depart from Greg in this proposal by imagining the kind of maze which has many dead ends but at the same time many routings and some use, therefore, for several Ariadne’s threads. Alternatively, we may imagine the corpus of pastoral as a tangled skein extending from Theocritus down to the present and remarkable for

the constant ravelling, unravelling, and reravelling of threads evident in every pastoral work. We may identify these threads as the principal strains of pastoral.

I can only suggest the general idea of this strategy for untangling the fabric. It must begin with a naming of the strains, and I shall have to rely upon my sense of an important few which have flourished through much or all of pastoral history. We may begin with Pastoral of the Pastoralist, a permanent strain guaranteed by the definition of pastoral but perhaps not quite indispensable to one of the other strains. Pastoral of the Apparatus (the "artificialities"), important to Pope, prominent in Virgil and Theocritus and embracing the well-known older conventions of form, diction, *topoi*, and so on. Utopian Pastoral, treating Arcadia as a Golden Age domain, employing the single register. It is not strictly derived from the basic canon but from paradigms operative at an early stage; it can be the focus of pastoral daydream and delusion. Pastoral of the Rural-Euphoric, an independent double thread running one important course outside pastoral and another within the maze, joining its fullest forces with pastoral after the eighteenth century. Arcadian Pastoral, a thread of two strands rendering the Rural-Euphoric in terms supplied by the Apparatus. Pastoral of the Mood, that is, quintessential pastoral: pastoral of the "noontide peace" and the warm afternoon, of the shepherds in their pleasance, of the string of pastoral qualities (simplicity, innocence, tranquillity, and the rest). Shepherd Pastoral, the literary and artistic matter of sheep and shepherds, including Christian Pastoral.⁵¹ This thread came unravelled from the more general herdsmen pastoral of the ancients. When not associated with the Rural-Euphoric and Pastoralist threads its pastoral quality becomes questionable. Displaced Pastoral, employing settings and personages other than the Arcadian but with significant metaphoric connection to shepherds and other elements, and necessarily associated with pastoral Mood and the Pastoralist.⁵²

The alleged demise of pastoral during the eighteenth century⁵³ affected only literary pastoral and, expressly, the production of important and durable pastoral writings as opposed to incidental or thematic pastoral effects. The latter have been continuously useful to novelists, dramatists, and in our time, film-makers. What actually died is a little hard to make out in the light of the present proposal. The unaccountable fads of pastoral across a range of three or four centuries probably had their great strength in the courts and among the literary aristocracy and so died symbolically with Marie An-

toinette, famous for her shepherdess pastimes in the gardens of Versailles. The fad had run its course long before in England, to be largely replaced by a spurious pastoral of country gentleman cast. The general but incomplete abandonment of the Apparatus was involved in the demise; the pastoral daydream no doubt lost nearly all its power. For many poets of the time the dying pastoral meant Shepherd Pastoral. Collins in his *Persian Eclogues* proposed to rejuvenate the genre (as Richard Eversole demonstrated) by dealing with authentic contemporary shepherds in a far-off, sufficiently romantic place; and at the turn of the century Wordsworth's "Michael: A Pastoral Poem" undertook to reform it by insisting in plain words on the grim realities of shepherd life. But the thread of Shepherd Pastoral has not reached a dead end even today; the rumor of its demise has been credited in the face of strong contrary evidence including such monuments as Shelley's *Adonais* and Arnold's *Thyrsis*, and poets like William Barnes, the pastoralists of the First World War, R. S. Thomas, and contemporary poets⁵⁴ in large numbers writing in a tradition which admits the experience of older literature as a subject matter.

It is not possible here to explore the implications of the foregoing proposals. But at least one general principle emerges: that most of the writings we generally agree to call pastoral will occur at the ravelling point of two or more threads, one of them necessarily that of the Pastoralist. The proposal does not confront the problems raised by the occurrence of strong counterpastoral elements in writings within any of these strains. We identify pastoral without disagreement when the pastoral balm is successfully applied to sweeten and dissolve disappointment and grief; when that operation is not wholly successful, the pastoral Mood may still be abundantly present. And even when a pastoral action culminates in total disaster, the pastoral music in the background may contribute pathos or bitter irony to produce a distinctive effect. We can discuss works in terms of the incidence and dominance or lack of dominance of pastoral feeling without being forced to pigeonhole every case of putative pastoral; we are, in fact, prepared by now to see that generic purity is no more commonplace or mandatory in pastoral than anywhere else in the arts.

V

Displaced pastoral might be discovered at many points in literary history. It became an active idea rather early. Swift took credit for advising John

Gay to write "a Newgate pastoral," a suggestion which led to the composition of the not very pastoral *Beggar's Opera*. And in 1735 Pope told Joseph Spence of a similar project: "It might be a very pretty subject . . . to write American Pastorals, or rather pastorals adapted to the manners of several of the ruder nations as well as the Americans. I once had a thought of writing such, and talked it over with Gay. . . ."⁵⁵ Whether Pope had Indians or colonists in mind is not clear. But the moderately displaced versions of pastoral of Robert Herrick and Isak Walton have long been honored as pastoral achievements.

We may test the force of the paradigms and the crossing of various pastoral threads in a striking and somewhat famous specimen of conscious displacement, Herman Melville's account of whales quietly feeding amid "vast meadows of brit," "like boundless fields of ripe and golden wheat."

As morning mowers, who side by side slowly and seethingly advance their scythes through the long wet grass of marshy meads; even so these monsters swam, making a strange, grassy, cutting sound; and leaving behind them endless swaths of blue upon the yellow sea. (*Moby Dick*, LVIII)

The fact that we willingly accept Melville's arcadian metaphor for such an unlikely specimen of displaced pastoral would seem to demonstrate the primacy, at least for our time, of Pastoral of the Mood. Here, that mood is by no means free-floating. The quiet grazing sounds, the sense of extremely beautiful, tamed nature (a calm seascape), benign herd animals expressly beneficial to man, all amount to pastoral metaphors which the text invites us to discover; and the atmospherics are right: tranquillity, contentment, slow motion, quiet and rhythmic natural sounds, and so forth.⁵⁶ Moreover the speaker of the piece, Ishmael, conveys the true sense of pastoralist gratification in a moment of respite from the feverish excitement and the hard labor of life on the *Pequod*. The sensory content of the experience, the ambience of the scene, and the induced mood, are all of a piece, and all add up to pastoral. We may take Melville's set-piece as a model of displaced pastoral testifying impressively to the durability of undisplaced traditional pastoral in literary imagination and to its three durable strands: the Mood, the Pastoralist, and the metaphoric presence of traditional Apparatus—a local Arcadia, reaper-sheep, and the pastoralist's retreat. In Melville's protagonist, as in several of the early travelers cited in Roy Gridley's study, we may note

also the special response to a certain pleasing experience in nature which leads a pastoralist to resort to distinctly literary language—to “wax literary,” to be poetic or would-be poetic.⁵⁷ The trick, as it seems, has always been an easy one, “easy, and vulgar, and therefore disgusting” as an anti-pastoralist of note once declared.⁵⁸ In a sense, the pastoral in pleasant nature is that which can impel some of us to think or be literary.

For William Blake pastoral had a different and larger importance. We could not wish for a clearer example of covert pastoral (supporting counter-pastoral ideas) than Blake’s “The Little Black Boy.”⁵⁹ “My mother taught me underneath a tree,” said the boy; and what she taught him was to look on the sun directly, “to beare the beam of love,” to hear God’s voice. The white “little English boy” needs his help: “Ill shade him from the heat till he can bear / To lean in joy upon our fathers knee.” Then the Father will say “come out from the grove . . . / And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.” Overt pastoral occurs only in this lambs/children simile. But reflecting on the text, we note the tree and the sense of a shepherd as redundant principles of protection and security for the vulnerable creature. One of Blake’s two engraved illustrations for the poem brings the covert pastoral content fully to light. It shows the Good Shepherd seated beneath a tree, with a crook in his hand, receiving the naked white boy, with the black boy standing behind like a sponsor. A flock of indistinctly rendered sheep can be seen in the background.⁶⁰ The Black Boy has been a kind of shepherd to the white boy; the Good Shepherd has a similar relation to both, and to the sheep as well. Needless to say, this pastoral has little of the Epicurean flavor.

Blake’s engraving, however, links the Christian with the Theocritean iconography in a way that enriches, without exactly clarifying, the suggestions of the poem. The Good Shepherd in Christian art typically stands in a posture of protection among his sheep in a wild, brown wilderness pasture which we would hesitate to call a pleasance. This picture, with its Palestinian barrenness, no doubt influences our convictions about the shepherd pleasance paradigm as we conceive it to picture a brown, Mediterranean place rather than a green, northern European one. The burden of the Christian picture is sacred and allegorical, and the allegory does not call for a shade tree or any other evocation of warmth and languor. The Christian and Theocritean pictures, in other words, are not strongly harmonious. To complicate matters, Blake’s engraving is by no means faithful to his text.

Among other things, the deity of the text is a principle of joy, not protection: "... Come out from the grove my love & care / And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."

Thus the "child-cult" of *Songs of Innocence* exploits two kinds of pastoral: the pastoral of tranquillity and safety within the pleasance, and the less special variety I have associated with morning and springtime. The latter is distinguished by exuberance and energy. When the high spirits are excessive, as in Blake, we may call them counterpastoral; the Joy in "The Little Black Boy" is thus something beyond pastoral. "Piping down the valleys wild," the piper of the "Introduction" launches the *Songs of Innocence* in a morning mood. He is defined as a shepherd-poet of the pastoralist variety through his response to the cloud-child's request ("Piper, sit thee down and write / In a book that all may read"); for he "made a rural pen" to write the ensuing *Songs* as an urban poet would find it necessary to do. Thereafter he engages intermittently with shepherds and sheep and particularly lambs, and with pastoral tranquillity, and with a great deal of pastoral convention. *Songs of Innocence* thus have strains of the Pastoral of the Pastoralist, the Mood, the Rural-Euphoric, the Apparatus, and the Shepherds; the Christian Pastoral strain and Displaced Pastoral are even more prominent. The displacements include those mentioned at the start of the present study: to children ("child-cult"), to the folk of a village community, and to the primitive as represented by wild places. Displacements to Empson's "proletarian" category and to animals are also present. As a traditional pastoralist Blake celebrates his blessed world under the rubric of innocence and the suite of pastoral qualities (simplicity, innocence, tranquillity, contentment, etc.). But this pastoral has nothing to do with a timid Epicureanism. The poet who declared that "Exuberance is beauty" and "The road of excess leads to the Palace of Wisdom" honored pastoral by, in effect, exploring it thoroughly, marking its extensions and its boundaries, and taking it beyond itself into a desirable counterpastoral. The *Songs* thus may mark an important early stage in Blake's understanding of the human condition.

In the *Songs*, considered as Displaced Pastoral, the child is indifferently a sheep or a shepherd surrogate. We see the child in rural surroundings but also in the context of a happy and nurturing village community, and in a magical wilderness where "Leopards, tygers play / . . . / While the lion of old / Bow'd his mane of gold" ("The Little Girl Lost"). The Peaceable

Kingdom in this last case suggests a displacement to primitivism, while the animals point to still another displacement. The proletarian displacement occurs in "The Chimney Sweeper" and "Holy Thursday."

Each displacement comes to focus in its own *locus amoenus*. When night falls on "The Ecchoing Green,"

Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest

Similarly, the angels in the poem "Night" "Look in every thoughtless nest / Where birds are covered warm." This poem, like "The Little Girl Lost," evokes the Peaceable Kingdom imagery. And we note that the leopards and tigers of the other poem are somewhat shepherd-like as they convey the sleeping girl "to caves." We have glimpsed the shade-tree of the pleasance in "The Little Black Boy"; an oak tree shelters the old folk in "The Ecchoing Green." Trees, a mother's lap, caves, nests—the motif of a safe, protected place, an enclosure of some kind, appears to be a constant in Blake's pastoral.

The more important Christian idea for Blake identifies the Good Shepherd with God as Light, the Lamb with the trusting and joyful child. The "golden tent" where the children will "like lambs rejoice" ("The Little Black Boy") is a sun symbol for the divine abode. This counterpastoral can be confused by the shepherd apparatus used directly, as in the engraving described earlier. The apparatus used obliquely, however, can also enrich the conception. In the light of its companion poem in *Songs of Experience* we readily detect the false-shepherd character of those "Grey-headed beadles" of "Holy Thursday," those "wise guardians of the poor" with their "wands white as snow," like shepherd crooks. And the picture of the thousands of charity children, like "multitudes of lambs," evoked by the poem, places the innocents in the high choir stalls of St. Paul's, while "Beneath them sit the aged men." These "lambs," then, on a certain holy day, are exalted above their worldly shepherds. And "like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song, / Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of Heavens among." The technically enclosed place bounded by "the high dome of Paul's" directly suggests the "golden tent" and indirectly the

boundless *locus amoenus* of Christian Light and Joy which is not a place but an everyplace.

The engraved picture for "Holy Thursday," with its regimented children led two-by-two by the elders, of course points us to a more sinister interpretation. And the darks of another poem, "The Chimney Sweeper," echo the other poems in odd ways: the shaving of Tom Dacre's white hair "that curl'd like a lamb's back"; the soot-blackened skins of the sweeps; and the daily sorrow of the laboring boys whose street cry was "'weep! 'weep!'" The enclosed place, the ironic *locus amoenus* of the poem, appears in Tom's dream:

That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

An angel comes and sets them free in unbounded space:

Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind.

The first child encountered in *Songs of Innocence* appears to the piper of the "Introduction" on a cloud. First he is laughing; then he weeps with joy at the piper's "songs of happy cheer." "Joy" is his name, we guess, for that is the child's name in "Infant Joy." He also

... calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, & he is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name. ("The Lamb")

Blake thus brings both counterpastoral and pastoral symbols to the Songs: Sun (Light, golden tent, deity), Child (Joy, cloud-child),⁶¹ Shepherd (Good Shepherd, protective deity, teacher), and Lamb (innocence, vulnerability, child, Jesus).

Blake's Christian pastoral rings many changes on the central Good Shepherd archetype, with strong emphasis on the partly unpastoral archetype of the Lamb as, alternatively, Jesus and the humans He exalted most ("Suffer the little children . . ."). The shepherd pleasance paradigm is present to this

conception, as the illustration to "Little Black Boy," with its redundant shade tree, demonstrates. But the Christian counterpastoral of Light and Joy has no use for the shelter of the pleasance. Light and Joy have their domain above the shade tree, in the open air, on a cloud, and indeed in the unbounded space of perfect freedom and full Light. Nevertheless, the *Songs* lay much of their stress on pastoral innocence as vulnerable and unready. The illustrations for *Innocence* show figures sheltered by trees in seven instances and by a cave in another; there is a child with lambs enclosed by a grassy frame; another engraving shows a child in a cradle, and another, a mother leaning over a child in her lap. As pastoral, then, *Innocence* expresses the preciousness and need for protection which children symbolize in their character as lambs.

In Blake's own system of archetypes, developed a few years later, the shepherd-Zoa named Tharmas, tragically separated from his three fellow Zoas in Blake's version of the fall of man, stands for the sensory faculty, the power represented by the five senses. He is cut off from the plowman Urizen, standing (loosely) for intellect, from the weaver Luvah, standing (loosely) for the emotions, and from the blacksmith Urthona (Los), standing for the creative faculty. Thus in the shepherdly occupation of Tharmas Blake seems to employ and assess traditional pastoral in a recognizable way, discounting the minds, the loves, and even the creativity of its shepherds. Sensory pleasures indeed prevail in the enclosed and protected Theocritean pleasance. By intimation, the institution of pastoral art would be one of the characteristic crippling institutions misguidedly developed by man in his fallen state as Blake understood it.

Enclosure as a central and, in Blake's view, horrifying human activity was later to be assigned to the plowman-limiter Urizen (*Book of Urizen*, 1794). But about the time the *Songs of Innocence* were completed Blake was still coping with the theme in terms of covert pastoral, when his critique of the tradition took a peculiarly cogent form. The Har and Heva passages of *Tiriel* (written about 1789) confront the protagonist with his inane, stupefied, aged parents whom we readily associate with a conjectural Adam and Eve as they might have evolved in the Garden without the grace of the "fortunate fall" into the full human condition. *Tiriel* comes upon the aged couple in "the pleasant gardens of Har" where, "like two children, [they] sat beneath an oak." They try to detain *Tiriel*:

"Thou shalt not go," said Heva, "till thou hast seen our singing birds,
"And heard Har sing in the great cage & slept upon our fleeces."

We are by now fully alert to the pastoral signals—the shade tree, the music, the fleeces. "And after dinner," Heva promises, "we will walk into the cage of Har."⁶² The "greene cabinet," the Chinese box, the sheltered safety of the nest, have been encountered before. Let us face the fact, Blake seems to say: the proper term is "cage." From the quite different perspective of Richard Hardin's pastoralist we saw much the same thing—that pastoral is a place of retreat, nurture, and rejuvenation only; it is a mistake to adopt it as a lifetime abode.

VI

The displaced pastoral of child-cult can be derived from the paradigm of the shepherd pleasance. The shepherd as we find him there is not an adult, although at the threshold of physical maturity. We can derive the displacement to the folk from the shepherd's necessary membership in a miscellaneous rural community, and the displacement to the proletariat from his standing as a laborer, though perhaps the least hard-working we can imagine. Reading in the shepherd picture a simple culture based partly on the herding of animals evokes the neolithic era during the "childhood of the race," and by implication the cultures of many tribal peoples still extant. The displacement to primitivism can thus follow. A vision of creatures, human and animal, in happy harmony with nature has always been visible in the picture, hence the displacement to animals noted in Blake's "Little Girl Lost." Reading a certain vacancy of mind and abeyance of ego and will as components of pastoral contentment suggests a possible additional displacement to drug-cult. In all cases it must be understood that, as pastoral is not found universally in the literature of shepherds, it is far less commonplace in the subject matters suggested by the displacements. Indeed it is only a possibility within primitivism, child-cult, folk-cult, and the rest, and perhaps a rare one within drug cult.

The displacements are after all determined by the pastoralist. Pastoral is where he finds it. And his disposition to make pastoral discoveries is determined by the special character of his malaise. He is dissatisfied both with civilization and with the personal adjustments he has not quite happily made to it. Typically, he believes that his life is a hard one because of all

kinds of overdevelopment—of civilization in the first place, of self through aging and endlessly adjusting, of his private world with beginnings in a childhood community conceived as simple and harmonious, of consciousness, of the land, and perhaps many other things. And the pastoralist recourse for what sounds very much like the alienation of modern man, though its expression is at least as old as the idyls of Theocritus, is a special and peculiar one. Apparently in every case he finds his pastoral among his inferiors, whether shepherds, children, workers, the folk, and so on. Empson tells us this was an old observation about pastoral⁶³; and a Marxist will make us sharply aware of the component of envy, patronization, and insincerity in the pastoralist posture.

The pastoralist must not be treated so harshly, although his sophistication may be flawed. His pastoral rose-colored glasses make him sincerely happy and pleased with his shepherds. If he forgets that they may be very unfortunate in the life they are doomed to lead, it is natural as well as convenient for him not to know or conveniently to ignore such considerations in the euphoria of a pastoral encounter. And then, last, he is not much concerned with fact. He accepts no obligation as a pastoralist to be well informed about shepherds, much less the folk or primitive peoples.⁶⁴ The subject matter of literary shepherds is after all generally understood to be quasi-mythic. On the other hand, the larger matter of enviable inferiors is constantly embarrassed by factual considerations. Primitivism in particular, the rather uncommon friendly disposition toward native peoples, has been especially vulnerable to attack. Its usually uncertain grasp of anthropological fact down to the present has exposed it to charges of sentimentalism which may actually promote subtle racism among otherwise sophisticated people. Empson's term "child-cult" might well be the model for all the terms of displacement: folk-cult, primit-cult, prole-cult, etc.

The currency of displaced versions in large measure out of touch with traditional pastoral and its paradigms but nevertheless pastoral in some way suggests a very wide subject matter field which might not be centered in shepherds at all. We may attempt to restructure the field so as to make primitivism the key term. "The Primitive," William Barrett has written, "is the primal, and the validity of Primitivism is the search for the primal."⁶⁵ Our project receives welcome support from the *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, where a primitivist is defined as a man who dreams of a superior existence modelled on the life of ancient cultures, or of "the less

sophisticated classes within his own society," or of contemporary native peoples, or of the experiences of "his childhood or youth," or of "a psychologically elemental (sub-rational or even subconscious) level of existence."⁶⁶ Shepherds enter this definition most readily as members of the "less sophisticated classes." Putting primitivism at the center is thus conceptually plausible. Child-cult makes an equally valid center for a structuring of the pastoralist's interest. We may define it as the dream of what has been lost through processes of social and personal adjustment in the achieving of adult function; or, pejoratively, we may call it the pastoral dream of regression: to simpler worlds in ancient times or remote places, to the simpler social and mental worlds remembered from childhood or posited for the "good old days," to mental states produced by certain drugs, and so on. The proposal again seems valid, and we could test the other displacements with an expectation of similar results.

The intimation that pastoral is merely shepherd-cult poses a problem. If pastoral and its displacements have such conceptual parity that each can validly stand at the center, it follows that we have been tacitly understanding the cults as defined and limited by pastoral ideas: to the pastoralist and his malaise of course, to the fragility of the traditional and metaphoric arcadias, to the sweetness, vulnerability, and inferiority of the shepherd and his surrogate, to the suite of pastoral qualities as its terms are shared by the displacements, and more—or less. In this light, shepherd-cult would seem to be the narrowest and least relevant to human concerns of all the cults. If we accord it centrality, we do so partly in recognition of the unique massiveness, complexity, and durability of the pastoral institution within the arts. And the notion of a covert pastoral of displacements and "versions" reduces the displacements to the status of satellites revolving around a luminous archetypal center. As metaphors the principal counters of pastoral can supply a permanent reference system for detecting and assessing pastorality wherever it may be found. But I believe that the mood of quintessential pastoral must be present to put us on the scent. The more general pastoral of the Rural-Euphoric has little diagnostic value in our attempts to identify instances of displacement, for such instances, usually lacking the trappings of rurality, have little else to signal us for pastorality. However loosely we may sense pastoral in rural contexts, we hardly sense it at all elsewhere except in the special mode I have called quintessential. It would seem that the acceptance of the displacements forces us either toward strict con-

structionism or toward theories of pastoral at odds with our elementary feelings.

The displacements have another interesting consequence in pastoral theory. Each can be interpreted as conferring a powerful cardinality on one or more of the pastoral qualities. Thus the child-cult pastoral of Blake, stressing innocence and vulnerability, has a beauty and persuasiveness which lures us easily into a monistic position: Pastoral is the literature of innocence. Prole-cult, important to Empson, attaches importance to the presumed decency, unsophistication, and above all simplicity which are presumed to characterize unprivileged workers. It can follow that: Pastoral is the literature of simplicity.⁶⁷ Folk-cult would seem to value the unsophistication, the communal warmth, and the wholesomeness commonly postulated for backward communities. Its frequent theme of "the good old days" yields another proposal: Pastoral is the literature of nostalgia.⁶⁸ The cited definition of a primitivist brought to focus the fact that shepherds in their pleasance enjoy a distinctive and happy state of reduced consciousness. Whether or not we admit drug-cult as a displacement, we are able to frame still another persuasive proposition: Pastoral is the literature of an altered consciousness, distinguished by the abeyance of intellect, ego, and will.⁶⁹ The strength of such proposals taken individually obliges us to conclude that if pastoral is subject to monistic definition, it can not be so in terms of its qualities; for the qualities so far as we can name them form an overlapping suite of equally important ideas bound by a specific affinity.

While this phase of the discussion began with a treatment of primitivism, we have not been free to adapt the cardinal ideas of primitivism to pastoral. Pastoral is no such ambitious thing as the quest of the primal (Barrett) or the search for superior orders of existence (*Princeton Encyclopedia*). Indeed, as a displacement of pastoral, primitivism would seem to be quite problematic. Thomas O'Donnell's treatment of *Tristes Tropiques* discussed the strongly pastoralist character of a contemporary anthropologist and his generally unpastoral experiences and findings. The pastoralist impulse which seeks comfort somewhere among the unimaginable variety of some thousands of primitive tribal orders can hope to discover only dim suggestions of pastorality. The other displacements de-emphasize the rural flavor of pastoral as their locations shift toward the village and the city. Primitivism on the other hand seeks expression outside the culture of the pastoralist and among peoples who appear to have found durable social ar-

rangements in the remote past to guarantee stable, happy relations with nature, fellow man, and self.⁷⁰ Without attaching importance to the innumerable erroneous beliefs to be found within primit-cult, we should be alert to the remarkable unpastorality of most of the primitive cultures which have seemed admirable or enviable. The courage, the endurance, and the high sense of personal honor of, for example, North American Indians as reported by early sympathetic observers, form the basis for a "hard" primitivism at odds with the spirit of pastoral. The utterly unanticipated complexity of the many primitive societies deserving to be called learned or even pedantic sets primitivism at odds with the intellectual and cultural unpretentiousness of shepherd life. The easy and utopian sensuality reported among Polynesians ever since Captain Cook has no place in pastoral. Pastoral may be taken as a branch of primitivism, but only if the latter term is understood in a very general way—as a question of a generalized primitive euphoria, for example. On the whole primitivism as it involves the pre-literate tribal peoples of the world has very little room for displaced pastoral. If we admit the animals and landscapes of primitivism, however, or in other words if we omit the shepherd surrogates who are so reluctant to materialize and admit the postulated wilderness or place beyond the pale of civilization which is the scene of primitivity, we find room for the displaced pastoral of the Peaceable Kingdom already encountered in Blake and Melville, and the American Arcadia treated in the essay by Roy Gridley.

The locus of pastoral is at the margin of civilization. Except for primitivism, the other displacements are sited closer to the center. If the malaise of the pastoralist is a form of alienation, the drive that makes primitivism seem inviting may be a radical form of that malaise. Alienation may be understood as a profound failure of adjustment in a person's relation to the world he lives in. His being-in-the-world, which is the phenomenological subject matter of consciousness, is profoundly disordered; the world he is condemned to is not his home. For pastoral in general, the necessary remedy is, if not close by, nevertheless accessible. Primitivism reaches out beyond the margins of civilization to the inaccessible, as if an extreme alienation can seek its proper home only in the unknown regions of the extremely alien. Lévi-Strauss confessed the failure of his own primitivist quest. It happens that human adjustability can in fact sometimes find terms with the radically alien. The scandal of "going native" has a history in North America dating back to the earliest years of the Spanish conquest and in Australia extending

into the present. But as I interpret one of Richard Hardin's observations, going native (the pastoralist's decision to remain in the retreat permanently) is without pastoral content.

Perhaps the displacements will seem less important as we note the contemporary currency of a sober, serious, and often beautiful pastoral clearly within the ancient tradition yet responsive enough to major changes in the world. Reasonably traditional pastoralists may be more numerous than ever today. If we happen not to know about the environmental havoc caused by sheep, we can readily read a message of an ecological Paradise Lost in the traditional vision of Arcadia.⁷¹ Not that the ancient writers put it there; but as the evils and discontents of advanced civilization lie in the background of pastoral, we might expect to find newly understood evils anticipated in the paradigmatic data of the older literature.

VII

I wish to conclude the discussion with an analysis of an important recent film which students of literature might judge to be fully pastoral in the same sense as many older pastoral novels and romances. It must be understood at the outset that we can hardly have extended pastoral fictions without violence and other strongly counterpastoral elements.⁷² Such fictions rather readily confute the rumor that extended pastoral is insipid and tranquillizing; and successful marshalling of the pastoral power against imposing forces of counterpastoral can augment the interest produced by the latter with a continuous irony. The pastoral power to sweeten and dissolve grief, and to cure and rejuvenate was demonstrated at the outset by Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus in pastoral elegy. We expect of pastoral narrative that it shall be dominantly, not exclusively pastoral.

The film *Days of Heaven*⁷³ signals its pastoral intention directly in its title and indirectly by having a brief prologue establishing three of the four principal characters as members of the urban proletariat and showing the miseries and horrors of life in the homes, streets, and factories of a megapolis (Chicago). A brief epilogue returns two of the characters to civilization. The pastoral body of the film takes us through a year in the wheat-fields of the Texas Panhandle. The pastoralist, so often invisible in pastoral, is strongly present throughout as a youthful narrating voice on the sound track, earnest and amusingly ingenuous despite the confident urban accent. Because the maker of this film is well known as a person of intelligence,

seriousness, and skill, we become aware of him as the true, invisible pastoralist, the sound-track voice as a naive pastoralist. The device, reinforced by emphasis on the railroads which connect country to city and seem native to both, lends a continuous urban overtone to the dominant pastoral music.

Pastoral art is sponsored, we might say, by daydream, by literary convention, or by other inspirations. The pastoral of *Days of Heaven* is sponsored by memory. The narrating voice recites what sounds like a memoir of an unforgettably happy year. That the recounted events include a murderous assault, bigamy, petty larceny, a murder, a shoot-out, and the destruction of an arcadia means that this specimen of pastoral, besides being entirely engaging, demonstrates the well known power of memory to sweeten the past. Here it performs the pastoral operation of softening and dissolving grief, mitigating questionable behavior, poeticizing hard work and mundanity, muting the harshness of machines such as motorcycles and steam-powered threshers, and generally, of converting melodrama and tragedy into the data of a remembered "Heaven." My necessarily brief treatment will first explain the basic sense of the film with emphasis on narrative considerations in the plain counterpastoral terms they invite. And it will proceed with an explanation of the abundant pastoral apparatus which so impressively effects the pastoral conversion. We may guess that the guiding intelligence of the film was grounded in appreciable literary experience; but it seems quite clear that strong and independent pastoralist sensibility, quite capable of discovering means of evoking the pastoral power on its own, governs the conception.

The narrative of *Days of Heaven* takes us through the round of the year and many days and nights, from the start of one wheat harvest to the onset of the next. The locale is Texas; the time is 1916-17. In the background are the onset of war, urban poverty, the misery of urban migratory laborers, and the sense of the American 'melting pot' evoked by shots of a Chinese laborer who reads in his off hours, foreign accents, a game of boccie, and a cut-in sequence from Charlie Chaplin's "The Immigrant." The mundane realism pervading the film blends with the realism of bizarre and pointless randomness in American experience exemplified by the Chinese laborer. The workers are of all ages, many nationalities, and both sexes. Their faces make little registry; they are unimportant people. Their quarters are in a bunk house down the hill from the farmer's huge, grotesque Victorian clapboard house at the highest point—hardly a hill—on

the property. The house is off-limits to the workers, who receive a small daily wage and are subject to having their pay docked by work supervisors. They don't need us, the sound-track voice notices; if they don't like us they'll get somebody else. The germ of social protest is present in the contrast between the indigence of the laborers and the wealth of the solitary young farmer who has inherited the property. But the harvesters with their Sunday and evening pastimes of swimming, hiking, ball games, singing, dancing, and talking, manage to appear happier than the somber young owner. There are machines in this garden: the railroad not too far away, the locomotive-like threshing machines, a small mobile infirmary, an adding machine, a gun, an anemometer, a windmill, a motorcycle, two small flying machines.

"All good stories are long stories," Thomas Mann said. This one, unfolding slowly and casually, begins in the city with young Bill, his sweetheart Abby, and his thirteen- or fourteen-year-old sister Linda, whose confident voice we hear in the sound-track narration. A fugitive following a murderous assault on a foundry foreman, Bill asks Abby to conceal their connection as the trio join a group of urban migratory laborers riding the freight trains bound for Texas. Abby, perhaps a little desperate about her attachment to a violent and devious man who may also be dangerously ambitious, takes on a quiet watchfulness. The three join the harvest force as a little family—a brother and his two sisters. The farmer, handsome, wealthy, and solitary in his great house, is unaccountably sad. Bill, pilfering some aspirin from the hospital van one day, overhears the doctor's prediction that the young employer has hardly a year to live. The farmer now begins to notice Abby. He makes courteous inquiries about her family, discounts her diffidence as he shyly courts her, and rather quickly proposes marriage. Bill with his secret knowledge presses her to accept. The harvest ends, the marriage takes place, and the farmer, now a fourth member of the little family, invites Bill and Linda to live in the great house during the river journey which is his honeymoon. On the return the little family enjoy many happy days. They take to an outdoor pavilion for their meals and clown for each other. The rancher privately tells Abby: "I feel like I've come back to life."

Bill enjoys these developments less and less. On a pheasant shoot he expresses his resentment against the farmer by discharging his gun at the ground after the latter has shot out of turn. Bill and Abby have a secret all-

night tryst along the river; the steward notices things and pronounces the urban trio "a bunch of con artists"; the rancher wonders; Bill leaves the farm. The year moves around: snow, spring plowing, flowers sprouting, green wheat fields, a July 4 celebration. The harvest is imminent, and city laborers again arrive, riding the roofs of a train. Bill also returns, riding a motorcycle. From the top of the house the farmer spies on an equivocal transaction between Bill and Abby. We guess that Abby says no to Bill and the meeting ends with gestures of genuine innocent friendship. The rancher, misconstruing, becomes insanely jealous. About this time locusts appear. Their maddening sound crescendos as they fly overhead in great clouds. The laborers are enlisted to fight them off by waving flags across the wheat, collecting them in baskets and burning them, and frightening them with sirens. They work all day and into the night. Bill, doing his share, suddenly catches the attention of the farmer, who recklessly accosts him, dropping a lantern into the ripe wheat and starting up a total conflagration. Next morning we see ruined, smoking threshing machines amid desolation. At a distance from the house Bill is doing repairs on his motorcycle preparatory to departure. The rancher approaches on horseback, dismounts, and approaches Bill, gun in hand. Bill, expecting to be murdered, stabs him fatally with a screwdriver. With Linda and Abby he flees the ranch and takes to the river on a stolen boat. Pursuers gun him down as he is wading across the river. Linda and Abby retreat to a small town, and eventually Linda is abandoned. Some day she will write the story as we have seen it, for it is her story.

It is a good story, for it centers on a Hamlet-like young prince suffering from a mysterious and fatal malady, restored to health by a small duplicity, then betrayed by the false advice of a well-meaning steward. There is a brother who might have been a misguided avenger. But, as the narrator says, "It was like the devil was on the farm." These are the doomed characters of *Hamlet* in a fresh Hamlet story which declines to be tragic. Twice in the film we see shots of a rather comic scarecrow. We may assess its symbolism against all the paradoxes and read a message: the story is fiction, the little family were straw people, story-book people. For better or worse, the film comes out of and belongs to literature, even if its events really happened. One would not press this esoteric reading on the innocent; but the highly sophisticated pastoralism expressed abundantly in the film

is surely in touch with a primary feature of pastoral, its inseparability from art and imagination.⁷⁴

I have tried in the foregoing to present the narrative materials in their full counterpastoral character, leaving the validity of the title, *Days of Heaven*, fully unexplained. We are not much aware of traditional pastoral devices in this film, so we freely designate it as Pastoral of the Rural-Euphoric, trusting the title that far. We may guess also that it will be a pastoral of the reapers, authorized by Theocritus X, and obliquely validated in Melville's *Moby Dick*, as noted earlier; and we discern the pastoral action designated as the destruction of Arcadia. The three voices of pastoral are represented: the (naive) pastoralist; the rural folk in dialogue; and some musical offerings. The full assimilability of pastoral to a non-literary art form is demonstrated. Tastes may differ, but it is clear that this film undertakes to be as visually ravishing as possible in its pastorally limited register. The principle of pastoral margins and minima is carried out by the character of the naive narrator, for Linda falls short of mature understanding as she writes the memoir we hear; and the sound-track is as quiet as possible, aside from the long and spectacular crescendo beginning with the appearance of the locusts and ending with the infernal effects of the burning wheat fields.

The pastuality of *Days of Heaven* may conveniently be discussed in two parts: the people, and the setting. First we have the reapers with their work, introducing interesting complications at the start. As urban visitors they represent the displacement to prole-cult; projecting as honest and simple people of all ages, somehow naturalized within the rural setting, they demonstrate how closely related folk-cult and prole-cult can be.⁷⁵ They are presented as innocent, decent, and anonymous. Many appear to have elected to wear their Sunday clothes for their venture. At the harvest blessing they are shown standing reverently across a rather large area so that they suggest the congregation of a church, or a sober "field full of folk." Religion is admitted to their reaper world in this one brief sequence only. They are a brotherhood in poverty. As reapers they are something less. Their hard work (*ponos*), as we are made aware of it, contributes some grittiness to the conception. But the presentation is governed by a pastoralist who has little feeling for arduous rural labor; we see the workers much of the time in a humdrum ballet merely walking in long rows carrying small sheaves of wheat from field to threshers. In the pastoral of reapers the arcadians

assimilate to the grazing function of the sheep, and sheep are not easily perceived as laboring.

As naive pastoralist, Linda determines our sense of an attractive pastoral fellowship at the center of the story. She is not alert to the passions which afflict the other three members of the little family. Her notion of the marriage and its aftermath is chaste and innocent; and pastoral youth, comeliness, and sweetness radiate from the faces of Bill, Abby, and the farmer. These three display an unfailing familial decorum when the younger Linda is with them. Linda is never made to feel excluded by any displays of the special feeling which develops between the others.

The farm is equipped with an open-air pavilion, like a small bandstand, where the little family dine and amuse each other. It is the *locus amoenus* for the pastoral fellowship. The narrative places severe strains on this pastoral center, for the governing pastoralism of the film is challenged to accommodate materials sharply alien to the brown arcadia of the reapers and the private arcadia of the little family. At the small cost of confusing our sense for the geography of the ranch, a number of additional locales are devised. The wedding takes place in a grove, a green place at some distance from the house. The honeymoon trip takes place on a large navigable river not too far away. Bill and Abby resort to the river for their nocturnal meeting. There is a green meadow for the pheasant shoot. Several intimate scenes, quite chastely conceived, following the marriage occur in the bedroom of the Victorian house (an emphatically unpastoral place); from the roof of the same unpastoral place the rancher spies on Bill and Abby in the yard below. The first signs of the locust plague are noticed within the house. The terminal chase involves the river and the river banks. At the time of final discovery the initial little family of three is to be seen camped in a green bower concealed from the river traffic. Pastoral instincts, and more general literary sense, are evident in these adjustments. Green places, if properly pastoral at all, go with morning or peasant pastoral; their ambience of natural energies and creative forces is a separate matter, as the film seems to tell us. As for the river and its symbolism of cleansing and guaranteeing innocence, the narrative needs something of the kind. There is more of innocence and joy than sensuality or sin when Bill and Abby with some filched wine resort to the river for their illicit meeting.

Such departures do not much disturb the very dominant ambience of sweetness and well-being which carry through a year in an arcadia. The

scene of action is established as a definite and demarcated place by the huge, grotesque wooden gate through which the workers pass on their way from the whistle-stop to the wheat farm. It is a vast rolling countryside carpeted in fields of ripe wheat with clear skies overhead. At a great distance we see towering, snow-covered mountains. The formula for an American pastoral is unmistakable:

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountains' majesties

The "noontide peace" of pastoral after all spreads across the afternoon on its way to close-of-day elegy.

In the Texas "Heaven" of the film the monotonous countryside has three prominent landmarks: the gate, the threshing machines, and the mansion. The steam threshing machines in this garden have an odd familiarity. They have steam whistles and smokestacks, and when they move across the fields they move slowly and clumsily, like "snorting, chugging iron animals."⁷⁶ The locomotive is surely the machine most completely and movingly assimilated to American pastoral. As for the unpastoral mansion, it serves in part to quarantine, as it were, such counter-pastoral matter as marriage and eavesdropping. A family photograph gallery, an organ, signs of hobbies pursued on the roof (an anemometer, a telescope), and the wine before it is stolen, allude to counterpastoral themes of family, civilization, science,⁷⁷ and luxury. The sense that such observations may be a little forced cannot be avoided. What a film maker does through a largely un verbalized sense for appropriate feeling or atmosphere scene by scene may be misrepresented by systematic application of a literary term to his work. I therefore mention without further comment the brief episode which establishes the rancher as, in effect, a shepherd king⁷⁸ (played by the playwright Sam Shepard, incidentally). The scene is a small clearing in the wheat fields. A sofa and a table have been brought out of doors for business transaction. The farmer lounges on the sofa while his steward performs calculations on an adding machine which establish that we are seeing the richest wheat grower in the Panhandle.

The immense importance of the quiet sound track in supporting the pastoral ambience of *Days of Heaven* requires a final comment. The sound we hear is naive-pastoralist narration by Linda, somewhat coordinated with

the action but not so much so as to reduce the visual content to mere illustration; occasional synchronized dialogue, always quiet and undramatic, in character with the protagonists, and often lacking where we expect it, so that the effect of silent film-making is strong; country noises, on the model of Theocritean cicadas and browsing sheep, with no prejudice whatever against the quiet and rhythmic sounds of a windmill, an anemometer, or a threshing machine; and finally, the music, mainly based on the "Aquarium" section from the *Carnival of Animals* by Saint-Saens. The last is by no means pastoral in mood. Rescored for full orchestra and heard early in the film, it carries a message of impersonal natural forces, of possibilities of flood, drought, locusts, and dangerous human passions. It supports, then, the narrative theme of destruction rather than the pastorality. Played as Saint-Saens scored it, with its unearthly tinkling, it creates the sense of a magical world, like the underwater domain of fish where the laws of gravity and love do not function. We enter this transcendent mood for half a minute, at night, as the little family stands dwarfishly and dimly visible in a meadow by the railroad track watching a short train—a locomotive and a lighted passenger car—pass through the area. Pastoral makes contact with the cosmos in these moments, and with the heroic, for an unseen President Wilson rode that train.⁷⁹ As a pastoral romance *Days of Heaven* finds a place, more or less, for the whole of the human condition. Thus, along with the reviewers, we understand this movie to be a variety of ambitious novel, whether romantic or melodramatic; pastorality is its dominant attribute, rather than its genre designation. It is as a serious, reflective, and well-made novel that we find *Days of Heaven* valuable. The pastoral features may thus seem quite secondary. But because they have so much to do with our sense of beauty and traditionality in the conception, we may feel them as guarantees of permanence, insofar as film can have permanence, and classic quality.

VIII

Literature of the rural can try to represent its subject matter realistically and truly, or religiously, or instructively, or just appreciatively. The pastoral way represents it pastorally. I have attempted in the foregoing to vindicate the specialness of pastoral by attempting to ground my own fairly broad and contemporary sense of the term in three complex paradigms derived from traditional pastoral, in a theory of the pastoral displacements and

perennial strains of pastoral, and in a recent example of complex art satisfactorily rooted in the paradigms and therefore admissible as evidence for the continuing vitality of pastoral in recognizably traditional expressions. The discussion incorporates the concepts of the pastoralist, adopted from Richard Hardin's essay, of the fragility of Arcadia, and of a characteristic pastoral mood. If it cannot be fully convincing with respect to the last, we may at least entertain the fancy that the pastoral is exactly that mood which is the antidote for the malaise of the pastoralist; and the world of pastoral may be just that quasi-imaginary world which complements exactly the overbearing world of advanced civilization as the pastoralist perceives it. All the variations of mood and data would then originate with variations in pastoralists. Further, it has seemed possible to justify a limited strict constructionism by recourse to paradigms which locate pastoral within the rural rather than in general nature, which center pastoral firmly in the moods of afternoon and summer, and which distinguish specifically pastoral themes from the innumerable other themes to be found in pastoral literature.

Pastoral is for pastoralists. Theory is for those who love puzzles. W. W. Greg long ago posed a challenge:

It cannot be too emphatically laid down that there is and can be no such thing as a 'theory' of pastoral, or, indeed, of any other artistic form dependent, like it, upon what are merely accidental conditions.⁸⁰

For better or worse, the tone of authority, however well-earned, and the flavor of dogmatism can rankle. We use the word *pastoral* confidently, as if we knew what it meant; and we cannot feel wholly mistaken. A decade earlier than Greg, E. K. Chambers laid down some propositions which Greg's dicta have left quite undisturbed. "One must realize," he wrote, "that pastoral is not the poetry of country life, but the poetry of the townsman's dream of country life." It enlists "the twin faculties of imagination and observation, the instincts, if you will, toward realism and idealism." And its themes include the exaltation of simplicity and fragility and delight in natural beauty.⁸¹

Greg's remark calls for one more comment. It can only be misleading to call pastoral an "artistic form." I have myself struggled throughout the preceding essay for a correct class term, resorting helplessly to the word *genre* on two or three occasions, for pastoral is not a genre, but rather the cause of many special genres. Frank Kermode calls pastoral a "kind,"

comparable to epic, tragedy, and satire.⁸² But usage forbids recourse to any such class term. My treatment of a pastoral movie established, I believe, that pastorality may be taken as an attribute of certain art works which it may seem eccentric to nominate as pastorals. At the same time, the old tendency of pastoral to spawn its own short-lived and permanent genres, many of which can be covertly reactivated, is evident in our freedom to call the same movie a pastoral romance, a pastoral of the reapers, and quite plainly, pastoral of the rural-euphoric. Again, pastoral is a "matter" like the old "matter of Troy" and the Arthurian legendry. Centrally, it has been the matter of the felicity of shepherds, a quaint notion indeed; and within pastorality the shepherd has been generalized to herdsman, to simple rustic, to the folk, and in the radical displacements, to any simple being. There is no end to such observations. The term *pastoral* is so employed that we readily understand it to mean a thing, an attribute, a system of genres, a subject matter, and still more, depending on the context in which we find it. The apparent confusions in such a situation are not much felt as we employ the term ourselves or encounter it in the discourse of others. We are sometimes told, not quite credibly, that words like *pastoral* achieve wide currency exactly because multiple meanings make for serviceability in a term. But it is also important that such words can prove richly fecund in the evocation of paradigms—of theme-bearing images yielding rich and complex idea systems exempt from the more stringent laws, particularly of consistency, which limit the systems of propositions we strive for in developing ordinary rational patterns of explanation.

The case of pastoral suggests that paradigms sustain bonds between apparently inconsistent definitions, support and augment each other, bind disparate ideas in tight and coherent compounds, and contain arrays of alternate possibilities in stable suspensions which relieve us of the compulsion to over-simplification. Thus the Popeian paradigm, developed early in the present study, proved to be a credible means of validating the already known affinity of pastoral for most of the fine arts and other features of pastoral as a system—its characteristic voices, its typical concern for beautiful, artistic performance, and that instability which so often from the outset invited it into combinations with non-pastoral materials in a variety of relations. This proclivity for combining appears equally in the musical paradigm; and musical pastoral of the past three centuries seems to offer a means of identifying and stabilizing the important and central pastoral emotion

somehow associated with the contented well-being of sheep and shepherds in their pleasance. The complex paradigm of the pleasance exudes this emotion, identifies and displays in their most primary relations a large number—perhaps all—of the most basic pastoral images, accounts for the coherence of the suite of pastoral qualities (simplicity, tranquillity, innocence, etc.), and displays the major potentials of pastoral—as picture, as stage spectacle, as fictive world to be lived in imaginatively—in a fully understandable suspension.

We may perhaps understand the main proposals of the present study most readily by resort to a metaphor of mental circuitry employing the useful (I hope not repellent) notion of the human brain as a computer. For the mind which attaches importance to pastoral, the circuitry depends first upon possession of the word and the constant accumulation of relevant data in its neighborhood. A vocabulary of pastoral develops about this center, and in close but inexact association, the varied imagery of happy rurality evoked by experience of that vocabulary. In a literary person, pastoral may amount to a whole mental province. Paradigms increase the degree of order in which the data assemble. A paradigm like the Popeian when freshly encountered may thus invite appreciable restructuring of the circuit. A concerned mind may snatch at such paradigms to increase the kind of understanding which results from felt improvement in ordering; but a misconceived or misapplied paradigm plainly will produce, in effect, bad theory. The musical paradigm advises us that within the pastoral circuitry there can be a dynamic element lending a special charge to the system; and as psychologists tell us that white rats have precisely sited fear and pleasure centers in their brains, susceptible to location and stimulation by electrodes as well as by more usual causes, so humans may have mental contentment centers which readily connect to the pastoral apparatus. Finally, we might like to believe that the Theocritean “little picture” and other paradigms are usually wired into the circuit. But it is important to emphasize the variability of such arrangements from one brain to another. When Paul Fussell avers that pastoral, “strictly speaking,” should involve shepherds and sheep, he tacitly recognizes the fact that many of our literary contemporaries have loosened or lost this tie; and indeed the commonplace current way of using the term pastoral is typically occasioned by experiences of rural calm and well-being with no more reference to shepherds and sheep than a strict constructionist might be pleased to detect as a metaphorical possibility.

Meanwhile we may marvel at the fact that pastoral, word or thing, has much currency at all in a mass society. The gentle hedonism of quintessential pastoral is a highly civilized affair. Its conflict with the ethic of work and with the tiresome moral posture of doctrinal realism in the arts lends it a flavor of the disreputable. The rumor of its escapism puts it at odds with the people who attach great importance to personal adjustment in terms set by the world; for the world at large, so far as it is aware of pastoral, has little use for it. And indeed the pastoral reason for appreciating the rural may be quite exceptional. On the whole city people resort to the countryside for picnicking, for light recreation, and for the somewhat primal pleasures of hunting and fishing and the like. The sensibility that finds profound satisfaction in rural calm, simplicity, innocence, and the rest is probably a fairly rare and sophisticated thing, smacking of the aristocratic.

For the word and the concept of pastoral so far as I know have little or no currency in Anglo-American mass culture. The class or tribe to whom the term is meaningful is proportionally a small one, however well represented by book and film reviewers, students of literature, art patrons, and artists. This tribe strongly resists naming, but is after all some kind of aristocracy, whether of culture, of sensitivity, of strong private concern in the face of alarming and dispiriting developments within advanced civilization, or merely of privilege. If we are surprised to find abundant pastoral in commercial movies, we should think again about the class-character of the contemporary film audience—its youthful discontents and its affluence. I do not happen to believe that present-day expressions of pastorality signal any burgeoning of serious high culture. Rather, contemporary pastoral seems to be what it has always been: a specialized, sophisticated, and by now highly traditional response to the fatigue and revulsion which life in the higher reaches of civilization can produce in certain temperaments.

NOTES

1. W. W. Greg, *Pastoral Poetry & Pastoral Drama* (1906; rpt. New York: Russell and Russell, 1959), p. 1.

2. Greg, pp. 415-417. On Greg, see David Kalstone, "Conjuring with Nature: Some Twentieth-Century Readings of Pastoral," in Reuben Brower, ed., *Twentieth-Century Literature in Retrospect* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1971), p. 255.

3. Paul Fussell, *The Great War and Modern Memory* (New York and London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1977), p. 239.

4. Cf. Frank Kermode, *English Pastoral Poetry from the Beginnings to Marvell* (London: George C. Harrap, 1952), p. 14: "The first condition of pastoral poetry is that there should be a sharp difference between two ways of life, the rustic and the urban. . . . that it is an

urban product." And E. K. Chambers, *English Pastorals* (London: Blackie and Son, 1895), p. xxxix.

5. William Empson, *Some Versions of Pastoral* (1935; rpt. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1960), pp. 6, 15.

6. See Part VI of the present essay and the essays in the present collection by Richard Hardin, Richard Eversole, Roy Gridley, and Thomas O'Donnell.

7. Fussell, p. 240.

8. Bertrand A. Goldgar, ed., *Literary Criticism of Alexander Pope* (Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1965), p. 93.

9. Pope called the two poets "the only undisputed authors of pastoral" (Goldgar, p. 95). Pope's notes do not acknowledge Theocritus VI as a model.

10. J. M. Edmonds repeatedly alludes to the Alexandrian mime as the genre of the Theocritean idylls in his Greek-English edition of *The Greek Bucolic Poets* (London: William Heinemann, 1912), pp. 7, 24, 41, etc. Mime in this sense also occurs in Virgil's odd-numbered eclogues.

11. Thomas G. Rosenmeyer, *The Green Cabinet: Theocritus and the European Pastoral Lyric* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1969), p. 152.

12. Hugh Macdonald, ed., *Englands Helicon* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1950). The original compiler of "that wonderful anthology" (Greg, p. 124) frequently extracted the shepherd performance from longer works, e.g., Spenser's "April" and "August," omitting the framing material. Kermode, p. 44, remarks on such tinkering, and elsewhere praises the Elizabethan achievement: "Hundreds of poets wrote Pastoral in one form or another, and the general level of achievement was almost incredibly high . . ." (p. 42).

13. Even major writers in the eighteenth century had little sense, so far as we know, of the wealth of Elizabethan pastoral lyric, or of that "freemasonry" of shepherd-poets which began with Colin Clout (Spenser), Astrophel (Sidney), Rowland (Drayton), and the Shepherd of the Sea (Raleigh) and perhaps included other poets (Greg, p. 113). The sense of grave games and jokes and fruitful poetical projects that gave vitality to the genre in the 1590's has largely been lost. See also Chambers, pp. xvi-xviii.

14. Goldgar, pp. 93-95. Pope's ironic intentions in *Guardian* No. 40 (Goldgar, pp. 98-104) prevent straightforward citation of its often cogent observations. It is easy to agree, given the premises of the "Discourse," that Virgil I and IX are not "true pastoral"; but Pope goes on to disallow all of Virgil's eclogues except V and VII (Goldgar, p. 98), and without falling into patent nonsense. Contemporaries were able to take the essay as fully serious.

11. "Spring," ll. 1-4.

16. Goldgar, pp. 95-96. The component of class feeling in English literature has generally tainted literary use of the dialects with overtones of contempt or clownishness. It is hard to judge the success of Spenser's attempt; but the definite achievement of William Barnes in making poetry of English rural speech is noteworthy as a triumph over prejudice.

17. Pope's "Pastorals" at their best succeed as "the poetry of picturesque song" (Reuben Brower: *Alexander Pope: The Poetry of Allusion* [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1959], p. 24).

18. Homer, *Odyssey*, tr. Albert Cook (New York: W. W. Norton, 1974), pp. 179-180 (XIII. 222-223).

19. Edmonds, p. 11.

20. Virgil, *The Works of Publius Virgilius Maro* (London, 1654).

21. Moses Hadas, tr., *Three Greek Romances* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Co., 1953), p. 17. Richard Hardin made this connection for me. I am deeply indebted to him for many useful criticisms of earlier versions of the present study.

22. See Note 29, below.

23. Rosenmeyer notes that "the pastoral lyric requires a sense of drama" (p. 11); it has "the extroverted dimension, the public character, that we associate with a staged performance" (p. 152). At the same time "the absorption of motion and commotion by the noon shade" keeps pastoral at the verge of "the heroic annihilation of drama" (p. 119).

24. The experience of narrative art can extend from a fairly pure spectatorship, in which the reader is firmly attached to his own separate space, to an indwelling effect whereby he loses this attachment and feels fully at home and somewhat mobile within the world of the fiction. The strength of the invitation to live imaginatively in Arcadia is attested by the pastoral daydream, by the delusion which confuses Arcadia with reality, and by the frequent action in pastoral literature which takes a pastoralist, sometimes disguised, on a visit with shepherds.

25. Rosenmeyer, p. 7. See also Harold E. Toliver, *Pastoral Forms and Attitudes* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1971), pp. 11-14, an important discussion.

26. Rosenmeyer, p. 72.
27. "A Hellenistic pastoral poet, it seems, would have considerable difficulty convincing his listeners that the pastoral life and the Golden Age are one. Nor, on the other hand, could one fairly expect him to present herdsmen yearning for a Golden Age that is different from the pleasure in which they live" (Rosenmeyer, p. 219).
28. For the shepherd, as much as for the pastoralist, the pleasure is a place of brief sojourn, not an abode.
29. James E. Congleton, "Idyl," in *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, Alexander Preminger, ed. (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1964): "... *eidyllion* meaning 'little picture' (which was construed to mean 'framed picture')" in English dictionaries from 1679 into the present century.
30. Toliver, Note 1, pp. 1-2.
31. Rosenmeyer, p. 174.
32. Rosenmeyer, pp. 69-103.
33. Rosenmeyer, p. 109.
34. Renato Poggioli, *The Oaten Flute: Essays on Pastoral Poetry and the Pastoral Ideal* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1975), p. 4.
35. Poggioli, p. 9; cf. Rosenmeyer, pp. 80-81.
36. Rosenmeyer, p. 69.
37. Rosenmeyer, p. 47. "... The connections should be loose," Pope advised (Goldgar, p. 94).
38. Rosenmeyer, pp. 125-129.
39. Bertrand Russell, *A History of Western Philosophy* (New York: Simon & Schuster, n.d.), p. 245.
40. Rosenmeyer, pp. 102, 280-281. The connection is a basic finding in Rosenmeyer's study. The present essay, heavily indebted to that work, connects Epicurus to a paradigm which later pastoral on the whole knew through its derivation from Virgil and which, probably, did not achieve its full centering on shepherds before the Renaissance. If Theocritus and Epicurus did not invent the paradigm, they made its invention possible; and human imagination took to it, as it later took to locomotives (below, Note 77).
41. Rosenmeyer, pp. 105-107, for the "pastoral fellowship" and for the Epicurean "true Society of Friends." Compare the Elizabethan "freemasonry" conjectured by Greg (above, Note 14) and comparable communities of quondam pastoral poets in England before 1928 (Fussell, pp. 235-243).
42. On the same principle, the *picturesque* is definable as the kinds of experience which remind us of pictures.
43. Kalstone (above, note 2), pp. 250-251.
44. Rosenmeyer, p. 200. Brower, *Alexander Pope*, p. 23. Cf. Pope's characterization of his earliest poems: "Soft were my numbers; who would take offence / While pure description held the place of sense?" (*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, ll. 147-148).
45. On the whole I have trusted the reader to supply the etceteras implied in innumerable similar lists of terms throughout the text.
46. In a parallel context, hard primitivism has been contrasted with soft. The former champions peoples notable for energy, courage, endurance, and similar traits (North American Indians, Vikings); the latter focusses on peoples thought to lead an easygoing life, like South Sea Islanders. There is a commonplace belief at odds with the pastoralist's that civilization destroys character and promotes sedentariness and effeteness. Its exponents can celebrate the rural as a theatre of honest labor, character building, and wholesomeness; they are not pastoralists in the special sense developed within the present study.
47. Traditional pastoral poetry seldom incorporates counterpastoral in this range of a shepherd's experience.
48. Poggioli, p. 31.
49. Greg, p. 18, note 1.
50. Toliver, p. 3.
51. Cf. Poggioli, p. 19: "... the critical mind can only treat as failures all attempts to Christianize the pastoral, or to translate pastoral into Christian terms." The paradigmatic emphasis of the present study discounts this finding.
52. The multiplication of terms could be unending. I have felt safe in omitting Allegorical, Encomiastic, Epistolary, Mythic (with Pan and the satyrs), and many other varieties of pastoral inviting such designations. Poggioli's "Pastoral of the Self," illustrated by the shepherdess Marcela in *Don Quixote*, has a place beyond the bounds of pastoral proper (Poggioli, pp. 168-174; *Don Quixote*, I.x-xiv). Happy rural poetry displaying unpastoral

energy and exuberance perhaps needs a special designation, like Peasant or Morning Pastoral. Rosenmeyer (p. 20-29) associates the celebration of rural toil (*ponos*) with the Hesiodic tradition. Strong emphasis on the grim realities of country life, as in Wordsworth's "Michael" does not make the pastoral music. All these counterpastorals are closely related to pastoral as natural derivations from the paradigms.

53. James E. Congleton, "Pastoral," in *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*. Rosenmeyer, p. 26.

54. J. A. Cruddon, *A Dictionary of Literary Terms* (London: Andre Deutsch, 1977), p. 41, finds "a kind of pastoralism" in poems by Tennyson, William Barnes, John Davidson, Edward LeFroy, the French Parnassians, A. E. Housman, and W. B. Yeats; and "tenuous" pastoral in Pound, Auden, and others. Cf. poems by Robert Lowell, James Wright, Anthony Hecht, and Louis Simpson in *Contemporary American Poetry*, Donald Hall, ed. (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1962).

55. Joseph Spence, *Anecdotes and Characters of Books and Men*, James M. Osborn, ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1966), I, 151.

56. Theocritus X admits reapers to pastoral without suggesting reasons we can use. As pastoral figures they can be analogues to the sheep, taming the countryside in their own way with graceful, necessarily picturesque motions if they are to seem pastoral, and making a characteristic noise like the grazing of animals. If we take them as strictly pastoral, it is because we notice the beauty of their activity and forget that they are toilers.

57. Toliver, p. 12: "to make 'poetic' is in part to 'pastoralize'."

58. Samuel Johnson on "Lycidas" ("Life of Milton").

59. *The Complete Writings of William Blake*, Geoffrey Keynes, ed. (London: Nonesuch Press, 1957), pp. 111-126.

60. *The Illuminated Blake*, David V. Erdman, ed. (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1974), pp. 31-70; 76-78 (for "The Little Girl Lost" and "The Little Girl Found," included in the *Innocence* poems in many of the original copies).

61. The little white boy will "lean in joy upon our father's knee." This is another Christian theme ("Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms") alien to pastoral.

62. *The Complete Writings*, pp. 100-103, 108-109. Blake's *Book of Thel* should be mentioned here for its treatment of pastoral dissatisfactions.

63. Empson, pp. 4-5, 11.

64. A poet may write as a sincere pastoralist or he may employ a pastoralist persona, the pastoralist being an essential part of the pastoral fiction. The literary use of personae is not in general mistaken for insincerity.

65. *Time of Need* (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1973), p. 344.

66. James Baird and Fabian Gudas, "Primitivism," *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*.

67. Empson, p. 23: "the pastoral process of putting the complex into the simple."

68. Laurence Lerner, *The Uses of Nostalgia: Studies in Pastoral Poetry* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1972).

69. Hallett Smith, "Elizabethan Pastoral," excerpted by Eleanor Terry Lincoln, ed., *Pastoral and Romance: Modern Essays in Criticism* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1969), p. 19: "The central meaning of pastoral is the rejection of the aspiring mind" (a partial formulation).

70. Richard Hardin considers that the pastoralist who succumbs to permanent retreat, like Gauguin, becomes in effect a primitivist.

71. John Barrell and John Bull, eds., *A Book of English Pastoral Verse* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1975), p. 432.

72. Rosenmeyer, p. 135.

73. *Days of Heaven*. 1978. Paramount Pictures. Written and directed by Terrence Malick. Executive producer: Jacob Brackman. Photography: Nestor Almendros and Haskell Wexler. Still photographs: Louis Hine. Music: Ennio Morricone and others. Cast: Richard Gere (Bill), Brooke Adams (Abby), Linda Manz (Linda), Sam Shepard (farmer).

74. The film has been treated as a realistic conception in the reviews examined, and this approach readily discovers a subtextual parable (a variant of the destruction of an American dream) for which the dating of the action (1916), the shadowy appearance of President Wilson, and in the epilogue a sequence involving soldiers boarding a train on their way to the Great War point the way. The present treatment stresses the dominance of pastorality in the total effect; this dominance is after all promised by the title. Of course pastorality is obliterated in the climactic action. But it returns briefly in the pursuit sequence; and there is a note of pastoral fellowship in the epilogue. Polonius supplied some jargon to fit fictions of this kind:

"tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible."

75. The use of rustic disguise by city or court people is among the most remarkable of the traditional pastoral *topoi*. Cf. Kermode, p. 21, on Theocritus VII ("The Harvest Festival"): "city poets are playing at shepherds in this rich and authentic autumn setting."

76. Jack Kroll, review in *Newsweek*, September 18, 1978, p. 99.

77. For a defence of this contention against the treatment of railroads in Leo Marx's *The Machine in the Garden*, see Kenneth S. Lynn, "Regressive Historians," *American Scholar*, 47 (Fall 1978), p. 99. Richard Hardin has called my attention to the pastoral concern with astronomy and the weather (Rosenmeyer, p. 66), a pastoral validation of the farmer's telescope and anemometer. See note 18 to Hardin's essay.

78. Kermode, p. 31, notes the observation advanced by Guarini against Jasone de Nore's in their controversy on pastoral (1587-93). In Kermode's words: "... when every one was a shepherd there must have been shepherd kings"

79. The device also implicates Wilson in the beauty and, as an ironical reading dictates, the delusion of the American Arcadia.

80. Greg, p. 417.

81. Chambers, pp. xxxvii-xl.

82. Kermode, p. 11.

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